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"*I am a Bookman.*"—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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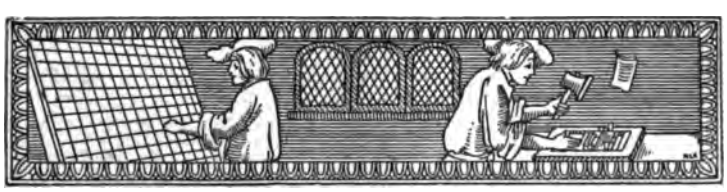
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THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Warning

We have received from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with a request that we print it as a protest from himself and as a warning to the American reading and writing public, the following letter. We gladly do so, for it calls attention to about as daring and despicable a case of fraud of the kind as we have heard of for years. The strange part of the matter is that any one could be deceived by so obvious a humbug.

WINDLESHAM, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.
December 30, 1910.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

I should be much indebted to you if you would warn your readers against some swindler who is touring the country and professing to be my representative. He has some story of a school of literature and extracts dollars by a promise of epistolatory lessons. I have heard from at least two people who have received visits from him, one of whom was so deceived that he wrote me a reproachful letter, which drew my attention to the matter.

With apologies for troubling you,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

John Lockwood Kipling

"I am not Mr. Kipling," once said the Man from Nowhere, the author of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, or *The Story of the Gadsbys*, or *Kim*, or *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*—the reader may choose the appellation that best suits his fancy—"I am Mr. Rudyard Kipling. My father is Mr. Kipling." Now this may have been a well-deserved social rebuke, or the tribute of a dutiful son, but in a broad sense it was not exactly the truth. John Lockwood Kipling, the news of whose death reached us the other day, was a useful and dignified subject of His Britannic Majesty, but he was not a genius nor a man of commanding personality. He was a teacher in an art school, and an artist of little more than mediocre ability, but his claim to distinction began and remained in the fact that he happened to be the father of Rudyard Kipling. His own work was by no means extensive or impressive. He illustrated some of his son's books, and a series of Indian stories by Flora Annie Steel, and he was the author of one book, *Beast and Man in India*, which was published in 1891.



THE LATE JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING



KIPLING'S ENGLISH HOME

Most of the stories told about John Lockwood Kipling were thought worth while simply because they brought in some allusion to his son. We recall one which concerns a sea voyage made by the elder Kipling and Rudyard when the latter was an active and somewhat mischievous youngster. One calm day when the vessel was in mid-ocean one of the ship's officers rushed into the men's smoking room with an agitated countenance. "Mr. Kipling," he said, "your son is hanging head downward from the end of the bowsprit." "Indeed," was the calm reply. "But," continued the officer, "if he lets go he will be drowned." "Don't alarm yourself," said Mr. Kipling, "he won't let go."

The Shepherd of Rottingdean

The little town of Rottingdean, which lies in a lap of the Sussex downs, eight miles along the chalk-cliff coast from Brighton, has become rather important as a residence of poets. Burne-Jones lived for many years within the shadow of the little church; and it was there also that Mr. Kipling dwelt when he first took up his residence in Sussex. At present the little hamlet is the home of Alfred Noyes, the most eminent of the younger generation of English poets. One of the picturesque figures around Rottingdean is a shepherd, with the good old English name of Barrow, who remembers by rote many mediæval ballads which he learned from older shepherds in his boyhood and which, doubtless, have been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another ever since the days of the Nut Brown Maid. It was Mr. Kipling who first discovered that Barrow was a sort of living edition of Percy's *Reliques*, and he used often to ask the shepherd to recite for him. Latterly Barrow has become a friend of Alfred Noyes; and visitors who run down from London to see the author of *Drake* are sometimes treated to a ramble over the downs in search of the old shepherd ballad-monger. Barrow may be discerned from afar by a silver-headed crook he carries, that gleams in the sunlight more like a bishop's crozier than an ordinary shepherd's staff. When the visitor has caught up with him and been presented, Barrow leads the way to some quiet and secluded



SOUTHAMPTON STREET, CAMBERWELL, 1898
In this street Robert Browning was born, May 7, 1812. The house was long ago pulled down

nook, and then launches forth upon the recitation of some thirty or forty quatrains concerning a bold baron and a lady fair. He chants the verses in a solemn monotony of sing-song, resonant and reverberating. Poem after poem may be wooed out of him; many of them are not known at all in print, and some of these are not the least effective of the collection. Mr. Noyes confesses smilingly that all he has to do to recapture the atmosphere of the old English ballad is to go out upon the downs and stir up Barrow to a chant of reminiscence. Since both Mr. Kipling and Mr. Noyes have written many modern ballads in the old English manner, may it not be said that this simple old shepherd who remembers has had a finger in the destiny of English poetry?

A New Browning

The excuse offered for a new biography of the poet by Mr. Harry Christopher Minchin in his preface to *The Life of Robert Browning*, which he has completed from the documentary material gathered by the late Professor W. Hall Griffin for this purpose, is that "something more complete and more exact than what his predecessors had achieved was evidently intended." The excuse is a valid one, and caused us to look with a certain degree of confidence and assurance to the first chapter on "Parentage and Early Home Influences," for a full statement of the facts concerning the poet's grandfather that have apparently been wilfully suppressed by some of the Browning biographers, presumably for the purpose of avoiding offending the sensibilities of Browning's family. It was with some surprise, therefore, that we found this grandfather described simply as "a handsome, vigorous, capable business man, first a clerk, and subsequently head of a department in the Bank of England." Not a word about his having originally been a butler or steward on a private estate. Insignificant in itself—for who cares what social position was occupied by a poet or by his family?—such an omission is symptomatic of a wrong spirit in biography, and tends to lessen our trust in the integrity of biographers. For the rest, the present work does actually contain a considerable amount of new material not to be found in any other life, especially that drawn from the diary of Alfred Domett, of which Professor Griffin was practically the discoverer. Domett, it will be remembered, was the friend of Browning's youth who suddenly, though not mysteriously, as is often supposed, dropped out of their circle, going to New Zealand, where he eventually became Premier, and of whom Browning wrote as "Waring" in the well-known poem. Domett returned to England in 1872 after nearly thirty years' absence. From this time he

was startled by the case of a French physician living near Paris. This man was a bacteriologist of considerable importance, possessed of an exceedingly attractive personality, and enjoying a prominent social standing. A time came, however, when curious stories began to be noised about. The physician had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with great hospitality, but it was noticed that after eating his dinners some one guest would die of a virulent malady. In one case it was cholera, in another scarlet fever, in another small-pox. At length matters came to a head. The physician was arrested, but he shot himself before he could be brought to trial. At a subsequent investigation, however, his servant, who was implicated to a certain degree, confessed that his master, who had become a dangerous maniac, had been in the habit before each of his dinners of infecting with the bacilli of these diseases the food or the wine of some particular guest.

Phillips's Methods

A good deal has been told about the late David Graham Phillips's habits and methods of work, but chiefly on the physical side. It has, for instance, been stated repeatedly that he seldom went to his desk until after ten o'clock in the evening—a practice dating from his years of service as night editor on a city daily—and that when the mood was on him, he was indefatigable, writing from eight to ten hours at a stretch. Details of this sort satisfy an idle curiosity, but they are not valuable as helping to explain the quality of an author's literary product. On the other hand, any details that we may learn about a writer's mental processes are not only interesting but important; and from this side very little has been written about Mr. Phillips. One erroneous idea, that has been held by a good many of his readers, is that he had a rapid, fluent, and at times an over-hasty pen. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Phillips himself admitted freely that from first to last he always found literary composition a labour—a labour of love, that he could not have shirked if he would—but none the less a labour. A story, which he sometimes told at his own expense, illustrates this. In point of fact, he told the story in support of his contention that college courses in English are of negative value as a training in the craft of writing—so the story serves two purposes at once. It was shortly after his graduation from Princeton that he sought work as a reporter, and finally by offering his services for nothing, obtained a chance to show what he could do, on the leading daily in a Western city. The weather was cold and the temperature of the office somewhere below sixty; yet hour after hour Mr. Phillips would sit at his desk with the moisture rolling from his brow, in the anguish of trying to make literature from such material as: "Yesterday afternoon John Jones fell off a step-ladder and dislocated his shoulder." One day—it was the tenth of Mr. Phillips's services—the presiding genius of the paper happened to pass through the City Room, and stood for some minutes watching him. "Who is that young man?" he presently asked the City Editor. The latter explained. "Get rid of him!" came the curt edict. "But," expostulated the City Editor, "we are getting him for nothing!" "I don't care!" rejoined the Higher Power, "I don't care if he is paying for the privilege! Get rid of him at once: I can't bear to see any human being work so hard!"

Mr. Phillips outgrew his training in college English; but he never outgrew the habit of making the act of writing a slow and conscientious toil. Few writers of his degree of success have accepted adverse criticism in a more tolerant spirit; but there was one thing that he resented, and that was the accusation of careless haste. "People sometimes say that I write too fast," he protested not long before his death. "They said so about my *Light-Fingered Gentry*. They don't know anything about it! I don't believe any one ever wrote more slowly and laboriously. Every one of my books was written at least three times——" he paused a moment, then added in correction, "and when I say *three times*, it really means nine times, on account of my system of copying and revision."



THE LATE ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS AT WORK

When once under full head-way in a book, he worked immoderately, producing an actual bulk of material far in excess of what was needed for the limits of the story. "I have writer's cramp every spring," he said with a laugh. As he became better acquainted with the characters and situations in a book, his great difficulty lay in confining himself to such details as were strictly relevant to his central purpose. He was hampered by knowing too much about his people, their habits of life and methods of thought. They were all the time taking matters into their own hands, and insisting upon his setting down upon paper all sorts of happenings quite extraneous to the story. According to his own estimate, he usually ended by discarding, not only in paragraphs and episodes, but also in whole chapters, from two to three times as much as he retained in the published volume.

One curious anomaly in the working of Mr. Phillips's mind was the manner in which he usually acquired his germ idea of a story. His instinct was to write purpose novels; his interest in social and economic problems was in some respects keener than his interest in people. And yet, according to his own statement, no story ever began to shape itself in his mind in the form of an abstract principle, an ethical doctrine. He always started from an episode or a character, sometimes merely from a face glimpsed for a moment in a crowd. A striking case in point is the origin that he assigns to one of the novels left unpublished at the time of his death. The theme of this story is the outgrowth of Mr. Phillips's deep interest of the economic independence of the modern woman, and of the peculiar dangers and temptations which beset her, as contrasted with the more sheltered lives of her mother and grandmother. He was especially stirred by recent statistics regarding the influx of refined young Southern women into the life of New York, so many of them fated to be swept under by the surge of city life. He wanted to know whether such a girl could, by her own efforts, struggle up, out of the depths, to a position of independence and social standing. Such in substance is the longest book that Mr. Phillips ever wrote, a book that in its finished form runs to considerably more than three hundred thousand words. The title of the book has not been made public, but it is probably safe to conjecture that it is the volume that he intended to call *Susan*. At all events it is utterly unlike any of his previous efforts, and the author himself found that it baffled his powers of self-criticism. But like all his other books, it got its first impetus, not from economics, but from a trivial incident—a passing glimpse of a young woman seated in a wagon.

The incident in question occurred when the author was a lad of fourteen. It was in a Western town, where he chanced to be staying at the time; and the face of the young woman in the farm-wagon haunted him long afterward. It was a beautiful face, a face indicating breeding and culture. but it bore the stamp of dumb, hopeless tragedy. As he gazed at her, a gaunt, elderly man, rugged and toil-stained, with the hall-mark of the well-to-do farmer plainly legible upon him, climbed to the seat beside her, gathered up the reins, and drove off. Mr. Phillips noticed how the girl shrank and whitened as her companion's shoulder touched her. He heard the girl's story afterward. She belonged to a family of local importance; but there had been a scandal, sordid, notorious, unforgettable. The girl herself was probably the one person in the community who did not know the facts. She could not understand why her people were shunned socially, nor why they welcomed the chance of providing for her by marrying her to an illiterate but prosperous old farmer, who lived at a desirable distance from town. The girl's story has nothing to do with Mr. Phillips's book, but the suffering on her face was his inspiration after a quarter of a century.

It was characteristic of Mr. Phillips's methods not only to start from some person or incident having no real bearing on his story, but even after he had his story well plotted and his characters outlined,

to be by no means sure what they were likely to do when the crisis came, or how the book was going to end. In *The Hungry Heart,* which came near to being the author's favourite among all his books, it was recently pointed out in friendly criticism, that a woman such as the heroine was portrayed to be, throughout the first half of the story, would neither have remained with her lover nor gone back to her husband, but would have lived alone, unless some third man eventually came into her life. The comment impressed Mr. Phillips to an extent that seemed disproportionate, until he owned that the solution of a third man was precisely what he had planned from the start, as definitely as it lay in him to plan in advance. But, he explained, when he had reached the midway point, the characters took the matter quite out of his hands. He suddenly awoke to a realisation that his heroine was quite a different woman from what he had all along supposed her to be; she made it clear to him that she was not the kind either to keep the old lover or to take a new one; she was the type of woman who would have the courage to go back. "If I have not made her convincing," he concluded, "in that respect *The Hungry Heart* is a failure—but," he added undauntedly, "I know the type of woman I was after, and I know she would have done just what I made her do."

The Treason of the Senate

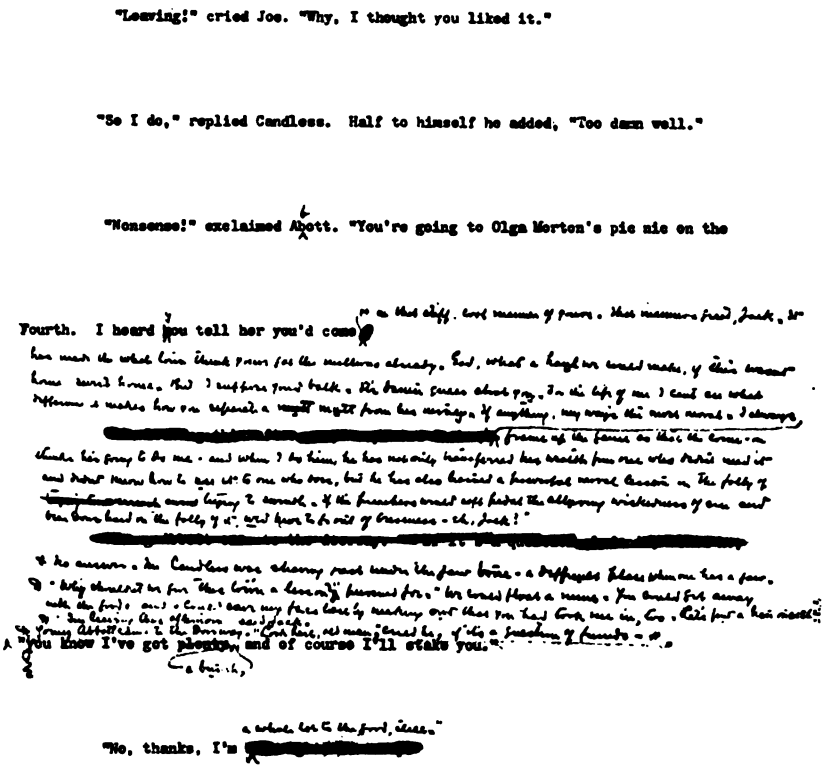
One of the most important chapters in the life of Mr. Phillips was that which relates to the "Treason of the Senate" articles written by him in the first half of 1906 for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* Indeed, it has been pointed out by the daily press in his obituaries that the Senate series marked a great turning-point in his career, as they brought him into wider publicity than anything he ever wrote; for though always a radical, these articles were his most daring, most trenchant and, as many critics hold, his most successful attacks upon such constituted authority as is supposed to uphold and maintain the money power in this country. About six months before the publication of the first of Mr. Phillips's Senate articles Bailey Millard assumed the editorship of the *Cosmopolitan.* Mr. Millard conceived the idea of making an onslaught upon the Senate as the "citadel of the interests." The plan was to accuse the Senate of a great breach of public trust and to back up the accusations by such testimony as might be adduced. Mr. Millard wanted a striking title that should give to the series what magazine editors call a "punch," and after long deliberation he hit upon "The Treason of the Senate." He went to Mr. Phillips and invited him to write the series. "But I am up to my neck in fiction," objected Phillips. "I don't intend to write any more articles. I don't want to be known as an article writer anyway—what I want the public to know me for is a novelist. Why don't you get William Allen White or some of those fellows to do it for you?" Accordingly Mr. White was asked to write the articles. He declined on the ground of lack of time. Other well-known writers were then considered, but some of these were not acceptable to the proprietor of the magazine.

Again Mr. Phillips was approached by the editor, whose persuasion resulted in a promise from the author that he would consider the idea. On December 3, 1905, he wrote to Mr. Millard:

> As to the Senate series I don't know what to say. I'm so tied up for the next few months that I don't see how I can do it. The subject is a good one and would attract attention. But the work would be exclusive of all my other work and would require a great deal of toiling terribly.

A week later Phillips was again urged by the persistent editor. "You'll simply have to do the Senate series for us," he said. "You are the logical man for the work, and you know it." "Well, look here," said Phillips finally, "I'll do it if you'll pay me my price." He named a very high figure. "It's prohibitory, I know," said the novelist, "but it's the only terms on which I'll break into my fiction work." To Phillips's surprise his figure was accepted; also it was rather to his own dismay, as he afterward said, though he could not honourably withdraw. He was provided with able assistants, among

them being Gustavus Meyers and William Harrison Phillips. These men travelled all over the country, collecting material about the senators who were to be impaled by the *Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Phillips busied himself at Washington, where he had an extensive acquaintance, and some of whom, notably Senator Albert J. Beveridge, were friends of the author. Many of his best-telling facts were secured from senators themselves, men who were burning to throw off the yoke of "the interests." When the first paper, on Depew, was sent to the editor it was found to be one of the most curious manuscripts ever turned into a magazine office. It had been typewritten and then practically rewritten in pencil. There was more closely scribed matter between the wide-spaced typed lines than there was in the type-script, much of which had been deleted or altered in Mr. Phillips's painstaking fashion. The contributor urged the editor not to attempt to read the article until it had been set up, and he didn't. It was then seen that the attack upon Depew was something that could not be published in a magazine of general circulation. Phillips pleaded that it might stand. "It's all true," he declared in his positive way. "Nobody can deny it. To cut it as you propose would be to spoil it." "But it simply has to be cut," said the obdurate editor. "Cut it yourself then," said Phillips gloomily. "I'll be no party to that butchery. And I think I shall withdraw from the whole arrangement. You editors make me tired." But when the article was published he admitted that the omission of the objectionable language was probably for the best after all. "Maybe I am intemperate," he said, "but it's enough to make anybody intemperate when he con-



"Leaving!" cried Joe. "Why, I thought you liked it."

"So I do," replied Candless. Half to himself he added, "Too damn well."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Abott. "You're going to Olga Morton's pie nic on the

Fourth. I heard you tell her you'd come

"You know I've got plenty and of course I'll stake you."

"No, thanks, I'm

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. ALTHOUGH THIS IS THE NINTH AND FINAL DRAFT, THE ADDITIONS BETWEEN THE LINES INDICATE THE EXTREME CARE WITH WHICH MR. PHILLIPS WORKED. THE PAGE IS FROM A FORTHCOMING NOVEL. WE ARE NOT AT LIBERTY TO ANNOUNCE THE TITLE

siders what is being done by those fellows in the Senate."

The next article was on Aldrich, and this manuscript was even more fearfully and wonderfully constructed than the first. "Please don't read it or try to read it," the author wrote to the editor, "until you get it set up." He had greatly overrun the alotted space, but he explained this in his letter: "I had to choose between a weak article and a long one. Aldrich is the boss of the Senate, and to show him and his system took space. I am worried because the article is longer than you wanted, but I don't see how so important a thing as the central mechanism of the treason can be dealt with piecemeal or slightingly. I think, too, that most of my points are new or new statements of familiar but little understood matters." The Senate series made a great stir. Many journals criticised it severely, but it brought commendatory letters to Phillips from all over the country. These he read with great satisfaction. "I knew the people would be with me," he said, "but I hardly expected such an epistolary inundation. I'm glad I went into this thing. Something will come of it." The first notable thing that came of it was President Roosevelt's "muckrake" speech, in which Phillips was plainly indicated as an offender. This incensed Phillips, and when afterward Mr. Roosevelt wanted to see him and set him right on certain points of his attack on the senators the disgruntled writer would not go to the White House, though the President sent three friends at different times to bring in the erring one. But finally at a dinner at the Gridiron Club in Washington, where the President was a guest of honour, he learned that Phillips was present, and he sent Samuel G. Blythe, the club's chief officer, to him with word that he would like to see him. Phillips consented, though he afterward said it was against his conscience. He had a long talk with the President, and found that, after all, in many things they stood on common ground.

Of the political results which followed the Senate articles and on which they must have had some bearing Phillips was very proud. The widespread talk about the articles was of material aid to him as a writer. For one thing they resulted in his securing a larger audience for his fiction and more than doubled his market value as a tale-teller. Before the series had run itself out he had received offers from a prominent periodical of one thousand dollars apiece for a number of short stories, and his serial rate was also greatly advanced. As the result of his relations with his editor a strong friendship grew up between the two men which lasted until the day of Phillips's tragic death. On one occasion Phillips was invited by Millard to meet Jack London at luncheon. "I was disappointed," says Mr. Millard, "to note that these two men whose views on social affairs touched at so many points had so little to say to each other. David Graham was in full regalia—he rarely dressed in citizens' clothes—while London wore his customary flannel shirt, with attached collar and no waistcoat, although it was winter. While walking down town with Phillips after the luncheon I remarked to him that I was sorry the meeting had been such a constrained affair. "The trouble was," explained the quick-seeing novelist, "that London didn't like me. My clothes bothered him. He mistook me for a dude, and wouldn't open out to me." "I saw Jack London not long after that," says Millard, "and he said: 'I'm afraid Phillips didn't like me. He didn't like the way I was dressed. Well, let it go at that.'

Phillips and London

"But that the author of *Joshua Craig* did like the *Call of the Wild* man is certain, for the next day he wrote to me: 'What an interesting man London is, and what a fine, honest, healthy and healthful look out of his eyes!'"

"David Graham frequently talked to me about his work," says Mr. Millard. "Of the harsh criticisms of *Joshua Craig* he said: 'Sometimes I despair of ever being understood. Josh, it seems clear to me, is a worthy fellow, and yet they call him a boor, a bounder, a disgusting creature. Now

Only One Life

Josh is no boor. I know him thoroughly. The ungentle way he acted with Margaret was simply to impress her with his personality, his masculinity, and from the very first he did impress her. He saw it and he kept it up. I tried to make his position plain to the reader, but perhaps I failed. It has been my lot to be misunderstood both as a writer and as a man. I have even been accused of being aristocratic—me the soul of democracy. Why, I have even avoided riding in a carriage or an auto, for I know that the man or woman who does it gets out of sympathy with the masses. When you lose such sympathy you yourself are lost.'" Once he wrote to Mr. Millard about one of his novels: "I'm glad you like *White Magic*. I'm toiling at the proofs of it getting ready for the book. Then I'm going to shut myself in and write a novel—a longish one. They tell me a chicken sings before it lays an egg. But not this chicken. I make groaning sounds, no more like song than the barking of a tonsilitic seal." That novel writing was tremendously exacting work for him is evidenced by one of the last letters Mr. Milard received from him. "I'm still sweating away," he said. "I feel like the devil. But the crazy thing inside of me won't let me stop. And only one life, too!"

Rhodes and Clive

In his work, *The Life and Times of the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902*, Sir Lewis Michell, at one time the secretary of the great Colonial, institutes the following striking comparison between Cecil Rhodes and Robert Clive:

> Both were essentially Imperialist; both were men of action, of stormy temper and impatient of control; both were connected with the administration of great chartered companies; both achieved high renown abroad and rendered conspicuous service to their country; and both, in their declining days, were the subject of gross and persistent calumny, due, as Rhodes declared, to unctuous rectitude. Clive, before he was eighteen, was shipped off to Madras as a writer in the service of the East India Company. Rhodes at the same age was despatched to Natal mainly for reasons connected with his health. At twenty-five, Clive was a commissary-captain, the victor of Arcot, and planning the overthrow of French supremacy in India. At the same age, Rhodes was at the Diamond Fields, dreaming of northern expansion and how to limit and restrain Republican aspirations in South Africa. At thirty-one, Clive won the battle of Plassey, and Rhodes was ruling Bechuanaland as Deputy Commissioner for the Crown. Already, at the age of twenty-nine, Clive, in a brief interval of leisure, had entered the English Parliament and been unseated on petition; Rhodes, at exactly the same age, entered the Cape Parliament and remained a member of it till his death. Clive, before he was forty, was Governor and Commander-in-chief in Bengal. Rhodes, at the same age, had already been for three years Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and for more than a year the virtual governor of those vast territories now known as Rhodesia. At the age of forty-one, Clive left India forever, his career practically ended. At about the same age, Rhodes resigned all his offices and retired into private life, as the result of the Jameson Raid. Thenceforth, for nearly seven years, both these eminent men had full proof of the fickleness inherent in all large communities, and were exposed to rancorous criticism. Officially, their achievements were not unrecognised. Clive had already been created an Irish peer, and Rhodes sworn of the Privy Council. But both ceased, to a great extent, to be the lions of society; both were acute sufferers through failing health, and both were required to defend their conduct before a Committee of Parliament. . . .

Sir Lewis Michell gives many anecdotes to illustrate the simplicity, the lovableness, and generosity of Cecil Rhodes. Though he had many fine houses and properties, he preferred to live in unpretentious dwellings in the country, and at small hotels in town. He was careless in money matters: "To a banker brought up in the strictest tenets of his sect, he was an undoubted trial. He once lost a diamond worth £70, but he took no steps to recover it. . . . He never had any money in his pocket, and his banking account was frequently overdrawn." There are anecdotes that bring out still other sides of his character. For example: "Rhodes was very fond of discussing the various points of English politicians, and

there was one member of the Gladstone Government of 1892 whom he cordially detested. He told me once how he had found himself seated next him at a dinner party in London, and was so bored with him that in the middle of one of his arguments on some political problem he turned away from him and began talking to his other neighbour. 'It was very rude of me, I know,' he said, 'very rude. People who live in London can't do these things—I *can*. I can do it on the basis of a barbarian!'" On being accused once of changing his views rather hurriedly, he replied: "Yes, as hurriedly as I could, for I found I was wrong." "Every day," he said, later in life, "I try to become humbler, but it is hard." Always a reader, he turned naturally to books of a serious moral and philosophical interest, and "he literally pored over the map of Africa." Putting his finger on it once, he exclaimed, "I want to see it all red." The only novel his secretary ever heard him praise was *The Choir Invisible.*

The Fate of the Henris

If ever again France becomes a monarchy, the new king should carefully avoid taking the name of Henri. In his work, *The Fate of Henry of Navarre,* Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton points out in a footnote that all the Henris of France died by violence. "Henri I. was almost certainly poisoned, Henri II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery in the Place Royale (there were some who said intentionally), Henri III. was stabbed by the monk, Jacques Clément, and Henri IV., by Ravaillac." The author writes to prove that the latter was merely an individual fanatic, not a hired assassin, and that in performing the act for which he paid the horrible penalty in the Place de Grève, he defeated the plan of a conspiracy involving some of the highest personages of the French court, to despatch Henry on the very same day, and in the very same place. One of the most important points on which the case is made to rest is the appearance, immediately after the murder at the farther end of the street in which it was committed, of "ten rough, well-armed and ferocious-looking men who cried, 'Death to the murderer! Slay him at once! He must die now—on the spot!' A moment later Courtomeyer rushed at these men while dragging his sword from his sheath, and they instantly disappeared down a side street—never to appear again." The theory is that these were the real assassins who were paid by Epernon and whose services were now no longer required—least of all to despatch Ravaillac, whose testimony was invaluable to the Duke's party to prove their innocence of any complicity in his crime. The interest of the book lies principally, perhaps, in the indication it offers of the undiminished prestige, among English-speaking people, of that monarch, celebrated by Macaulay, as the first Protestant king of France, though, seen close to, his Protestantism, which he twice repudiated for political purposes, appears of a somewhat flimsy texture.

Great American Universities

Mr. Slosson tells us in his *Great American Universities* that when he visited Yale he found that the professors considered it everywhere a mark of bad form to show any interest in the work outside their own departments and that they adhered scrupulously to the rule of minding their own business. At the University of California, on the other hand, when he was introduced to the professor of cryptogamic botany, the latter immediately invited him to go and see one of the Greek or Sanskrit plays, and at the University of Minneapolis the professor of political economy took him at once to the Agricultural College to show him ears of the latest pedigreed corn. This, he thinks, is typical of Yale and should be set down less to specialisation than to a lack of co-operation. He criticises Yale also for its extraordinary devotion to tradition and presents a list of questions which he asked as to the reason why certain things were done. The answers never went beyond the mere statement that they were customary. If he asked why college students had to attend chapel he received the answer that they always had attended, and if he asked why the front gates to the campus were closed at night he received the reply that they always closed

them at night. In this respect he points emphatically to the contrast between Yale and Harvard. As typical of Harvard he cites Professor James's *Pragmatism;* as typical of Yale, Professor Sumner's *Folkways.* He describes the former as approaching a defiant individualism and the latter as showing how righteousness and conformity come to the same thing in the end. The book abounds in many striking comparisons and contrasts, which are presented in a telling and often amusing way. Even when exaggerated they certainly reveal something of the differing spirit of the institutions.

While treating the subject seriously and presenting a large amount of carefully gathered and well-arranged information statistics, diagrams and other somewhat formidable features, he has, nevertheless, diversified his text with many things that are really entertaining and has produced, on the whole, an exceedingly readable book. He has taken note of the distinctions in the popular mind and of the more or less superficial aspects summed up in intercollegiate gibes or catch phrases. He does not quote the familiar saying of Yale men about Harvard that you can always tell a Harvard man but cannot tell him much, but he does quote the Harvard gibe at Yale that "Yale was founded fifty years after Harvard and has kept the same distance behind ever since."

He is not afraid to generalise, but his general statements rest on a basis of wide observation and temperate commonsense. He has evidently been pelted by many conflicting views and is trying to keep his balance between the extremes of inter-collegiate criticism.

We should not speak sneeringly, he says, of "mere numbers," for the size of a university is really a measure of one dimension of its influence. The age of a university is also a factor not to be despised, as it sometimes is by the younger institutions. Age confers upon its graduates something of the honour, dignity, and responsibility derived from the long line of its illustrious predecessors. It gives to the institution prestige, stability, and momentum, so it is able to accomplish things easily and quietly, things which in a newer university can only be done with much fuss and nervous strain.

Coincidence

Among the most incredible true stories of the world is that of the Abbé Kakatoes and the Marquis de Croquemitaine. It was at a supper in the days long before the French Revolution. The Abbé, in the course of the conversation, happened to tell the company that the first confession he ever received was that of a murderer. A minute later the Marquis entered. "Ah! Monsieur l'Abbé, I am delighted to see you. Ladies and gentlemen, I was the Abbé's first penitent, and I assure you that I made a confession that astonished him." The time comes in life when such coincidences no longer seem incredible to us. They hardly surprise. Personally, we seem lately to have been living among curious coincidences. We take it for granted that very few of our readers failed to notice that the tragic and totally unexpected death of the late David Graham Phillips took place on the exact publication day of the February issue of this magazine, which contained the very comprehensive paper on Mr. Phillips's work in the Representative American Story Tellers Series. Of course that paper had been planned months before and written weeks before. As a matter of fact as early as last October it was jotted down as part of the contents for February. Last spring, a certain day in September was decided upon as the publication date for the *Life of Tolstoy.* At the time it seemed that the Russian novelist was likely to live for several years. It chanced that the publication date was the date of his death. A few weeks ago we were discussing with Mr. Brian Hooker à propos of his papers on the University and American Humour, the story of how the Harvard *Lampoon* once published a "fake" issue of the Harvard *Crimson.* Within a few hours we received a communication from a comparatively new author about whom we had been making inquiries. The author was the originator of the whole scheme and his communication gave all its details.

Richard Washburn Child

The author in question was Mr. Richard Washburn Child, whose novel *Jim Hands* was reviewed in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN. While an undergraduate at Harvard Mr. Child happened to be, among other things, one of the Board of Editors of the *Lampoon*. The *Crimson*, the Harvard undergraduate daily, had announced that it would print no edition on Memorial Day, 1901. At Mr. Child's suggestion the *Lampoon* issued a "fake" number of the *Crimson*, delicately enough caricatured to deceive all but the most observant readers. The appearance of the college paper was accurately reproduced, even to certain typographical errors for which the *Crimson* had been notorious, but the contents were such that the whole Cambridge community was for a time in turmoil. Information that the janitor of one of the college laboratories had upset a jar of microbes and that all those who had been near the laboratory should report at once to the college doctor, that so and so of the crew squad had rowed himself out of his shell, but had reached shore without ill effects, and that "the President and Fellows of Harvard College" had decided not to offer President McKinley an honorary degree, was given with the utmost gravity. A Boston newspaper was deceived by the last named announcement, and the page reprinting it is said to have been stereotyped and on the press when the managing editor, glancing at the wet sheet, suddenly decided that the announcement was bogus. A statement in the "fake" that the *Crimson* was making more money than was warranted, and that a dollar and a half would be returned on all three dollar subscriptions that afternoon brought many freshmen to the *Crimson* office at the appointed time. A sign hung in the night over the *Crimson* office reiterating this announcement was another part of the hoax. Its complete success was for long the talk of Cambridge, and the forbidden subject of conversation in the *Crimson* sanctum. The *Crimson* editors disclaimed responsibility in their next issue and talked darkly and ominously of prosecution.

At Harvard Mr. Child was also the president of the *Advocate*, the Ivy Orator of his class, the author of the libretto for the Hasty Pudding play, and a football player of some ability. He was graduated from the university in 1903 and then entered the Law School. He had had some practical experience in journalism through working on the Boston papers, and after finishing his law course went to Washington as correspondent for *Ridgway's Weekly*. After that publication had been discontinued he did special work for *Collier's*, including an investigation on the ground of the political murders in Kentucky. His subsequent literary work has included contributions to the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McClure's* and the *American*. Mr. Child is more interested in the best French fiction and in Thackeray than he is in most of the English novelists. "Balzac and Thackeray make me forget that I am reading a book," he says; "Dickens and most of the Englishmen make me positively remember it."

Undergraduate Humour

Reverting to the subject of the University and American Humour in general, and the Harvard *Lampoon*, Yale *Record*, and Princeton *Tiger* in particular, we are quoting fragments from a recent letter from Mr. Booth Tarkington, who in his undergraduate days was a leading spirit in the activities of the last named paper. Mr. Tarkington begins by paying what we consider a well-deserved tribute to the work of Mr. McCready Sykes—"those things of his are so really burlesques of the finest, in style, and so thorough, and yet so light, in their humour. They're delicate and uproarious simultaneously." Contrasting the undergraduate humour of the present with that of other years, Mr. Tarkington finds the humorous college papers of to-day more knowing, but thinks that they have lost something by becoming more sophisticated. "These modern boys draw better and write better, but they are hampered by knowing too well how the thing ought to be done. Their product lacks a reckless sponta-

neity that our boys used to have. . . . I wonder if the author of your article has included any mention of what, in retrospect, I chuckle over more than anything else in that particular gallery: the policy of the *Lampoon, Record,* and *Tiger* in quoting from one another? I think we began it—though that is cloudy. At all events —— —— and I spent a great deal of time over the 'Exchanges' department, sorting out and finally getting together on the poorest and stupidest jokes from the *Lampoon* and *Record.* These we printed under the head of 'Exchanges'—thereby scoring on these two estimable periodicals and making our own jokes seem a little better by comparison. For instance, you probably remember that Harvard for ——— (Princeton slang) was ——— (Harvard slang), and the *Lampoon* printed many allusions to ——, which were unintelligible outside of Cambridge. We quoted all these, which was an unfair advantage, also took care to have no ——— jokes through which they might retaliate. However, the *Lampoon* and the *Record* found plenty of material for their own 'Exchange' columns. I remember one gloomy day when ——— and I sat in the office examining a *Record* which devoted its entire 'Exchange' department to quotations from the *Tiger,* of course *sans* comment, needing none. ——— ———, '93, came in flushed and



RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

triumphant with a copy of the *Record*—he seldom came to the office and was not *en rapport* with the work. He said: 'Well, I don't like to brag, boys, but you've hinted now and then that I might do a little more—and look at this: twenty jokes quoted—all from the *Tiger,* and sixteen of them are mine!' Any one who maintains that college boys are not tender-hearted, considerate gentle folks is wrong; neither ——— nor I ever told him."

Astonishing!

Mr. James Raymond Perry has made the astonishing discovery that English prose is more or less rhythmical. In an essay in the February number of the *North American Review,* he applies this discovery to the prose of Abraham Lincoln, and proceeds to demonstrate thereby, and by the occurrence in Lincoln's prose of what may be regarded as occasional lines of blank verse, that Lincoln "in addition to all other greatness of heart and soul and mind, was one of the world's great poets." The logic of this is a trifle hard to follow, even if we accept Mr. Perry's apparent unconsciousness of any distinction between rhythm and metre. But there is other testimony upon the subject. Stevenson, for example, says in a letter to Edmund Gosse: "I speak bitterly at the moment, having just detected in myself the last fatal symptom, three blank verses in succession—and I believe, God help me, a hemistich at the tail of them." The same author, in his essay on Technical Elements of Style, emphasises the familiar rule that prose must never "disappoint the ear by the trot of an accepted metre" and shows how easily careless prose may degenerate into bad blank verse. Of course, in such admirable prose as Lincoln's, lapses of this kind are few and far between; and their rarity spurs Mr. Perry to renewed ingenuities. He discovers that by printing it in irregular lines beginning with capitals, prose may be made to look (at a distance) quite like poetry. "When the words are not cast into (*sic*) the pentameter form," he remarks, "they often fall into other metrical divisions." And this, accordingly, is what he makes of the Gettysburg Address:

Fourscore and seven years ago
Our forefathers brought forth upon this continent
A new nation conceived in liberty
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.
Now we are engaged in a great civil war
Testing whether that nation, or any nation
So conceived and so dedicated,
Can long endure. We are met
On a great battlefield of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of
That field as a final resting-place
For those who gave their lives
That the nation might live . . .

It is difficult to say what metrical form this resembles, unless perhaps some of the wilder vagaries of Walt Whitman. But Mr. Perry's own prose is by the same standards decidedly more metrical. It exhibits in the space of a few pages frequent blank verse lines, such as

"Yet ever and again in the addresses
The casual observer will discover"
"And their recurrence ever and again"
"Of freedom and equality of men"
"That noble utterance on the field of Gettysburg,
What is it but a great poem? It is here
Given in its entirety."

and so on. It is needless to multiply examples; for by this time, as Mr. Perry himself says, "The richly poetical quality of the foregoing lines must be apparent to every one."





"CHANTECLER"—ACT II

Chantecler, showing off before the Pheasant-Hen, makes the sun rise with his song

PLAYS, SUPERNATURAL AND NATURAL

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is a tide in the affairs of the theatre; and it happens every now and then that several plays of the same general type are drifted simultaneously to the footlights. Recently in New York a number of plays have been produced in which recourse has been made to the supernatural in the development of the characters and in the conduct of the plots; our stage has, for a time, been populated with fauns and scarecrows that think and feel, birds and animals that talk, and human beings piping magical allurements; and this unusual occurrence calls for some general critical estimate of the value of the supernatural as material for dramatic art.

There is a predisposition on the part of the populace (and also of most of the reviewers) to regard any play which employs the supernatural as especially imaginative. Such a work is considered particularly difficult to accomplish; and the result is commonly labelled "literary," in the laudatory connotation of the term. It is considered difficult to invent a devil with horns and a tail, and comparatively easy to create an Iago devoid of those unusual appendages. It is considered especially "literary" to set forth a five o'clock tea given by a guinea-hen whereas (presumably) it would not be "literary" to exhibit an afternoon tea given by a society woman. To the popular mind, it seems highly imaginative to invent a faun through whose body you may shoot a bullet without hurting him;

but it would not (apparently) be imaginative to create a man whose viscera would be disturbed by such a transit. It is considered poetic to invent a piper whom children follow because of some magic in his music; presumably it would not be poetic to create a man whom children would follow because they liked to play with him.

Any *a priori* judgment is uncritical; because it denies the possibility that a new work may prove an exception to the rule on which the judgment has been based. But if the popular mind *must* presume an *a priori* judgment of these exhibitions of the supernatural, it might more safely presume them to be less difficult, less imaginative, less (in the real sense) literary, than plays which reproduce the natural. In the infancy of the human race, as in the infancy of every individual (for the mental history of each of us repeats the mental history of mankind), all stories were supernatural—the reason being that the supernatural is immeasurably easier, both to fabricate and to appreciate, than is the natural. And the supernatural is easier to invent and to understand because it requires less maturity of imagination. Imagination is the faculty for *realisation*. Contrary to the common belief, children are, as a rule, incapable of imagination. They tell themselves stories of ghosts and goblins and fairies because they are unable to realise men and women and children; they invent exceptions to the laws of life because they cannot understand the laws; they wonder at a dog that talks because they have not learned to wonder at a dog that merely barks. So, in its infancy, the human race told itself stories of miracles and considered the exceptional divine; it has required a more matured imagination to perceive that divinity is evidenced not in "some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality of nature," but in law itself, majestic and immutable. The function of imagination is to discover truth; the function of art is to tell it. Myths and fables are of service only as an easy and a shorthand means of indicating simple truths. The unusual is of value in art only in so far as it calls attention to the usual in life; exceptions are important only as they indicate the rule. To prefer miracles to laws, to dally with the exceptional rather than to delve for the rule, is to exercise not the imagination but the fancy. As the wisest of American critics, Mr. W. C. Brownell, has remarked, "Imagination and fancy differ in that, both transcending experience, one observes and the other transgresses law." Now, of course, a supernatural fable may be faithful to the laws of life, may (in other words) embody an imaginative vision; but in practice, in this present age of ours, a reversion to the infancy of art more often indicates an irresponsibility of fancy, an unwillingness on the part of the artist to undertake and carry through the lofty task of transmuting the actual to the real. The fancy is a dangerous faculty, because its exercise is easy and is invariably attended by great good fun, whereas to exercise imagination is laborious and cannot be accomplished (to speak figuratively) without fasting and prayer. All that M. Rostand had to say in *Chantecler* might have been said more profoundly if he had realised his characters as men and women. The piece becomes imaginative only in those passages in which it becomes human; at all other moments it is merely fanciful—the *jeu d'esprit* of a mind that dallies instead of the great task of a mind that toils. Since beauty is synonymous with truth, as Keats has taught us, it is only by imagination that beauty can be created; all that fancy can contrive is prettiness. It is usually an artist with a dainty fancy who chooses to tell us tales of skipping fauns and magic pipes; but it requires an august imagination to reveal to us the beauty inherent in the common life of every day. Mr. Barrie displayed a pretty fancy in *Peter Pan;* but in *What Every Woman Knows* he revealed a beautiful imagination. Of these two plays by the same author, the natural is immeasurably more imaginative than the supernatural.

But if it is a fallacy to prejudge that a supernatural play must be more imaginative, it is no less a fallacy to accord it *a priori* a higher literary rank than a play of ordinary life. A play deserves to be laurelled as dramatic literature only when it expresses, in terms of the technic of the theatre of its age, some truth of human



"THE FAUN"—ACT I

"He proves his immortality by daring Stonebury to shoot him, whereupon the bullet passes through his bo
without hurting him"



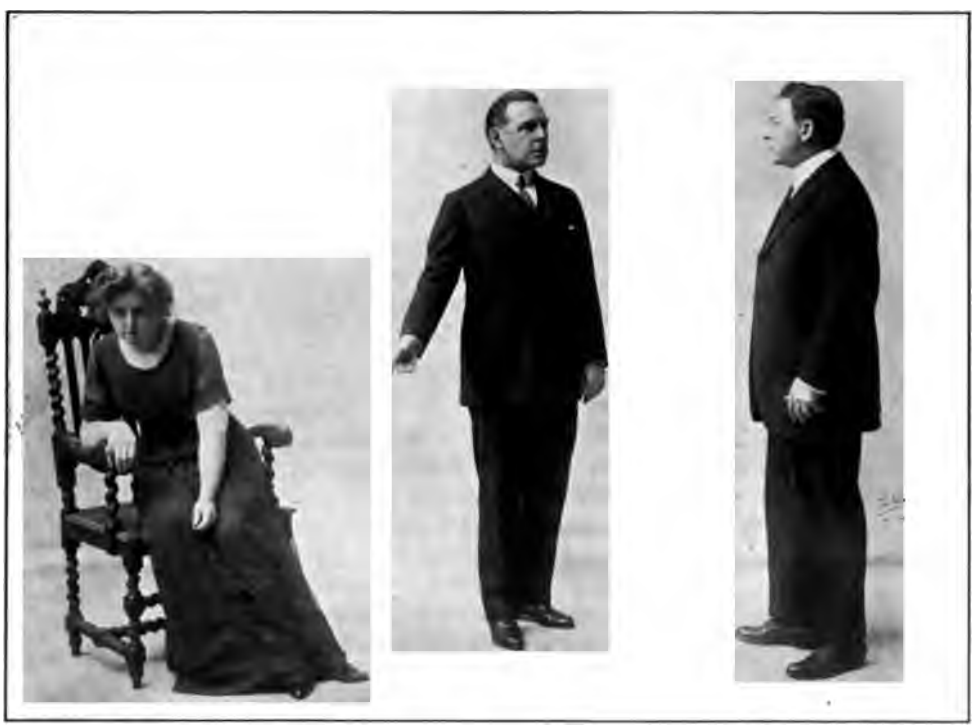
"THE SCARECROW"—ACT I

"Goody Rickby, with the aid of her familiar demon Dickon, fashions a scarecrow which she endows su
naturally with life, and sends it forth into the world"



"THE BOSS"—ACT II

"The Boss strikes down a representative of the strikers who has come to treat with him for terms"



"THE HAVOC"

"Craig agrees to grant his wife a divorce without any scandal, on the sole condition that after she has married Hessert, he himself may come and live as a boarder with the newly constituted couple"



"THE DEEP PURPLE"—ACT II, SCENE 2
"Several pistols are drawn during the course of the tensely constructed plot"



"SIRE"—ACT III
"Discovering in a fantastic actor named Denis Roulette a physical likeness to the missing king, they hire him to dress himself up in royal regalia and come to visit the countess as her sovereign"



"OVER NIGHT"—ACT I

"Mr. Darling and Mrs. Kettle are accidentally left ashore as the boat leaves a certain landing; and Mrs. Darling and Mr. Kettle are thereby obliged to travel on together"



"THE PIPER"—ACT IV

"In the end, the Piper lures the children back again"

life that is important to humanity. Fine writing does not make dramatic literature. Verbal felicity in dialogue is a beauty that is only skin-deep; the real literary value of a play depends upon the symmetry and strength of its skeleton and the vitality of its flesh and blood. *The Thunderbolt* is a greater work of dramatic literature than *Chantecler,* because it is more profoundly and consistently imagined—in other words, more real; yet in *The Thunderbolt* there is not a single line that is quotable for verbal beauty, while in *Chantecler* there are pages and pages that are marvels of the wizardry of words. The best written speech in *The Piper*—the address to the wayside image—is, dramatically, an error; it is written charmingly, but a master of dramatic literature would not have written it at all. Supernatural plays afford their authors opportunities for verbal flights of fancy which are denied to authors who aim to paraphrase the speech of ordinary men and women; but the task of the latter is no less a feat of literary art. A greater literary imagination is displayed in these bare, undecorative lines of the first act of *The Thunderbolt*—"Ah, Heath, the dining-room—!" "Yes, Mr. Elkin, that's over, sir"—lines through which, as they come to us in their context, the full pathos of death looks out upon us with dim, unweeping eyes, than in such a line as M. Rostand's, *"Que des Coqs rococos pour ce Coq plus cocasse,"* of which the only ground is an astounding rebound of sound.

In one particular respect, supernatural material is especially hazardous for the dramatic artist. The corner-stone of the dramatic art is the freedom of the will. No conflict of wills can afford a true dramatic interest unless the wills of the participants are absolutely free. Now, if, in a story, certain characters are endowed with supernatural powers, while the others are not, no truly dramatic conflict can be possible between the one side and the other. We are asked to watch a game in which we know the dice are loaded. In the last act of *The Faun* the other characters are merely puppets whose wires are pulled by the supernatural hero; and in *The Piper* the people of Hamelin are at all times powerless against the magic of the mountebank. These conceptions abnegate the very possibility of drama. If, then, a playwright is to use the supernatural at all, it is surely wiser for him not to adulterate it with the natural, but to conceive *all* his characters in accordance with a common convention. This is what M. Rostand has done in *Chantecler.* His characters all have a fair chance, because all are equally super-actual. He has displayed consummate tact in entirely excluding human beings from his story—a tact which expresses itself very cleverly in the concluding line, *"Chut! Baissez le rideau, vite! Voilà les hommes!"*

With these critical warnings before us —not to mistake fancy for imagination, not to value the exceptional except in so far as it reminds us of the perennial, not to confuse the pretty and the beautiful, not to mistake lines for literature, and not in judging any work of art to abrogate our demand that in its own way it shall tell the truth and nothing but the truth—we may proceed to examine the recent crop of supernatural plays and to compare them with other recent plays which seek to reproduce the natural.

SUPERNATURAL PLAYS

"Chantecler"

Before we turn our attention to *Chantecler,* it must be stated, in justice to M. Edmond Rostand, that his piece has not in any real sense been presented in America, and that it is utterly impossible to derive any adequate idea of its merits, or even its defects, from the meaningless, emasculate, and futile substitute which is now being offered to the easily swindled public of New York. Only a little more than half of the text is here presented, in a far-away paraphrase by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Mr. Parker, presumably, is not to be blamed for the cuts; and in charity toward his paraphrase of the fragment that is presented, it should be confessed that *Chantecler* is the most untranslatable of all the works of this least translatable of poets. A better versifier than Mr. Parker would have failed in the task; but it is conceivable that Mr. Austin Dobson, for example, might have made at least an

interesting rendering. But the crowning fault of the production is the insult that has been flung in the face of the American public in the casting of the rôle that was designed for the dead and deathless Coquelin. Regarding this sacrilege against the sanctity of art it is difficult to maintain a silent dignity of indignation. All theatre-goers who are truly interested in the work of M. Rostand should stay away from the Knickerbocker Theatre and spend an evening at home instead in reading the text of *Chantecler*. The remarks which follow have no reference to the American production, but are based upon a study of the piece that M. Rostand conceived and wrote and published.*

It is probable that *Chantecler* would have succeeded in Paris if Coquelin had lived to play it; but it is not surprising that in the hands of M. Lucien Guitry—an admirable actor of modern rôles but not an eloquent elocutionist—it actually failed; for of the six theatric poems of M. Rostand it is assuredly the least dramatic. It is not so much a play as a lyrico-satirical extravaganza. We may best bring ourselves to understand its special quality if we view it as a result of the logical and natural development of those tendencies which M. Rostand exhibited in his earlier works. M. Rostand is the most successful playwright of the present age; but it has been evident from the outset of his career that he is by instinct less a dramatist than a theatricist. He conceives a play not as a serene and orderly development of a single inherent dramatic idea, but as an agglomeration of a myriad of isolate theatrical effects. His eagerness for effective moments—or momentary effects—stamps him of the race and lineage of Victor Hugo; like Hugo, he makes a play by stringing together a multitude of startling theatrical devices. The defect of this method is that, as it is developed, it leads to greater intricacy—whereas the tendency of the highest dramaturgic art is always toward a greater simplicity. The simplest—the most classic—of his works is *La Samaritaine*. Already in *Cyrano* it was evident that he would become progressively more intricate from work to work. *L'Aiglon* indicated still more emphatically his developing avidity for multifarious detail. And now at last in *Chantecler* we can no longer see the forest for the trees—or rather, for the wildwood undergrowth which riots in profuse entanglement. The dramatic theme in *Chantecler* is the tale of the eternal struggle of the artist, possessed with a sense of the sacred necessity of his mission, to adjust himself to a society that fails to understand him and to accept him at his own self-valuation; but this theme is overgrown with a myriad minor satirical intentions—the satire of Boulevard cynicism in the Blackbird, of social pretension in the Guinea-Hen, of academic criticism of poetry in the Chickens, of pedantry in the Woodpecker, of literary criticism of music in the chorus of Toads, of æstheticism in the Peacock, of what may be called George-Sand-ism in the Pheasant-Hen, and so on *ad infinitum*. Unless we had clearly understood his progressive trend toward unnecessary intricacy, we might easily have wondered why M. Rostand should have bothered to invent the whole elaborate machinery of his magnified barnyard to serve as a vehicle for satirising such every-day foibles as all these. Surely it would have been not only simpler but much funnier to exhibit a society woman behaving like a guinea-hen—as heaven knows how many do!—than to set forth a guinea-hen behaving like a society woman.

The same increasing intricacy that M. Rostand has exhibited as a playwright he has displayed also as a poet. His earliest pieces, like *Les Romanesques*, revealed him as a new Théodore de Banville, a writer of pretty and witty verses, dainty and dallying, delicate and deft. His gifts were those of a minor, rather than a major, poet; and if he has since developed the magnitude of the major poet, he has done so by the unprecedented process of raising his gifts of the minor poet to the *n*th power. He is a big poet only by virtue of being the largest of the little poets of the world. His supreme merit—and his supreme defect—is cleverness. He is hardly an imaginative

*Edmond Rostand. Chantecler. Pièce en Quatre Actes, en Vers. Paris: Librairie Charpentier et Fasquelle.

writer; but he has the most fertile and the most luxuriant fancy apparent in contemporary literature. He has achieved serenity of mood only in *La Samaritaine,* wherein an ecstasy of simplicity was imposed upon him by the sanctity of his material. In his other works he has shown himself always a chaser after butterflies. Even Cyrano, in his love scene, must define a kiss as "a rosy dot upon the eye of *loving*"—a quip unimaginable if the poet-hero were really and deeply moved. And in the bewildering verbiage of *Chantecler* the extravagance of the poet's fancy is developed to the uttermost excess. In his earliest works M. Rostand loved to intoxicate himself with words; and the habit of verbal inebriety has grown upon him, until in *Chantecler* nearly every line seems to reel with a bedazzlement of fantasy. Surely this is dangerously near the art that defeats itself by being too artistic.

In the published text of *Chantecler* the stage-direction which describes the scenic setting of each act is written as a sonnet; and this needless audacity of cleverness gives us the clue to M. Rostand's quality as a poet. These stage-directions are fully as poetic as the text. Consider this concluding tercet of the description of the setting for the second act:

Le ciel est de chez nous. Et lorsque illuminée
Fumera dans un coin quelque humble cheminée,
On croira voir fumer la pipe de Corot.

No other writer could have fancied that "smoking of the pipe of Corot"—and no other poet would have considered it worth while to do so in a stage-direction. M. Rostand's best effects are purely effects of words. His wit is verbal, his mirth a jugglery of sounds. Even his poetry is verbal; it is not the image that delights us, but the verse. Hence, as plays, his works demand elocution more than they demand acting; he needed Coquelin to read his lines with that bravura of incomparable voice. He is a consummate writer, surely; but he has the air of a spoiled child sporting in an illimitable play-room where all the toys are words.

Who was the wise dramatic critic who first remarked that hell is paved with good first acts? If an unskilful dramatist stumbles upon a good idea for a play, the simple setting forth of this idea will carry him safely through his initial act of exposition; his failure will come when he attempts to develop the idea in the succeeding acts. In *The Faun,* Mr. Edward Knoblauch employs an idea which has frequently been put to pleasant uses in the theatre—the idea, namely, of satirising the foibles of some section of present-day society from the point of view of a supernatural visitant miraculously introduced from otherwhere. No remarkable ability is necessary to contrive an interesting first act by expounding this familiar theme. In *The Faun,* Lord Stonebury, having lost his entire fortune at the races, is about to put a bullet through his head, when out of an ancient urn in his garden there emerges a laughing faun, clad only in a leopard skin. Though this creature is a Roman faun, he has been taught to speak English by the poet Shelley, with whom he used to sport about his native woods. He proves his immortality by daring Stonebury to shoot him, whereupon the bullet passes through his body without hurting him and shatters a lamp that stands behind his back. The faun offers to help Stonebury out of his financial difficulties if the latter, in return, will introduce him into English society. Stonebury accepts this proposition, arrays the faun in evening dress—a costume which the latter finds exceedingly discomforting—and introduces him as an Italian count to the inner circle of his friends. Thus far the comedy is interesting; but in the later acts Mr. Knoblauch fails to display either the fancy or the wit that would be necessary for an effectual fulfilment of the satirical intention. The faun helps Stonebury to win back his fortune at the races because he knows the horses personally and can ask them in advance to tell him which of them is sure to win. The trouble with this particular fancy is that it isn't true; for how should the horses themselves know the winner of their races in advance, any more than human runners who are matched for a Marathon? The circle of English society into which the

"The Faun"

faun has been introduced is made up of super-civilised people who pride themselves upon a pretense that they have lived down all of their emotions. In contrast to their artificial intellectualisation, the faun presents a plea for the natural instincts and emotions as the only real basis for any joy of living. The heroine is a suffragette who aspires to crush out of her own nature the element of instinctive femininity; and the author indulges, by the way, in a great deal of silly and tedious satire of the fallacious popular idea of the new woman. At the culmination of the comedy, the faun lures the suffragette out of doors on a wild night and so contrives to reawaken her submerged natural instincts that she is filled with a desire to love some one, and as a consequence, confers her affections upon Stonebury. But this, the crowning fancy of the play, is assuredly untrue; since love can hardly be induced in the abstract, nor be awakened in a woman by one man for the benefit of another. If the heroine were to love anybody, she would of course love the faun who had roused her sensibilities. Basically, the play is deficient in imagination; in detail, it lacks the deftness of fancy, the brightness of wit, the playfulness of poetry, that are needed for a satire of this sort. *The Faun* should, unfortunately, have been written by M. Rostand. As written by Mr. Knoblauch, it leaves a troublesome impression that it isn't so good as it ought to be.

"The Scarecrow"

*The Scarecrow** is by far the best of all the plays that have been written by Mr. Percy MacKaye. This fantastical romance is an after-development of the idea initially imagined by Hawthorne in his *Feathertop*. In Mr. MacKaye's play, which is set in a Massachusetts town in 1690, a witch named Goody Rickby, with the aid of her familiar demon Dickon, "a Yankee improvisation of the Prince of Darkness," fashions a scarecrow which she endows supernaturally with life, and sends it forth into the world, not only, as in Hawthorne's fable, to serve as a living parody of the empty foppishness of fashionable society, but also to wreak an ironical vengeance on Justice Gilead Merton, a conventionally self-righteous citizen, by whom, one and twenty years before, she had had an illegitimate son who died, but whom she now announces to the Justice to be living and to be no other than the scarecrow, whom Dickon forces him to introduce into society as Lord Ravensbane. Ravensbane begins his career as an empty-headed Feathertop, monotonously droning the commonplaces of conventional conversation; but the niece of the Justice, Rachel Merton, looks upon him with an interest that soon warms into affection; and, in accordance with Dante's idea of "love, that exempts no one beloved from loving," Ravensbane is inspired to respond with an affection which makes him increasingly more human as it grows. His love breathes into him a soul, so that (to quote his own words) he is born of Rachel. But Rachel has secured from Goody Rickby a magic mirror which has the property to reflect the essential truth of any object that is imaged in it. Into this mirror, at the climax of the play, look Rachel and Ravensbane; and the latter is appalled to see himself reflected in reality as a ludicrous scarecrow. Thereafter, overwhelmed by the bathos of his lot, and seeing himself no longer worthy of the lofty love he has conceived, he passes through an agony of loathing the thing of shreds and patches he now knows to be his essential self, and ultimately, in the presence of Rachel, shatters the tobacco pipe on whose enchanted inspirations he is dependent for the sustenance of his life. But this voluntary abnegation of the continuance to be marks him finally as fully human; and as he dwindles to his death, the image in the magic glass of truth looks back at him—a man.

The central conception of this play is loftily imaginative and profoundly real: for it embodies that ludicrous and tragic incongruity between what we are and what we will to be which overwhelms us all in those deep hours when introspection holds before our eyes the glass of truth. This concept is universal in its human implications; and in Mr. MacKaye's

*The Scarecrow. A Tragedy of the Ludicrous. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

play it is unfolded in a manner that is deeply impressive. Moreover, as a vehicle for acting, the piece is admirably adapted to the exigencies of the stage. Ravensbane is a very striking part and afforded a gifted performer an opportunity for the most imaginative and poetic piece of acting that has graced our stage this season. The scene of the magic manufacture of the scarecrow is highly picturesque, and the transformations of the devil are cleverly conducted. Much of the dialogue is beautifully written; and in Ravensbane's long soliloquy before the mirror, the text rises to a lofty and memorable eloquence.

Of course, from the popular point of view, the "love interest" of this fable is weakened by the fact that since Ravensbane is, after all, a scarecrow, his love must lack that physical alloy without which the very spirituality of human love reduces itself to an unsubstantial fantasy. Furthermore, the piece is not entirely free from those defects which have marred the previous plays of Mr. MacKaye. He seems unable to cure himself of a solemn and trivial pedantry. To indicate that his devil is of cosmopolitan experience, he has found it necessary to sprinkle Dickon's lines with phrases of Latin, French, German, and Italian—phrases, of course, which most of the audience cannot understand; it seems not to have occurred to him that a really experienced cosmopolitan will speak, without any barbarous affectations, the language of the country in which he finds himself. Occasionally also he suffers shipwreck from a desperate endeavour to achieve the humorous, as when Dickon selects a big red beet to serve as the heart of the scarecrow, and then says, "Hush! Dost thou hear it *beat?*" But if Mr. MacKaye sometimes jokes with difficulty, and if his characters occasionally parade the portentous academical solemnity of the recent graduate as yet uncured of Cambridge, we should remember with undiminished emphasis that in *The Scarecrow* he has achieved a really noble work and added a stone to the hopefully projected edifice of our American dramatic literature.

"The Piper"

The Piper,* by Josephine Preston Peabody, retells the immemorial legend of Hamelin with the addition of many new and delicate details. The narrative is unfolded in a mood of rare poetic loveliness; and the lines are written in a blank verse that at all times is lucid and fluent, and at many moments rises to a poignant eloquence. The lyric loveliness of the work as a literary composition is enhanced in the theatre by the picturesqueness of its presentation. The presence on the stage of half a hundred children, the delicate effects of colour in the costumes and the scenery, the subtle accompaniment of music, the opportunities for vocal eloquence in the reading of the lines, combine to make *The Piper* an æsthetic entertainment of ingratiating charm. But despite these many merits of detail, the piece fails to make upon the mind an impression that is completely satisfying; and the reason for this failure is that it is weak in the essential attributes of drama. No artist has ever yet succeeded in overruling Aristotle's dictum that a play should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and the basic defect of *The Piper* as a dramatic composition is that, although it has a beginning and an end, it has no middle. In the beginning the Piper lures the children away from Hamelin, and in the end he lures them back again; but the intermediate narrative is not a continuous suspension bridge of logic leading from one of these anchorages to the other. Nothing whatsoever happens to advance the plot during the first scene of the second act, which shows the children hidden in the "hollow hill"; and a lyric episode, however lovely, is doomed to appear tedious on the stage unless it contributes to the evolution of the action. At the very end of this static scene a messenger from without tells us, indeed, that a dramatic incident has been happening elsewhere: namely, that the citizens of Hamelin, incensed against their Burgomaster, because of whose parsimony they have lost their children, have compelled him, as a penance, to

*The Piper. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

send his daughter to a convent. In the next scene, the Piper waylays the solemn procession and breaks it up by piping a magic melody that sets everybody in an antic dance. Thus he frees the Burgomaster's daughter, who is loved by one of his own followers and hitherto has loved him in return. Immediately after this an entire scene is given up to a *Midsummer-Night's Dream* episode, which diverts the main current of the story into a minor eddy. The heroine, still spellbound, makes love to the Piper instead of to her lover, and has to be cured of this infatuation by a draught of magic well-water. No imaginative relation is apparent between the music that enchanted and the draught that disenchants her; and since the episode is a surprise even to the Piper, it contributes nothing to the evolution of his will. In the next scene, which has no logical relation to the preceding episode, the piece for a time becomes almost dramatic. The mother of that one of all the children that the Piper most emphatically loves, pleads with him to return the children to their homes; but before this struggle of wills is fought out to a conclusion, the mother leaves the stage—thus meekly giving up a battle she has nearly won. The Piper completes the scene with a lengthy soliloquy addressed to a wayside image of the Christ, during the course of which he talks himself over to the mother's way of thinking. It would have been so easy to produce this revulsion by dramatic means that the author's preference for a non-dramatic solution of the situation appears perverse.

It should be apparent from this summary that, at the most important moments of her story, the author has revealed a lack of true dramatic instinct, and that she has not succeeded in building a closely logical and steadily progressive plot. The play as a whole is deficient in solidity; the individual scenes of it are deficient in strength. For all its loveliness of fancy, the piece is lacking in imagination; its merits are decorative, not constructive. It is a good poem, but a bad play: and since the prime essential of dramatic literature is that it shall be dramatic, this charming and ingratiating narrative does not deserve to be considered as a genuine contribution to dramatic literature.

NATURAL PLAYS

"The Havoc"

The Havoc, which is the first play by Mr. H. S. Sheldon that has been produced, is a novel and in many ways a notable piece of work. The usual triangular complication between the husband, the wife, and the other man is afforded an original development by the simple expedient of turning the triangle upside down in the middle of the story. Paul Hessert, who is living as a boarder in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Craig, is a believer in those primitive theories advocating irresponsibility in human relationship, which are popularly labelled as "advanced." He makes love to Mrs. Craig, and she succumbs to his allurements. Craig, discovering her infidelity, resolves instead of acting as most husbands would, to avenge himself on Hessert by forcing the latter to test in actual practice the validity of his own theories. Craig agrees to grant his wife a divorce without any scandal, on the sole condition that after she has married Hessert, he himself may come and live as a boarder with the newly constituted couple. The woman's second marriage turns out to be less happy than her first, because Hessert lacks the moral fibre to sustain the test of his assumed position; and Craig, looking on at Hessert's failure, is the ultimate conqueror in the conflict.

This is inherently and necessarily a two-act play. In the first act, Craig is the husband and Hessert the other man; and in the second act, their positions are reversed. Unfortunately, owing to the popular demand that a play shall occupy not less than the proverbial two hours, the author has appended a third act, which has no logical relation to the other two. In this third act Hessert is exhibited as having stolen money from his employers; but since nothing that has happened in the first two acts necessitates that he should ultimately turn his attention to larceny, this epilogue is—in Mr. Kipling's phrase—another story. Those auditors, therefore, who have a

sense of art and who wish to remember *The Havoc* at its best, should leave the theatre at the close of the second act, when the story has been brought to its logical termination.

The woman in this play is a shadowy and insubstantial figure, and the husband is not consistently characterised. The three *dramatis personæ* impress us less as people than as chess-men that by their movements outline the pattern preconceived in the author's mind. But this pattern, in itself, is interesting. The author shows a genuine instinct for dramatic situation; and much of his dialogue is clever. The main defect of the piece is an indecision in the author's mood toward his material. At one moment he seems to be writing a serious example, and at the next moment he seems to be writing a satire, of the usual drama of the triangle. If the piece were more decisively cast in the satiric mood throughout, it would be more homogeneous and more effective in its appeal; and the lack of firmness in the characterisation would then be pardonable on the ground that, after all, the characters were conceived only as types to be satirised. But, even as it is, *The Havoc* is a lively-minded work, and gives promise of better things to come.

"The Deep Purple"

The desire for ten, twenty, and thirty-cent melodrama is deep-seated in the human heart; and it is interesting to observe how thoroughly a play of this type is enjoyed when it is offered to the two dollar public by authors and actors who are well trained in the mechanics of the theatre. *The Deep Purple,* by Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, is a good play of its kind. It tells a thrilling story of injured innocence and circumvented crime; it presents a rogue's gallery of delectable murderers and thieves; and it is written in that elaborate slang which is supposed to be the natural language of the criminal classes. Several pistols are drawn, and some are discharged, during the course of the tensely constructed plot. The wickedest of the assorted villains is killed by a kind-hearted murderer; the lily-minded heroine is married by the strong and clean young hero who has circumvented the crooks who have cruelly persecuted her; and everybody is happy ever after. There are many effective acting parts in this exciting melodrama, and nearly all of them are exceptionally well performed.

"Sire"

M. Henri Lavedan's play entitled *Sire** is an unsatisfactory commingling of buffoonery and sentiment; for it leaves the spectator in doubt as to the mood in which the author expects him to regard it. The action is laid in Paris in 1848. An aged countess is obsessed with the idea that the Dauphin, Louis XVII, is not actually dead, but is still alive in exile and is being unjustly withheld from his throne. She broods over this idea till it becomes a monomania; and her physician and her confessor deem it necessary, in order to preserve the integrity of her mind, to offer some apparent satisfaction to her longing for the return of the lost monarch. Discovering in a fantastic actor named Denis Roulette a physical likeness to the missing king, they hire him to dress himself up in royal regalia and come to visit the countess as her sovereign. Later she discovers the imposition; but the pathetic dignity of her hero-worship has so wrought upon the mercurial sensibilities of Roulette that he resolves to do something worthy of the esteem with which, before her disillusionment, the countess has regarded him. The revolution of 1848 is then raging in the streets; and Roulette rushes out to fight for the republic. In the original play, Roulette is shot down at a barricade; in Mr. Louis N. Parker's adaptation, his life is spared: but either *dénouement* seems somehow immaterial. The entire intrigue is pathetic if we look at it from the point of view of the countess, and comic if we look at it from the point of view of Roulette; and the piece is ineffective because it falters between these two diverse appeals.

Over Night, a farce by Mr. Philip H. Bartholomae, is a characteristic example of what that able critic, Mr. Walter

*Sire. Par Henri Lavedan, de l'Académie Française. Paris: L'Illustration Théatrale: 25 Décembre, 1909.

Prichard Eaton, has felicitously called "our comedy of had manners." Throughout the course of its three acts everybody behaves with extraordinary rudeness toward everybody else; and this general exhibition of preposterous behaviour awakens sympathetic laughter in an audience that apparently considers vulgarity synonymous with humour. There is no wit at all in the concoction; but the succession of incongruous situations is amusing in a silly sort of way. The Kettles and the Darlings are two bridal couples travelling on a Hudson River boat; Mr. Darling and Mrs. Kettle are accidentally left ashore as the boat leaves a certain landing; Mrs. Darling and Mr. Kettle are thereby obliged to travel on together, and are not overtaken by their respective spouses until the next day; and the attendant complications afford occasion for many misunderstandings. There is no reason why a farce of this type should not be pleasantly entertaining, if the author and the actors could be persuaded to conduct their labours in a well-bred manner; but in the present piece, though they endeavour to be witty, they succeed only in being rude.

"Over Night"

The Boss, by Mr. Edward Sheldon, reveals the same merits and the same defects that appeared in the author's two preceding pieces. His main merit is an astonishing fidelity to fact in multitudinous details of incident and dialogue; and his main defect is a no less astonishing untruthfulness in the development of his most important characters. He seems, as yet, unable to draw his leading characters consistently from act to act; their behaviour in one scene contradicts their behaviour in another. Yet each scene is, in its turn, effective because of a certain brute theatricism with which the author projects his situations. By his emphatic actuality, Mr. Sheldon captures the emotions even at those moments when the intellect rebels against his unreality. His slang dialogue is picturesque and fluent; it is written with an idealised vulgarity that is notable as a literary achievement.

"The Boss"

The heroine of this play is a girl of good family and of delicate and refined sensibilities. Her father's business is wrecked by the political boss, Michael R. Regan, a man of the lowest criminal instincts. Regan loves her in his brute way and wants to marry her in order to improve his social position. In order to prevent the poor depositors in her father's banks from losing their money —this the author particularly emphasises as her motive—she consents to marry Regan—making, however, the stipulation that their relation shall be a marriage only in name. It is utterly impossible for us to believe in this bargain; and it is likewise impossible for us to believe in the subsequent steps by which the heroine brings herself to accept an ultimate consummation of the marriage. The heroine didn't marry Regan, in the first place; and even if she had done so, she would never have grown to love him:—this feeling haunts our mind as we watch the unfolding of Mr. Sheldon's plot, and discounts the interest of his story. At the end of the second act the hero and the heroine are not on speaking terms: the next morning—nothing having happened in the interim to change their feelings—they meet most amicably, as if they had had no disagreement. A beautifully truthful scene between Regan and his old friend, Archbishop Sullivan —wherein the latter pleads with the Boss to make concessions to the strikers against whom, as a capitalist, he is struggling—is terminated untruthfully by a stagey speech in which the Archbishop imitates Bulwer-Lytton's Richelieu in invoking the power of the Church against the iniquity of Regan. A theatrical moment in the second act, in which the Boss strikes down a representative of the strikers who has come to treat with him for terms, results only in subsequent untruthfulness in the conduct of the heroine. The whole play is a bewildering admixture of the actual and the impossible—effective as a theatrical concoction but unreasonable as a representation of life.

THOSE WHO ARE REJECTED

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Subsequent to the publication in the January* BOOKMAN *of his article on "The Short Story Famine," the writer of the present article received letters from every section of the country, letters whose signatures went to make up a solid troop in the great army of the "rejected." With a view toward indicating the fundamental inutility of the weapons of the greater portion of this regiment whose literary wares are unmarketable, this transcript of evidence has been prepared.*



HE pity of it is that there can be no definite, comprehensive and sweeping constructive quality to a magazine "shop-talk" of this specific sort. Geography, time and the pitiful limitations of a single human brain are obvious barriers to such a mighty desideratum. To make the purpose crystal-clear at the beginning, it must be insisted that the mission is merely to indicate, in passing, the erroneous conception of the contents of the editor's drawer that lingers in the mind of a vast portion of those who suffer constant rejection; to indicate a few of surface reasons for such wholesale rejection; and to suggest further—at least, such is the hope—the why and the wherefore of the birth of the "regret" slip that is hurried back to Mr. John Jones, of Waco, Texas, who in thorough confidence has sent his first literary brain-child to the editor of the magazine for which he subscribes. The story shall be told through the letters that we have received; through some of the letters that have been received recently by several of the magazine editors in New York; and through a chronicling of these editors' comments. There is no intent to ridicule. If sober transcripts prove humorous, that is, indeed, no fault of the writer. His concern is only with what may be termed the army of the Never-Printed, the great body of hopeful magazine writers who have yet to see their first story, poem or article in type.

A week after the publication of the writer's citation of facts bearing on the winter "shortage" in good, interesting brief fiction—mistaken in certain quarters for an attempt to indicate an undersupply in *all* short fiction—there began to arrive in the mails an unbroken chain of letters from the regiment of the Rejected, each telling its own sad story and each, in turn, demanding to know the reasons for the insistence of the tearful adjective. So entirely apparent are the major portion of these reasons that it requires no widely investigating, subtly deductive pen to divulge them. Each letter may be taken as a criterion of a hundred unwritten letters of the same trend of thought. To answer the one will be to answer the many. This letter, by way of initial comment, came from an ambitious young woman in Kentucky:

> I have two short stories which I am anxious to "place" with some magazine. These stories are not first class, but I am sure that they are printable. One of the stories deals with Greece and it is illustrated with photographs of Delphi, Athens, the Meteora Monasteries, and so forth, taken by an experienced photographer.

Seven other letters of a precisely similar nature were received within a week's time. The writers in question are labouring under a delusion common to many would-be magazine contributors, to wit, that the word "story" as employed in the shop jargon of newspapermen is the same word "story" that is used by the magazine editors. In the newspaper office, everything from a one-hundred-word paragraph stating the fact of a runaway on Houston Street to a two-column article on a murder trial is known as "a story." The moment a cub reporter draws his first fifteen-dollar pay envelope, he casts the word "article" out of his working vocabulary forevermore

and takes unto himself in its stead the word "story." The writers of our letters, mistaking descriptive articles for fiction or semi-fiction stories—a self-evident fact, it would seem, in view of the photographs mentioned—are wont to send their products to the fiction magazines, and are duly surprised to receive them back with the non-constructive "regret" slips. To be specific, the writer of the letter quoted has either a newspaper "Sunday story" on her hands—and the gulf between the Sunday supplement and the monthly magazine is wide and deep—or, as is possible, a hybrid product that has resulted from the crossing of a fiction idea with actual photographs of the setting in which her tale rests.

From Erie, Pennsylvania, comes this letter:

I have sent my story to nine magazines without success. I cannot understand it. I have often read lots of worse stories in the magazines. One editor wrote me that the story I sent him had a good idea, but that it was badly written. I can hardly believe this, when I had the story corrected and edited by a friend of mine who is an English instructor at a prominent women's college.

Here, too, have we a not uncommon case—the case of the hopeful young author who mistakes a correct usage of grammar, correct sentence construction and punctuation for effective writing. Any magazine editor will tell you that some of the most poorly written stories he ever received were those that were copy-book rule perfect. And this, in the magazine circle view at least, is by no means a paradox. The editor of the *Smart Set* magazine recently received this letter:

How much do you pay for poetry and what kind do you want? I will write it to order for you and I can handle any topic.

The name of the magazine is mentioned to assure the reader of good faith and honesty in quoting the letter. It might otherwise be declared the purest fiction. The letter indicates to what extent members of the regiment of the Rejected go. One of the letters bearing on short stories that was received by the present writer reads as follows:

I have been endeavouring to secure a magazine hearing for my work for two years, but without success. Will you glance over the story I am sending you by this mail, under separate cover, and let me know to what you attribute my failure?

The story arrived in due time. It was not entirely devoid of merit and carried with it a suggestion of definite literary grace and yet it seems fair to presume that not one editor to whom it was sent ever read it. To go further still, it may be guessed with no small degree of accuracy that no "reader" in any of the magazine offices ever took the trouble to consider the manuscript carefully. Why? Because the story was written in a scribbly hand, on sheets of paper of different sizes and on both sides of every one of these sheets. Although the statement may bring forth denials from some magazines, it may be stated as well-nigh always positive that if Kipling or Arthur Conan Doyle were to use impenetrable pen names and were to send their products to any magazine office in America in the form of the story mentioned, the next mail would carry their stories back to them. A clear typewriter is a *sine qua non* in the magazine acceptance field—unless you happen to be a regular staff writer or one possessed of a reputation.

The editor of a well-known magazine dealing entirely with outdoor subjects told the present writer during the preparation of this article that many volunteer contributors to his publication failed to exercise the slightest discrimination in the matter they sent him for possible publication. "If persons who wished to contribute to the magazines would only read the magazines and determine the kind of material used by the various publications, they would be able to save thousands of dollars worth of stamps every year." In this connection, here is a letter received by the editor of one of the New York fiction magazines:

I am sending you an article dealing with the fur trade in Alaska, which, while not fiction, is nevertheless much stronger than fiction.

Of course, the editor sent the article back to its writer without reading it, because he would have been unable to use

it even had it been the best fact article he had ever read. An outdoor magazine cannot consider the finest "society" story on the market; a fiction magazine can have no space for fact articles however interesting; a scientific publication cannot concern itself with the best serial story from the pen of a great writer. The army of the rejected never stops to consider these things. It cannot believe that a product that is well written and interesting may not find a printed place anywhere and everywhere. Witness this letter, addressed to the present writer:

I recently sent a love story called *Augusta's Home-Coming* to the editor of——(naming a well-known specialised magazine)—and he sent it back to me the very next day, obviously not having taken sufficient time even to read it through. Why will the editors persist in their refusal to read the work of young, unknown writers?

This letter is typical of a dozen others that have come to the writer and simply bear out what the editor of the outdoor magazine has said on the subject.

There is no space here to go into detailed criticism of the stories and articles that are persistently submitted by those who are being regularly—and fairly—rejected. To a predominant extent, the purpose is one of criticism of method rather than of matter. In other words, the Rejected "go at it" wrong. Playwrighting and magazine writing are, among all the professional sanctuaries in the world, the most frequently violated. There are few persons who do not believe that they can do both—and do both equally well. This letter, received by the managing editor of one of the prominent magazines, tells its own story:

Will you tell me why it is that I have never been able to sell you one of my articles? The article you rejected most recently—dealing with the grain trade in Omaha—was rejected, in turn, by each of five magazines to which I had submitted it. I know the subject well, for I have lived in Nebraska all my life and have read and saved every newspaper article ever printed on the subject in the Omaha newspapers.

Here was a man who believed that all that was necessary in the preparation of a valuable magazine article was a quantity of unsubstantiated, uninvestigated newspaper clippings. Furthermore, this disappointed man laboured under the belief—a general one—that what was interesting *locally* must always be interesting *nationally*. This, to be sure, is sometimes the case—as in such instances as the Lincoln Steffens species of municipal government articles and in such instances as the various articles on the San Francisco graft exposures—but by no means is the rule a constant one. And yet, articles describing the wonders of the town's new court-house or detailing the work of the village's new fire department pour into the editors' offices in an unending stream.

Take two letters typical of another failing. These letters were addressed to the editor of a New York magazine. Read one:

I cannot understand why my fiction stories are never accepted. . . . They are strong and virile and ought to be interesting.

Read the second:

Inasmuch as I have always handled the red-blood subjects in a strong manner, I cannot quite understand why my manuscripts never find a purchaser among the magazines.

The editor, in commenting on these letters and the stories to which they referred, said: "Seven out of ten persons who are writing their first stories for possible magazine sale imagine that the adjectives 'strong,' 'virile' and 'red-blooded' refer alone to killings, gun scraps, murders, suicides and the like. They can perceive no strong story in episodes of the fireplace and rocking chair; they can sense no 'red-blood' in life away from Alaska. Frank Munsey, if you will remember, once said that when a young writer wished to write a 'strong' story, he always made it a gloomy one and ended it with a suicide." The editor then went on to say that the army of the Rejected, or at least a considerable portion of the army, worked in the rut of the alleged "strong" stories, most of which proved on reading to be "so blamed strong they were weak," as he expressed it. It requires greater genius to write a praiseworthy gruesome

story than it does to write a pleasant one. Ambrose Bierces are to be found in each generation in much less profusion than Gouverneur Morrises.

To return to some of the letters that have come to the present writer. One, from a woman in Chicago, contained the following:

About six months ago I decided to take up magazine writing. I studied several of the stories in the leading magazines, by the best authors, and modelled my own stories paragraph for paragraph after the ones I had read. For my plots, I took episodes in the lives of some of my close friends. I have been working as a stenographer in a big law office, and I knew I could save money by being in this position and typewriting my manuscripts myself. Can you tell me why my first three stories have never been accepted?

One might answer that the desired explanation is to be found in the lady's first sentence. Magazine writing cannot be "taken up" in an off-hand manner, like a sample of milk chocolate at the corner druggist's. Rather must it take one up. The phrase "magazine writing" is so often looked on by the Rejected as a sort of side-show sport for the accumulation of pin-money. The word "magazine" is employed as an adjectival lever to take the stern aspect off the grim word "writing." The title (or epithet) "writer" is as formidable to the Rejected as Gibraltar; the title "magazine writer," as easy of access as the City Hall. One cannot become a magazine writer by the mere modelling of one's work upon some such standard as that set by Jack London or one of his magazine brother headlights any more than one can pretend to literary fame by transposing certain parts of *Vanity Fair* into blank verse. And, futhermore, in the way of being specific, just how, may we ask, could the lady of the letter "adapt" her varying neighbourhood plots to the arbitrary style of that writer whose printed product chanced first to greet her eye in the magazines? Again, let us glance through the following letter, from a man in Nashville:

Will you kindly advise me to which magazine I can sell a fiction story entitled "The Day of Reckoning," modelled in manner of treatment after the stories written by George Randolph Chester? This is my first attempt at fiction writing, as I am by trade a hardware salesman, but I believe I have the writing talent and would like to make some money out of the magazines during my spare time.

Is any further comment needed?

Among the letters received not long ago by the editor of the *Outing* magazine was the following:

What do you charge to print stories, and what will you charge me to print mine?

Would you have believed that a letter such as this could be received by a magazine editor in this comparatively enlightened age? Although, to be perfectly sure, this letter is among the oddest on the records, there are scores of others that, while not entirely so curious, are still invested with weird thoughts and meanings. The army of the Rejected and the regiments of the Never-Accepted take divers means their fortunes to pursue. This letter, for example, came to the editor of one of the New York all-fiction periodicals last month:

Although I have had every story I ever sent to the magazines returned to me, I beg to submit one that has been rejected most frequently to you. If you do not accept it, won't you please explain the reasons for your refusal? None of the other editors have done so.

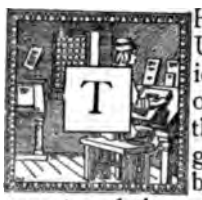
The editor read the story and wrote the Rejected One this note: "My dear Madam: What you have submitted is not a story, but an amplified epigram." This was true. The woman's "story" was nothing more than a one hundred and fifty word elaboration of a certain terse and widely quoted remark credited to Abraham Lincoln. A week later, after the woman had received the editor's letter, there came to him a small, sweetly scented note of thanks and an accompanying bulky envelope. He opened the latter and found that the woman had elaborated the Lincoln saying to fifteen hundred words. With the manuscript was this second note:

I trust you will now find my story in proper shape to print.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

III—Strange Stories of the Thirteenth Census



THE spring of 1910 in the United States of America was a most exciting one; for, besides being the season when witchery gets in our blood, it brought the circus, the comet and the census man almost simultaneously. Quite enough to rouse the most effete citizen.

Down in Dixie many poor coloured people got just enough of information about the coming of the comet and the census man to make them confound the two, and to invest them with hundreds of unknown horrors. Many joined the church to prepare themselves for the day when the census man would come to write down their names and deeds in the Book of Judgment, and for the night when the awful thing up in the sky would probably fall on the earth and crunch its inhabitants, even as they were wont carelessly to blot out ant villages with their shambling feet. Of this they were certain; the taking of that unlucky thirteenth census and the appearance of the comet meant that the Government was working with God in preparing for Judgment Day; and several cases of fright-demented creatures taking their own lives rather than face the terrors of comet and census were reported to the press.

The ignorant negroes were not the only citizens who objected to the census men; for legions of whites feared, or distrusted them, too, and it was only when they were assured that the census was not taken for the purpose of prying on their private affairs, levying taxes, drafting for army, navy or jury service, etc., that they loosened their tongues.

It was in Washington, D. C., that one disappointed hunter for a government job refused to answer on the ground that President Taft had declined to give him office, and he was not going to oblige the President, if the President did not oblige him! He was informed that it was not a matter of personal obligation to the President who issued the proclamation dealing with the taking of the thirteenth census, and, if he did not want to be punished by law, he had best put aside his imaginary grudge and reply, as every law-abiding citizen was obliged to do. He complied.

THE FIRST RECORDED CITIZEN

William Howard Taft was the first citizen of the United States to be recorded in the thirteenth census; and the serious work of enrolling the entire population of the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, started in Washington, D. C., where the Census Bureau is located. President Taft answered all questions seriously and respectfully, and the young enumerator went out of the White House door as if treading on air—so impressed was he with the honour accorded him of taking the President's census. Jessie, the White House cow, must have had forebodings because of the comet and the census man, for she died a few days before enumeration began, and thus deprived the White House enumerator of the ten cents that would be his if he could record "barnyard, with one cow," on his schedule.

From the first day of the census enumeration—April 15th—stories and anecdotes were brought in by the enumerators so fast that had they all been allowed to relate all their experiences, but little work would be done in the Census Bureau and its branches. One young man working the District of Columbia route related how he had succeeded in calming agitated dogs by waving his enumeration book playfully at them and saying, "Hello, old fellow! How are you to-day?"—and like greetings. But one bull-dog was not to be bribed thus; and springing up tore the book from the

enumerator's hand and bore it off to the vicinity of his kennel, where he viciously chewed it to rags before the poor young man, who saw almost a day's work go for nothing—unless it was a dog's holiday.

A girlish enumerator told of how she was made to feel like the Saxon king who was bidden watch the cooking of cakes in the hut of the peasant woman, when she on her round was asked by a motherly woman who was making flapjacks to "Mind them, and don't let them burn, whilst I go upstairs for the list!" That she turned them at the right time may be surmised from the fact that this housewife did not long to box her ears when she came back.

THE BOGIE MAN

The rôle of Bogie Man was conferred upon many inoffensive enumerators by the parents or guardians of obstreperous children, who evidently considered that this decennial chance to levy a threat more novel and effective than the annual ones—in which Santa Claus or the circus figure—too good to pass by. It proved a fine boog-a-boo in many instances; while in others it acted as a boomerang to the prevaricating parents —much to the delight of the enumerators who secured the details; for, they argued —"It is bad enough to have dogs sicked on you when you are performing your duty without having innocent children made to run when you come in sight; especially when children are more apt to tell the truth than are some of their elders!"

In the neighbourhood of Washington, Pennsylvania, little Lemoyne Moore was so lively, when the spring breezes cleared his little head of winter colds, that his elders thought to subdue his spirits by telling him that the census man was coming, and would take all bad boys away with him—and he was about as mischievous a six-year-old boy as ever lived. Impressed with this statement, and fully conscious of the fact that he was, indeed, a very lively little boy, the child ran away and hid in the brush about a hundred yards from his dwelling, just as the enumerator came to the front door. When mealtime came, and no little boy turned up, after calling him in vain, the parents alarmed the neighbours, and the neighbours alarmed nearly every one in the county. Thirty men dragged the river, and others hunted and hallooed through the forests. After five hours of intense suspense had dragged by, the mother going to the back door for some air, heard a stifled, tremulous voice calling from the brush:

"Has the bad census man gone yet? I'se hungry!"

The little prodigal was eagerly welcomed and fed; and when his tired fishers and hunters returned to report not finding even his dead body, they were astonished to see him beaming under the influence of a good meal and plenty of motherly petting. They could not blame the child for running away when they heard his story, but they were in favour of abolishing the census man as a bogie, at least in that part of the country.

The country inhabitants made the month when the enumerators were visiting them, gathering data not only for the population census but for the agricultural, as miserable, on the whole, as they usually succeed in making the lives of public officials who come among them. It was hard to convince the majority of the farmers that Uncle Sam wanted all the questions answered, from the number of hired hands to the pigs in the pen and the progress of the crops, in order that he might take stock, as it were, of his sons of toil, and let the world know how we lead in many products. They objected to telling strange enumerators, thinking they were spies; and they objected to telling acquaintances appointed for the post, for only such reasons as envious country neighbours can conjure against one of their community who comes to them armed with authority to ask questions or enforce laws. They can, and do, in a score of ways almost equal the vindictiveness of the poor whites of the mountains, who with shotguns defend their "sacred rights" to distil and sell whiskey without interference from the Government.

A MARYLAND EPISODE

In such a narrow-minded community, in Maryland, lived a young physician

who gained the envious ill-will of his neighbours by going from that place, where he was born and secured his primary education, to Baltimore, where his education ended in Johns Hopkins University. He then returned to practise in his old home, amongst the several hamlets scattered through the district. He secured appointment as school physician, in which capacity it was his unpleasant duty to vaccinate the children, or else forbid them attending the little blue schoolhouses that dot the red clay pikes down there, until they had been through this minor operation. (It is one to which most country people strenuously object.)

In a short time he had made more enemies than dollars; and nothing he possessed, from his medical diploma to his "best girl" and his really thoroughbred horse, was spared their malicious remarks. They succeeded in making his days so miserable that, concluding life was too precious to waste among such, he moved into a town of larger minds and more inhabitants. When census time came, he used influence to be appointed as enumerator in the very district where he was boycotted and haggled by childhood neighbours.

His breast adorned with the badge of office—"United States Census, 1910," mounted on his buckskin mare, with trappings to match, his head held high, and his jaw set as squarely as a boyish chin would permit, the young doctor set forth one lovely April morning to make a canvass of the homes of his erstwhile tormentors. Some of them were dumbfounded when they saw him riding like a victorious tourney knight—they still exist in Maryland—up to the big gates and the dooryards; while others threatened him with dogs or guns. He had one reply for all: "I am appointed to ask you these thirty-two questions by the Government of the United States. Here," touching his breast, "is my badge of authority. If you refuse to answer me, or give me false replies, you are liable to arrest and a fine of one hundred dollars."

They were silent with wrath for awhile, and then when asked some questions by this young man whom they knew was well aware of the information for which he asked, they exclaimed:

"You dumb fool! You know how many children we have; you know that we are white people; you know our sex; you know our occupation; why don't you put it down without asking?"

With dignity that would put to blush a foreign diplomat, he invariably responded: "I know nothing about you. Your affairs do not personally interest me, in the least. Answer me, in the name of the United States Government, or bear the consequences."

And they answered, truthfully—even to the ages of the women—for they knew he would be aware if they were swearing falsely, and could have them punished by law. For they saw no merciful light of recognition in the deep grey eyes of the former boy neighbour whom they had scorned when he began to practise among them; and it penetrated their narrow minds that, through the medium of the United States Census, the young doctor was reaping his revenge.

THE INEVITABLE BUSYBODY

It was in a Washington boarding-house that the busybody landlady undertook to inform the enumerator regarding every one in her house, even though one young woman told her that when the agent called, it would be best to summon each one, not of her family, to answer for himself, or herself. This the presumptuous woman failed to do, for she liked the limelight of importance; and as she had no knowledge of certain phases of her patrons' lives, it necessarily followed that she gave all sorts of wild answers. She was approached by the second-floor-back tenant—an established magazine writer—who wanted to know *why* she had not been called when the census enumerator came.

"It wasn't necessary," loftily responded the woman. "All he wanted to know was your name and what you did for a living; and I told him your name, and that you wrote poetry for a living."

The author was naturally indignant that the census should be made up of just such erroneous statements, and the humour of it also struck her. But she demanded severely:

"You told him that I earned my living by writing poetry?"

"Yes, but he didn't say anything—just smiled."

"I should think he would smile! So far as I know, no one has ever *lived* by poetry alone! He'll probably report you to his supervisor, and you'll be fined one hundred dollars for deliberate lying! Moreover, I think I have a sure case against you for slander!" Then the author walked quickly from the room—as if to conceal her wrath, though it was for fear her inward mirth would give outward sign to the landlady that it was not a serious matter.

VENTING PERSONAL SPITE

No doubt, thousands who answered questions pertaining to others thought it a fine opportunity to work in some personal spite; hoping that such information would be printed in books for all the world to read. But personal identity was eliminated by the time the information contained on the schedules was punched on cards from which the statistical data was compiled for the printed reports. The schedules which the enumerators turned in, after having served their purpose, were locked in iron safes in the Census Bureau, where it is impossible for any unauthorised person even to get a glimpse of them.

A revengeful man was he who, in answer to the query as to whether he was single, married, widowed or divorced, said:

"Put me down as married but shaken. Let that go on record with my wife's name to show her to the world for what she is. About ten years ago, when I was sick and out of work, she left me, and I hear has lived in fine style. Show her up, won't you?"

The enumerator told him that that was impossible; and also tried to instill forgiving essence in his soul; but the man would have none of it, and told the young missionary that he'd report him to the office for preaching! As if it was not the most natural thing that many of the enumerators, who on their rounds were called upon to play the rôle of Father Confessor, shouldn't try to be spiritual adviser, heart consoler, and other uplifting agents.

THE MISSING ONES

Thousands of persons wrote to the Census Bureau making inquiry for lost, strayed, and stolen relatives, or other dear ones. Leading the inquirers were the deserted wives—such a pitiful army of them! Hearing that the Census Bureau presumably secured a record of every person in the United States, they had not a doubt but that it could tell them where to look, at least, for the missing. Deserted husbands, too, appealed to the Bureau. Some sent pictures of their wives, gave minute descriptions of them, even down to personal traits. Some wanted them back to forgive and love, and—so it read, others for punishment. Sweethearts who lost the "other half of the apple" in Life's shuffle, wrote letters that for sentimental softness put to blush those written to the experienced ladies who run the Heart-to-Heart columns of the penny papers. These letters were evidently written in the belief that the Census Bureau has a clearing house for Cupid. Prodigal daughters—keeping pace with the sons, clearly indicating that since woman obtained her license to work out in the world she has also taken the liberty to wander without notice to her relatives—are the subjects of hundreds of letters; in which the writers either indicate that they would be willing to welcome the wanderer home and provide more than "the fatted calf," or in which they air their grievances at the ingratitude of children, and tell what they would like to say to the wanderers if they ever returned.

These letters were enough to give the readers the heartache, as they read on and between the lines the stories of many broken ties. But others floated in which were breezy and as matter-of-fact as if the writers regarded an absence of less than a quarter of a century in the sense of a slight interruption to conversation. Here is one such, which came into the hands of the clerks:

Hello, dear friends!

I thought I would ask you if my brother and sister are still living anywhere on this big earth. Maybe you can tell me if they are living in any of the places where you have recorded the census. Sister's name was Stella

and brother's name was Raymond. It has been more than fifteen years since we have seen each other. They went to see a circus once in our town and they never came back!

Hoping you will find them soon, I remain

CLARENCE LAMBERTSON.

EATON, OHIO.

A Chicago business man wrote to the Bureau to send him a list of all persons by the name of Pitrachans living in the United States. His name is Klunk, but his mother's name was Louisa Pitrachan, who was married to his father in Baltimore shortly before the Civil War. She died in the infancy of the son who was making inquiry in order to get in touch with her relatives. As the name is uncommon, the Bureau promised to send the complete list when returns were all in. Though it does not advertise itself as a "tracer of lost persons," it recognises those letters which are worthy of being answered.

THE DERELICTS

Closely interwoven with the stories of the missing are the life stories of thousands of derelicts which form a part of the floating population of every large town and city in the country. Hundreds of these were rounded up on wharves, park benches, and one-night lodging houses, by enthusiastic young enumerators who ferreted out those who dozed in the sunshine, or hid in dark alleys, with the persistent energy of hungry cats trying to catch sparrows in the open or pounce on mice in dark closets. Many of these young men have the newspaper instinct for a good story, and while forbidden by the Census Bureau to give intimate information regarding parties interviewed, they will not be pen-tied when it comes to relating many of the real life stories which they saw and heard.

It was in a miserable lodging house on the East Side of New York that one enumerator ran against a former United States minister to a world-old power. He was aged, ill, poverty-stricken and miserable, of course—for disappointed poets may live in attics and be impervious to the world's rebuffs, but *passé* politicians cannot. This man was a prominent politician in his day—an era in which diplomatic posts were considered political plums—irrespective of the fact that the man might not have the diplomatic qualifications necessary for a cross-roads postmaster. And so, with changes of administrations, trend of official appointments, etc., he gradually slipped down to this—an East Side lodging. He had fed on hope so long that it had acted on him like opium; dulled him to the fact that he must work while he waited (for he was not a rich man), and so, with funds and friends gone he was a wreck.

THE MISTRESS OF THE CABIN

It was in a log cabin, one of several still standing on an old plantation in Virginia—not far from the National capital—that an enumerator came across the former mistress of the "great house," which stood at the top of the hill—a fine, rambling red brick mansion of the colonial type. At the great house, where he had just visited, the young man was told that the cabin along the stream at the foot of the hill was occupied "by an old woman," and he went down to interview her. He was more than surprised to be greeted with quiet dignity by a fine old lady; her hair wavy and snow white; her blue eyes dim but gentle; her thin white hands and the small feet, which she tried to hide because of her worn shoes, indicating that she was "an old aristocrat," if ever one lived in Virginia.

At first, she was reluctant to talk to the man, declaring that she was not a citizen of the United States; but a member of the Confederacy, and so not bound to reply to questions put by the United States Government. Very gently, the young man explained her obligations to answer the questions; pledged secrecy, and pointed out to her that, as all her kin in the Southland were to be counted, she should be glad to be among them. She would help add at least one to Virginia's population record—surely she did not want Virginia to be down with the lesser States! She was won over, and once won, let the floodgates of her memories loose; especially when she replied to the question as to whether she owned any property.

"This!" she said with a disparaging glance over the two-room cabin. "This, the abode of one of my father's servants

—whom you Northerners called *slaves*. Once all this plantation, with the great house on the hill, was ours—I was born in that old mansion, and I'll die in this log hut! And through no fault of mine, young man. It was the war—the horrible war, that stripped us of even more precious things than property. The old house has changed hands many times since it was sold over our heads in '65, and now, I believe, it is occupied by an actress who comes down from New York several times a year. I have never met her. I never saw a play in my life. I don't want to. I lived through the greatest drama that the world ever knew—I'm very tired now. Good-morning."

THE BLUE AND THE GREY

To hundreds of similar stories of loss of property, the grandeur and prestige enjoyed in other days, the enumerators were asked to listen. The more tender-hearted listened, and some of them (young women who had ventured out into the business world for the first time when they accepted the position of enumerator) wept as bitterly over the stories they heard as if they were witnessing a tragical play. But others, who had no patience with recitals of ancient lineage and past glory, cut the narrators short—explaining that they were not newspaper "specials" after Sunday sensationals, but agents after dry facts for government reports.

A new question on the thirteenth census list was, as to whether the person—if an elderly man—was in the service of the Union or Confederate army or navy. Uncle Sam is desirous of finding out just how many of the boys in blue and those in grey are left. They, too, were ready with stories of glory, as well as valour and defeat—for even defeat is glorified when almost half a century has passed since it was experienced. Some old Confederates were much incensed at being questioned; some feared that this was a trick of the Government to rake up old scores; while others, who are as loyal to the flag as was old General Wheeler when he asked for a commission to fight in the Spanish-American War—hoped that when Uncle Sam saw how few of the old boys were left he would be good to them and grant them pensions, as he granted them to the boys in blue. Said one old "Johnny Reb," as he drew reflectively on his corn-cob pipe:

"I reckon that Uncle Sam knows we're just as good sons as he has in the family—and, dang if he oughtn't to be proud of us, *tough enough to live, without any petting, for nearly fifty years after Bull Run!*"

THE QUESTION OF LONGEVITY

Cognisant of the fact that man, as well as woman, is liable to err, or prevaricate, when it comes to telling how many years they have lived on this planet, the Census Bureau takes small stock in the claim of some near-Methuselahs, and Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur, chief statistician of the division of vital statistics, says:

"It is undoubtedly true that the age of one hundred years is occasionally attained, but it is doubtful whether the age of one hundred and ten has ever been reached or exceeded."

There was the case of Noah Raby, who a few years ago was known as "the oldest man in the country," and at the time of his death was credited with having lived one hundred and thirty-one years and eleven months. The Census Bureau made careful investigations, which proved that Raby was probably ninety-two years and eleven months. Working on his statement that he entered the United States Navy as soon as it was organised, served a number of years, and was discharged in 1809, the Navy Department searched its records and reported that Raby was on the rolls of the *Constitution* in 1839, and so he evidently imagined he was as old as he claimed.

In January of this year died, in Washington, Mrs. Helen McLean Kimball, who for nearly half a century, and up to a few weeks before her demise, was employed in the United States Treasury Department. She was ninety years old at the time when she reluctantly left her post to go home "to rest for awhile." She was one of the grand old women in the Government service, entering it soon after her husband, Colonel Kimball, a noted Federal officer, was killed in battle in the year of 1864. She not only earned her own living, took a deep in-

terest in national affairs, and travelled abroad during her vacations, but, through her financial aid and influence, more than one young man owes his start in life. She was an old age lady whom not only the Census enumerator but all her acquaintances thought a wonder; and when she was recorded in the annals of the thirteenth census, she received many wishes that she would live to be recorded in the fourteenth, and still in the service of Uncle Sam!

Another old lady who departed since she was recorded in the thirteenth census was Mrs. Susan Brown, of Monongalia County, West Virginia, whose age was given as one hundred and five years. They say that when she was ninety-five years old she carried a rocking chair six miles, because no other way was at hand to move it just when she wanted it done. Her neighbours intimated that she would not have died when she did had she known she was about to die—for she was only sick a few hours! Evidently, Susan Brown was a woman of strong will.

"The Grandest Mother in the World," is the title conferred by the Census officers on Mrs. Jane Morris, who lives in the mountains of Jackson County, Kentucky —one of the counties devoid of railroads. So far as recorded, she has more descendants than any other living woman. At the time of the thirteenth census she was in splendid health, though some of her great-great-grandchildren have almost reached maturity. She had fifteen children, one of whom died. Their children number one hundred and twenty-eight, their grandchildren number three hundred and twenty-six, their great-grandchildren total forty-nine, giving the old woman a grand total of five hundred and eighteen descendants.

"I glory in the fact," said this Grandest Mother, "that despite my large family, none of my people was ever in an asylum, reform school, or prison. They are all law-abiding and honest. They have no quarrel with any one."

Seventy-five years ago she helped her husband clear a home in the Kentucky wilderness. What a splendid type she is of the vanishing pioneer woman, the real American mother who believed in large families, and whose sole aim in life was to bring them up with reverence for God and the country!



THE SOUTH IN FICTION

II—VIRGINIA

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX



N one of her witty and amusing essays, Agnes Repplier says that when preparing for her first trip to France, she found her equipment consisted in a descriptive line from her elementary geography: "The French are a polite people, fond of dancing and light wine." The delightfully succinct characterisation might be applied in like manner and no more adequately to the Virginians. "Virginians are a social people, fond of high living and fine manners," might be the equivalent. More than any other set of people in the United States, the Virginians and the South Carolinians are of a definite type. Twenty years ago to visit any of the smaller towns in Virginia was an experience more foreign to a Northerner than anything to be found in France, Germany or England. Very little of the modern democratic and commercial spirit had entered the State then, and one found a temper of mind as far from that of the New Englander of uneasy conscience as the pole from the equator. "Never," says Thackeray, in *The Virginians,* "were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British crown."

The higher planter class and the landowners of Virginia came from the aristocracy and the gentry of England. Many of the early gentlemen settlers crossed the ocean accompanied by their valets, and the fact that a perfumer was a passenger on one of these ships full of gentlemen adventurers, proves that they had no notion of laying aside the fopperies of the England of the Stuarts. In his valuable book on the *Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century,* the historian, Philip A. Bruce, tells us that these emigrants to Virginia, who had taken an active part in the civil wars, or had openly sympathised with the royal cause in the great conflict between King and Parliament, enjoyed the highest social influence in the life of the colony. They were persons of rank in England, untitled officers in the royal armies, or sprang from the families of the landed gentry of England. They brought with them to Virginia the tastes and the habits of the society in which they had moved—the society of the English country gentleman. "There was the same disposition to enjoy with heartiness all the sources of happiness and pleasure which life afforded, the same love of overflowing good cheer; the same taste for dancing, card-playing and other indoor amusements; the same interest in horse, dog and gun; in racing, coursing and shooting; the same loyalty to King and Church which had prevailed among the Cavaliers in England."

Unlike that of any of the other colonies, the social life of Virginia and South Carolina was thoroughly organised from the beginning. In the seventeenth century there were the landowners who arrived from England with grants of land and capital and the labourers. In the two centuries preceding the Civil War, there grew up the two intermediary classes, the plain people—largely city folk, merchants, shop keepers, and so forth, and the "po' white trash"—a term applied in scorn by the darkies to those whites who had no slaves. It is amusing to find that even in the present day, the old darkies feel a certain contempt for any family known to have had few or no slaves in slave-times. Virginia, then, was a community promising to a man with capital; good for the man of the labouring class willing to earn his subsistence by the bare work of his hands; but it was no place for the man who wanted to make his way by his wits.

THE OLD VIRGINIA

There are many varying theories afloat as to why Virginia produced before the

Civil War so many distinguished statesmen, but so few philosophers, poets, artists, men-of-letters. The usual answer in Virginia, when one asks this question, is that New Englanders always made a great hue and cry over the most mediocre abilities from their own locality, and never paid any attention to Southern talent. But of course, the instantaneous retort is: Why did the South not do its own applauding and trumpeting? Mr. Philip Bruce, who is the ultimate authority on all things Virginian, thinks this lack was the result of having no literary centre such as New York or Boston; no *rendezvous* where there might be conflict of mind with mind. This may have been a contributive cause, but undoubtedly the chief reason is that wherever there is an acknowledged aristocracy, any form of living by the intellect is looked down upon, and even in the present time there are traces of this feeling in Virginia. "Is she very poor indeed?" asked a sweet and gracious Southern woman about a friend who had suddenly been left penniless. "Well, then, why doesn't she *write?*" It seemed to her a quiet and respectable occupation and the equipment of a pen, a pot of ink and paper was inexpensive and possible. Only a day or so ago a lady speaking of a young man who wanted to enter upon a literary career, said: "His parents are conventional people; they never read and they are dreadfully shocked."

When one realises that Virginians were landed gentry and that even an entrance into the professions was for younger sons and by way of a step downward, while the New England people were from the class of dissenters, of merchants and shop people, so that entrance into the professions was a step upward, one understands the different attitude toward the things of the intellect. Undoubtedly, too, the distinctive organisation of the South cut off the average man from educational advantages. This is by no means to imply that the South was devoid of culture. There are still to be found some very remarkable old libraries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—libraries of biography, history, essays, statecraft and fiction. Philosophy and poetry, metaphysics and ethics, as belonging of their inherent nature more to those who were insecure and unhappy upon the earth, were less represented in the culture of the South. When one says poetry was lacking, a notable exception should be made of Shakespeare, Byron and the Latin poets. "My mother," said a neighbour the other day, "could and did quote Dr. Johnson on every conceivable topic." There were men who read Horace and Virgil for pleasure in their leisure hours; Addison and Steele, Swift and Fielding were in all the private libraries. Byron as an aristocrat and an adventurer, a robust lover of wine, woman and song, sang to these Virginians in a language they understood and loved, and Shakespeare with his motley pageants of blithe Elizabethans and his rolling rhetoric must have awakened in their hearts strange associational echoes, dim hauntings of ancestral life. For Shelley, with his profound sense of human ills and his demand for a perfect man, "free, tribeless and nationless," they had no sympathetic ear and it was enough for them to know that Keats had been a stable-boy and an apothecary's assistant to reject his sensitive yearning for beauty, his wonderful endowment of planetary nostalgia of which they, being happy, had, and indeed have still no inkling.

THE MEN BEFORE THE WAR

If the Southerners then were too full of the joy of living to produce many writers, they at least lived the pictures for the artists to come; they lived the material for the novelists to seize. Time and the suffering after the war brought forth a rich harvest of fiction; writers who fed, in dearth, upon a happy past. There were, of course, writers of fiction before the war, but apart from Poe, that world-genius, subject to no rules and no classifications, they were of third or fourth rank. The value of these writers is that they wrote of the home of blitheness and much laughter. Johnson Hooper, of North Carolina, wrote fun-making tales; George Tucker, of Virginia, one of the representatives of the famous Tucker family of Bermuda and Virginia, a family known for culture, able brains and unimpeachable charac-

ter through three centuries, wrote a satirical romance called *A Voyage to the Moon,* and a novel called the *Valley of the Shenandoah.* A more important novel from the same family was Nathaniel Beverley Tucker's *The Partisan Leader,* a novel of historic value and some literary worth. It is interesting in this connection to mention that the *Poems* of the Right-Reverend Beverley D. Tucker have been published within this last month, and that the name of Nathaniel Beverley Tucker's father, namely, St. George Tucker, who wrote *Hansford,* is held to-day by a descendant who is a prominent public man and a writer upon legal subjects.

The period immediately following the Civil War in Virginia produced such writers as Joseph Baldwin, George William Bagby, Marion Harland, and John Esten Cooke. Cooke's *Virginia* is a book romantic, beautifully written, and of value to all who love the State. Bagby's ejaculatory, ill-written but vivacious picture of the *Old Virginia Gentlemen,* his home and his customs, is true to the life and full of material for the historian.

But it is a later and a better class of writers of fiction that we have to deal with here. The period from 1840 to 1900 produced such novelists as Armistead Gordon, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Johnston, Amélie Rives, Annie Cogswell Wood, Molly Elliot Seawell and Ellen Glasgow; while Owen Wister has ably drawn the essential characteristics of a Virginian transplanted, and has given us a remarkably faithful portrait of a city in *Lady Baltimore,* Winston Churchill merely touches in *The Crossing* upon South Carolina.

WILLIAMSBURG

It is often said that if, in going to Europe, one wanted to see the three cities which have retained most beauty and most of the charm of mediævalism one should see Oxford, Bruges and Siena. If in coming to America any one should want to see the town retaining most traces of colonial days, and the most historic associations, one should see Williamsburg. The tide of life has turned from the little city, and left much of its beauty untarnished by modern improvements. Originally called the Middle Plantation, the town was laid out by the eccentric and hated Governor Nicholson, late in the seventeenth century. It was originally planned that the streets should run in the shapes of W and M in honour of William and Mary, and though this was never fully accomplished, the roads running in a big W, in front of the College, are still to be seen. In John Esten Cooke's *Virginia Comedians,* which tells the story of the first dramatic representation ever given in America, the Raleigh Tavern plays a great part, for here the Virginia Company of Comedians lodged. Here in the "Apollo" room, too, Young Jefferson danced with Belinda, and his Excellency the Royal Governor stopped on his way to open the Burgesses. The Old Theatre stood on Duke of Gloucester Street. It is a broad street running about a mile under beautiful shade trees to the site of the old colonial capital. Even to-day it wears an aspect of quiet dignity and great memories. The Court House, the original building designed by Sir Christopher Wren, stands on the north side of the street and near it, fronting on Palace Green, was once the colonial palace of Lord Dunmore. At the other end of the street is still the College, the second oldest in America, founded in 1700.

It will be remembered, of course, that when Madame Esmond dismissed the first English tutor of the Warrington boys, she took them for the winter to Williamsburg, "for such education as the schools and college there afforded." And there it was, too, in the famous Bruton Church that they listened to the stirring preaching of Mr. Whitefield (the Oxford friend of John Wesley, and afterward one of the founders of Methodism), sent from England to arouse the neighbouring clergy. Old Bruton Church has been longer in continuous use than any Episcopal Church in America. It owns a set of communion silver given by Queen Anne, a Bible which is a gift from King Edward VII of England and a lectern given by Theodore Roosevelt. Under its roof five Presidents of the United States have worshipped, as well as generations of statesmen, warriors, counsellors, senators, governors. Among the

early descriptions of this church in fiction is that contained in Cooke's *Virginia Comedians;* but for the fullest and best descriptions of Williamsburg, one turns to Mary Johnston's *Audrey* and Ellen Glasgow's *The Voice of the People.* Mary Johnston's story deals with the town as it was two hundred years ago; Ellen Glasgow's, as it was just after the Civil War.

> Far up the town at the street's sudden end, where it was lost in diverging roads, there was visible as through a film of bluish smoke the vivid green foliage of King's College (William and Mary). Nearer at hand the solemn cruciform of the old church was steeped in shade, the high bell-tower dropping a veil of English ivy as it rose against the sky. Through the rusty iron gate of the graveyard the marble slabs glimmered beneath the submerging grasses, long, pale, tremulous, like weeds.

Westover, the splendid old place on the James River, which has an important part as the home of Evelyn Byrd in Mary Johnston's *Audrey,* is still one of the most beautiful and interesting places on the James. Owned first by Theodorick Bland and sold to William Byrd, it has since passed through many hands, the Selden's, the Drewry's, finally that of a Westerner, unrelated to its traditions, and is now again for sale. A lovely description is contained in *Audrey* of Westover Parish Church:

> . . . of brick, with a fair white spire and a decorous mantle of ivy. In the churchyard there were oaks for shade and wild roses for fragrance, and the grass between the long gravestones, prone upon mortal dust, grew very thick and green. Outside the gates—between the churchyard and the dusty highroad —ran a long strip of trampled turf, shaded by locust trees and by one gigantic gum that became in the autumn a pillar of fire.

Marion Harland's *His Great Self,* while an old-fashioned novel, contains very excellent descriptions of "Westover;" and the Carters' place, "Shirley," farther up the river, which is still in the hands of the Carter family. *His Great Self* is William Byrd, and the romantic story of Evelyn Byrd's love and death is told therein, and many of the witticisms of the great William are woven into the story. "His two beautiful daughters, Lucy and Evelyn, were the toast of Virginia cavaliers . . . driving some unsuccessful wooers out of the colony, and, according to their witty parent, forcing so many to take holy orders as a solace for earthly disappointment that he congratulated the obdurate belles upon their success in the propagation of the Gospel."

RICHMOND AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

Richmond, with its beautiful old Capitol building, its wealth of fine statues, the splendid vistas of Franklin Street, the old historic St. John's Church, and the James River sweeping past, plays some part in nearly all these Virginian novels, but it is especially to be found ably described in Mary Johnston's *Lewis Rand* and Ellen Glasgow's *Romance of a Plain Man.* Once more these two popular novelists have dealt with the same place without intruding upon each other's preserves, for Mary Johnston deals with the eighteenth century and Ellen Glasgow with the period of reconstruction following the Civil War; a period, it may be said, which she has made particularly her own. So ably has she dealt with the manners and customs, the social structure and its slow up-breaking, during that period, that no history of the times could afford to miss reference to her able treatment of it.

Just north of Richmond, in Hanover County, lies Old St. Martin's parish, between the forks of the Pamunkey, where many of Thomas Nelson Page's charming stories of Old Virginia life are placed. The description of the mansion in the opening of that beautiful essay "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War," deals with "Oakland," the home and birthplace of Thomas Nelson Page. Here are the scenes of the *Two Little Confederates* and the opening scene of that immortal story *Marse Chan.* The description of "Oakland" is of "a plain weatherboard house, one story and a half above the basement ground floor, set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories, filled in with ash, maples and feathery-leaved locusts without number."

These plantation houses, built of tim-

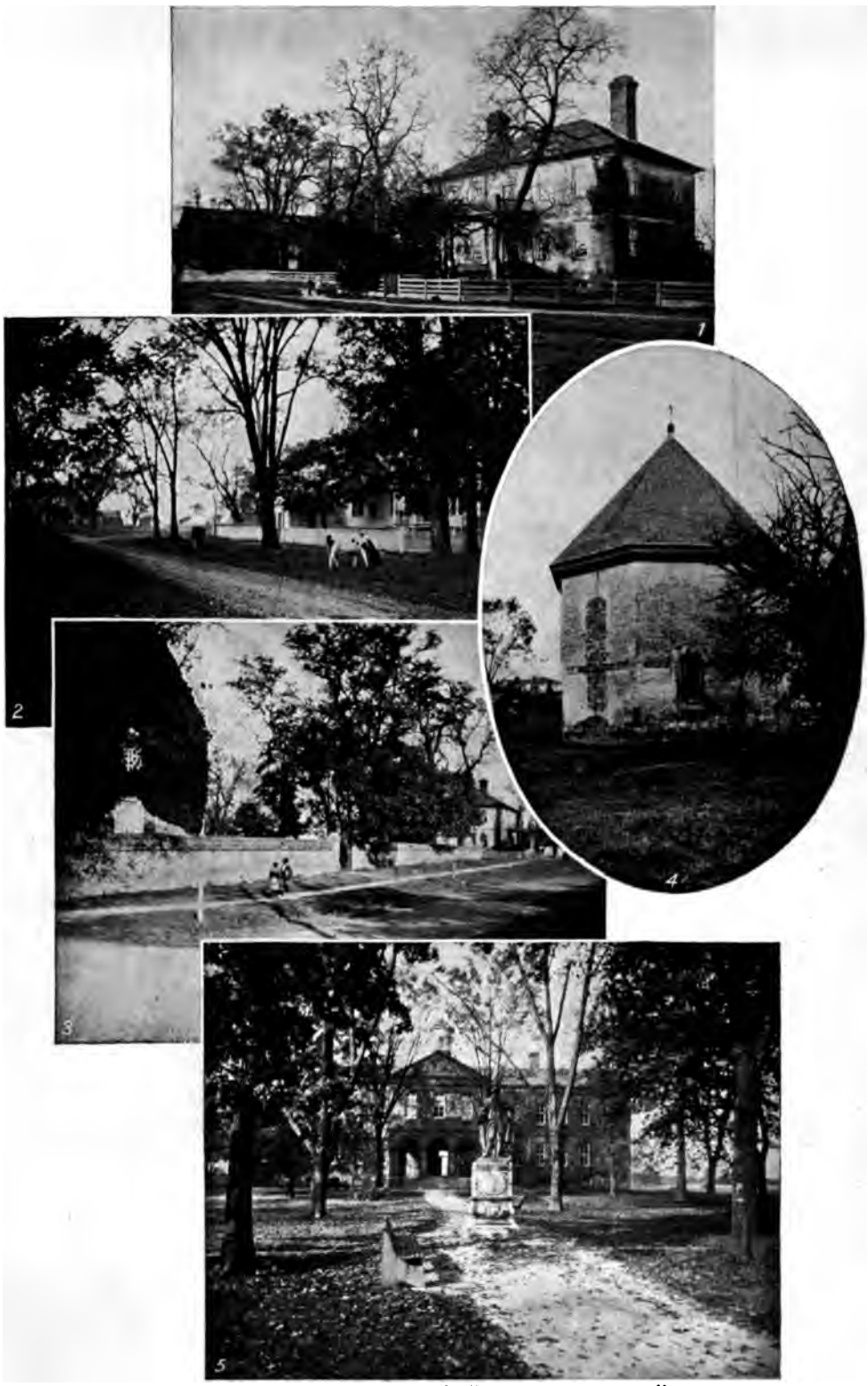
her cut by the servants on the place, were the homes of a just and loyal people, high-handed, blithe-hearted and of unconquerable pride and courage. These homes bore a relation to Southern life and literature which far more stately mansions might have lacked. It was the soul and not the body which was the inspiration of Southern literature. A sunny glade; a vista down a path through the woods; a glimpse of chimneys amid the oaks; the hickories and locusts crowning a distant hill; a tangled garden; an old-time cabin, sinking beneath the weight of crimson Virginia creeper; a mill-pond with cow-collards sleeping on its placid bosom; a sandy ford with the boughs of the trees sweeping down to the water—these were quite enough at any time to start the memories and associations, the deep lying love of home, of the soil, of the familiar face of the earth, which go to the making of a literature. Out of just this close living and deep loving of a given locality indeed is much of the world's best writing done. As Sappho loved Mitylene; as Sophocles loved his city, Athens, "with lofty turrets crowned," with "olive and vine thick planted and the songs of nightingales, sweet warbling through the grove;" as Virgil loved the Mantuan landscape, and Horace, his Sabine farm; as White loved Selborne and Sir Isaak Walton loved the Thames, and all the willow-trees and water-ways and the pleasant meadow-lands of England; as George Eliot loved the mill at Arbury Farm and the landscape of Staffordshire and Warwick; as Hardy loves his Wessex and Phillpotts his Devon, as Bennett now is making immortal the Five Towns of Staffordshire, so these writers have loved and set down for future generations the face of the landscape in Virginia.

Not only Hanover County but Powhatan and Charlotte are both immortalised in Mr. Nelson Page's books. The mansion described in *Red Rock* belonged to the late Dr. John Harvie and was on Fighting Creek, Powhatan, while the mansion described in *On Newfound River* and in *Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'* is no other than Staunton Hill, overlooking the Staunton River in Charlotte County. This beautiful mansion, built in 1848, was the home of the Bruces, and is still held in that family. The house is not only famous as that in which Thomas Nelson Page was married, but as the birthplace of Philip Alexander Bruce, one of the ablest and most scholarly historians of our generation. It was of the Bruce family doubtless that Unc' Edinburg was speaking when he said: "De Stauntons de wuz de popularitiest folks in Virginia; an' de wuz high-larnt besides." There is a tale afloat that when Mr. Nelson Page was reading this same story in its first draft to his *fiancée* in the garden at Staunton Hill, it was overheard by the old gardener, who reported in the kitchen: "I done heerd Marse Tom's story what he readin' an' he sutainly *do* unnerstan' us Bruce niggers." Yes; Mr. Page is a master hand at portraying the darkey and an adept at reproducing his speech, and certainly it is pardonable that looking back at him through a generation of years, he sees a little halo of idealisation shining about the woolly head.

The opening scenes in Ellen Glasgow's *The Descendant* are doubtless laid in Louisa County, just beyond Richmond, where many of her childhood's summers were spent, and in the county just beyond, in Albemarle we come to the beautiful rolling country, fertile and luxuriant, which is described in so many of Amélie Rives's (Princess Troubetzkoy's) best works. Castle Hill, the beautiful colonial home of Amélie Rives, is described over and over again in the *Quick or the Dead, Virginia of Virginia, Trix* and *Over-the-Moon* and *The Golden Rose.* Some of the poetic loveliness of the place itself has spilled over into the stories and a great deal of Virginian feeling has gone into the writings of them.

GLOUCESTER

Williamsburg lies midway between two lordly rivers, the James on the south and the York on the north. North of the York River, on the little peninsula between the river and Mobjack Bay, is the county seat, Gloucester. Scattered about, from two to ten miles apart, along the river and the bay, are such beautiful old homes as "Poplar-Grove," which belonged to Colonel John Patterson, one of



SCENES FROM ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE BATTLE GROUND"



STAUNTON HILL, WHERE THOMAS NELSON PAGE PLACED "UNC' EDINBURG'S DROWNDIN'"

the picturesque figures of his day; the place is famed for its Lombardy poplars, set out when in the last century, during Italy's struggle for freedom, the poplar was the emblem of liberty. "Toddsbury" is another famous and beautiful place, with tombstones dating back to the seventeenth century; "Elmington," the home of the Whitneys, and now of Thomas Dixon, the novelist, and "White-Marsh," Dr. Tabb's home; "Belleville," the Taliaferro place, and "The Shelter," the birthplace and home of Molly Elliott Seawell, are all on these tiny points of land jutting into the water. The most beautiful of all these old homes and the richest in tradition is "Rosewell," the home of the Pages and later of the Deans. "Rosewell" is well described in John Esten Cooke's *Stories of the Old Dominion.*

"It was built on a hill not far from the river, and people say was the largest hall in Virginia at that time (1702). The rooms had lofty ceilings and the mantel-pieces were of fine marble. The stair-cases and pillars were carved into leaves and bunches of grapes, and on top of the roof there was a flat space, covered with lead, from which you could look up and down the York River for miles and miles. On this high platform Governor Page and Thomas Jefferson used to sit of an evening and talk of religious matters while looking out upon the river, where white-sailed ships were passing, either up the broad current or down to the sea." As a matter of fact, the first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence was read aloud on this high platform by Jefferson, and discussed with his friend, Governor John Page.

There is a beautiful walk at "Rose-well," leading once from the fountain with its old marble basin, through a row of fine old cedar trees, now through oaks and myrtles; it is flanked by beds of roses, such luxuriant roses as are rarely seen; this walk was called "Lover's Walk" and was a favourite strolling place of little Rose Page; here too, Selim, the Algerine (see J. E. Cooke's *Stories of the Old Dominion*), found shelter for some years of his wandering life.

The country about Gloucester is well described in Molly Elliott Seawell's novels. North River, one of the places on the points that project from the Gloucester peninsula down into the river, comes out in the *Children of Destiny*, the best of Miss Seawell's stories; here the descriptions are absolutely exact even to the three pine trees that stand alone on Lone Point, far down the river.

"The river, broad and shallow and salt," she writes, "that made in from the



STAUNTON HILL (THE WESTERN WING), THE HOME OF THE BRUCES. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ocean bays, were the spots wisely chosen for the homesteads. The plantations extended back into a slightly rolling country, but every 'p'int,' as the negroes called it, was the site for a house. At Deer Chase (Waverley), from the long stone porch covered with climbing tea-roses, which faced the shining river, half a dozen rambling, brick houses on their respective p'ints could be seen. The farthest off was only a mile up the river as the crow flies, but the indentations of the stream made it more, and when one undertook to go by land, the multitude of gates to be opened between different properties, and the various windings and turnings to get there at all made it seem a dozen miles at least."



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, AS IT APPEARED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. MARY JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY"

Many of the characters in Molly Elliott Seawell's *Throckmortons* and *The Victory* are composite pictures of quaint personalities, who dwelt in the neighbourhood some fifty years ago. In Gloucester the old régime lasted certainly for twenty-five years after the Civil War. "The Shelter," the home of Miss Seawell, was used as a hospital for the French troops under the Duc de Lauzun. Many old customs still prevailed, and once a year at Christmas, eggnog was made in a splendid old China bowl, engraved with hunting scenes and the name, John Seawell, Esquire, of Gloucester County, Virginia. Miss Seawell's father was the fifth John Seawell to own the bowl. Gloucester was organised as a county as early as 1648, the year Charles the First's head was cut off. In Bancroft's *Constitutional History*, Gloucester was said to have been, as far back as 1700, the richest and most populous county in the State. The historic church of this period is Ware Church (built 1679), and is well described in *The Victory*.

In *Westovers' Ward*, by Algernon Ridgeway (pseudonym for Annie Cogswell Wood), we are once more introduced to Gloucester County under the old Indian name of the York River, Werewicomico. The characteristic scenery, with its fields of yellow sedgegrass, its lonely, bare, crowned pines, its stubble fields, and shallow brownish waters, above all the varying lights and hazy atmosphere of a flat and water-sur-



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND. MARY JOHNSTON'S "LEWIS RAND"

rounded country, is poetically handled by Miss Wood. Fleur-de-Hundred, which Miss Wood gratuitously presents to Phil Brodnax and which she transports to Gloucester for the purpose, is really on the south bank of the James, and has been for generations in the Willcox family. Fleur-de-Hundred is celebrated in one of Mrs. Burton-Harrison's stories, although she brings her hero, Tom Willcox, from across the river, at Bel-Air, where three generations of Tom Willcoxes still often meet.

MIDLAND AND NORTHERN COUNTIES

"Caroline," says an old Virginian, "is a nondescript county—it doesn't belong to Tidewater, or yet to Piedmont, the Valley or the North." It is in Caroline, however, that Ellen Glasgow places



THE JAMES RIVER AT RICHMOND. MARY JOHNSTON'S "LEWIS RAND"



"CASTLE HILL," THE HOME OF AMÉLIE RIVES AND THE SCENE OF "VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA," "TRIX," "OVER THE MOON" AND "THE GOLDEN ROSE"

her most famous novel, *The Deliverance.* Of this novel, Mr. Montrose J. Moses, in his *Literature of the South,* says: "Perhaps her (Miss Glasgow's) nearest approach to an epic sweep of the soil is in *The Deliverance,* which, in delineation of character, in description of the tobacco fields, in the traditions of Southern temperament, ranks among the few great American novels." Indeed the close of that novel, when Christopher, serving a sentence in prison for another man's crime, thinks of what remains to him when his freedom shall come, of the "earth with its untold miracles, the sky with its infinity of space, his own soul" strikes deep into the sacred reserves of the human heart. One day as Christopher, the hero of the book, sat in the open court of the prison, a tall, lean convict stood for a moment at his side.

"'I reckon you're hankering,' he remarked. 'I was sent down here from the mountains, an' I hanker terrible for the sight of the old humpback knob.'

"'And I'd like to see a level sweep—hardly a hill, just a clean stretch for the wind to blow over the tobacco.'"

The whole process of the growing and curing of the tobacco comes out in Miss Glasgow's novel, as did the hemp in James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law*



"WESTOVER," THE HOME OF EVELYN BYRD. MARY JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY"



THE ROAD TO ROMNEY. ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE BATTLE GROUND"

and the wheat in Norris's *The Octopus.*

Moving north from Caroline one comes to Fairfax County. One's natural instinct would be to place "Carter Hall," belonging to the famous and lovable *Colonel Carter of Cartersville,* in this section, since the railroad was to follow the bank of "Big Tench River—marked by his carvin' knife—to this salt cellar, where it crosses its waters by an iron bridge of two spans. Then, suh, it takes a sharp bend to the southard and stops at my estate, the road-bed skirtin' within a convenient distance of Caarter Hall. Please move yo' arm, Fitz, I haven't room to lay out the city of Fairfax." However, one must give up "Carter Hall" for Fairfax County, because twice a week Colonel Carter had canvas-back duck sent from home by his dear



WILLIAMSBURG. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET AND BRUTON CHURCH. MARY JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY"



THE "CARTER HALL" IN LOUDON COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THE REAL HOME OF F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE"

Aunt Nancy, birds that "fo' days ago were divin' fo' wild celery within fo'ty miles of Caarter Hall." This and the author's word for it, place "Carter Hall" in Northampton County on the eastern shore, that paradise of oysters, terrapin, clams, crabs and wild duck. The Colonel's great friend, and second in his duel, the Honourable I. B. Kerfoot, however, was presiding judge of the district court of Fairfax County, and Colonel Carter's ancestors were Fairfaxes.

Molly Elliott Seawell boldly takes George Washington as her hero in *A Virginia Cavalier,* and the story plays through Westmoreland, Spottsylvania and Fairfax. Over and above the excellent pictures of Mount Vernon, we find all of colonial Williamsburg described in this novel.

Clark, Fauquier and Frederick counties in the north of Virginia appear in at least two notable novels. In Ellen Glasgow's *The Battle Ground* we find the scenery of the land, the wheat fields, and apple orchards, the stunted cedars and



WARE CHURCH, GLOUCESTER COUNTY. MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL'S "THE VICTORY"



"THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT RICHMOND STANDS ON A SLIGHT EMINENCE." ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"



CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND. ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"

tall pines, while across the quiet of rural scenery, the sweeping pageant of the war itself passes.

A very different aspect of these northern counties appears in Miss Wood's *Diana Fontaine,* which plays in Frederick and Fauquier. Opening in Pughtown, a village near Winchester, it is the tradition of lavish and elaborate housekeeping that first impresses Miss Wood. It will be remembered that this region of Virginia had been settled by Scotch-Irish and Germans. This derivation is shown in the names given Miss Wood's characters, Spangler, Loughborough, Rosser. The narrowing effects of Presbyterianism rampant in that part of the country and the somnolent effects of an overweening materialism, the one a Scotch and the other a German inheritance, are well shown up in *Diana Fontaine,* and make of the book a contribution to the natural history of the soil.

More or less, the same stock, passed on down to the Shenandoah Valley. To this day Germans form an important element of the population. A totally changed aspect of life is resultant: the valley teems with the appearance and the reality of thrift; big barns, well-kept cattle and cultivated fields.

Armistead Gordon's *Gift of the Morning Star* opens in Oquon Glade (possibly near the Oquon River?), where a manor house once belonging to William Barzley of gentle English lineage is bought by a Dutchman named Youart, and here Nathan, Naomi and Bennami Youart, his descendants, lived and farmed and kept silence and but for a foreign strain in the blood which made of Bennami, the youngest, a dreamer and a thinker, there would have been no romance. These Youarts were all Dunkards, and the fruits and the scars of that repressive religion are poetically handled in the story.

The expedition of Governor Spottiswood into the valley is touched upon in the first few chapters of Mary Johnston's *Audrey,* and is told also in the little story called "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

The little town which Ellen Glasgow calls Tappahannock in *The Ancient Law* is not the well-known Tappahannock in Essex County, but is the little town South Boston in Halifax, where Ordway worked out his own salvation in Baxter's warehouse.

"There was little beauty in the scene," she writes of this locality, "except the beauty which belongs to all things under the open sky. Road and landscape and cabin were bare even of any chance effect of light and shadow. Yet there was life —the raw, primal life of nature—and after his forty years of wasted experience Ordway was filled with a passionate desire for life."

In the last few sentences in this novel, which some critics dare place even higher than *The Deliverance* because it touches a more universal experience, are contained the author's philosophy of life.

> In the hour of his need it had been neither religion nor philosophy, but the outstretched hand that had helped. Then his vision broadened and he saw that though the body of love is one, the members of it are infinite, and it was made plain to him at last that the love of Emily, the love of Alice, and the love of Banks were but different revelations of the same immortality.

These novels made a wide détour of the State, beginning with Jamestown and Tidewater, as Mary Johnston treats them in *To Have and To Hold* and *Prisoners of Hope,* moving up the eastern coast, across the north, down the valley, touching some of the southern counties and radiating out in all directions from Richmond. Few States of the Union offer so much of romance and historic association to the novelist, none other offers so interesting and so complex a social life.



SONGS OF THE SHUT-INS

In one form and another, expression has been given to the emotions of men of greater or less intelligence and refinement when they were unfortunate enough to find themselves incarcerated, but it is doubtful if such expression has ever been given to the feelings of the veteran jail habitant—the man, criminal, if you will, to whom imprisonment is nothing new. Perhaps for the reason that his feelings make no difference anyway; perhaps for the reason that it is a subject too unpleasant to consider and discuss, no one has ever stopped to inquire whether the jailbird has any ideas about the matter.

A poet in prison is no particular novelty; poetry produced behind the bars is even less, but as a rule work of that kind which has seen the light of day is expressive of the emotions of superior souls, couched in language of beauty, and taking account of prison suffering only as it applies to a delicately nurtured personality. The other kinds need a glossary. The rhymes presented herewith are done in the vernacular, because, obviously, it would be rather ridiculous to put the language of culture in the mouth of "John Yegg," who talks a dialect all his own. Even some of the expressions used in the accompanying verse are obsolete with the up-to-date "craftsmen," whose jargon is ever changing.

IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Huh!
That's me daily menoo in the big, black hole.
That's the scoff I'm gettin' as a portion o' me sweatin'—
Wit' Silence, an' the black o' night to wear away me soul!

It isn't the things I'm seein' an' it isn't the things I hear,
For I knows that I only thinks I sees the same as I thinks I hear;
But it's the feelin' o' bein' buried, an' the fear that I'll suffocate
From the t'ousands o' tons o' Silence that sit on me chest a weight.

The Silence that talks in whispers wit' a t'ousand babblin' tongues,
An' I can't talk back on account o' it a-settin' a-top o' me lungs;
It feels like a big black kitten, a-suckin' away me breath—
An' a guy like me needs plenty o' light for makin' a front wit' Death!

I usta laugh at the notion that bein' alone was bad—
That nerve could break on a bunch o' dark, but I'm wishin' I never had;
I allus said that I'd sleep it away, but they ain't no sleep in here
Wit' Silence tellin' you funny tales—a-whisperin' into yer ear.

No, it isn't the things I'm hearin' nor being shut from the sun
Not even knowin' the time o' day nor the things wot they say I done;
For they slide the grub in the wicket an' never a word is said—
It's lookin' for somethin' I kinnot see—an' feelin' alive, but dead!

It's the Silence that moves so quiet, the millions o' tons o' dark,
An' all o' it pressin' upon me chest like the lid o' a coffin—Hark!
Now I knows that the dead can't whisper, an' that ghosts don't stay in here—
But I'm hearin' somethin' I knows I don't a-talkin' into me ear!

Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Bread an' water! Huh!
That's me daily menoo in the big black hole;
A portion o' me sweatin', but the least o' what I'm gettin'—
It's the Silence, an' the darkness that'll wear away me soul!

THE LIFE TIMER

They've "settled" him for good, an' I somehow thought they would;
 But he does not seem to mind as much as me.
He goes away to-morrow to his turn o' hell and sorrow—
 God help us! An' God help all such as he.

He hasn't said a word, but he don't know what's occurred;
 (They're always stunned; the mind must stop an' grope;)
It sometimes takes their breath when the jury makes it death—
 But *life!* Ah, God, it leaves no chance for hope.

He's twenty-two in years, an' he took it without tears
 When he "got it all"; oh, Lord, how long that means!
For—no one knows just why, but the Lifers never die—
 They're somehow *painted in* the prison scenes.

They *live;* that's all they do, it's a job that's never through;
 They're always there an' always look the same.
They don't even seem to rot, an' they're finally just forgot,
 An' Lifer comes to be their only name.

The first five years they scheme on escape—but that's a dream;
 The second five a pardon is their hope.
An' after that is dead—well, they live—God bless the dead—
 An' they envy them that gets the chair or rope.

Ten, fifteen, twenty years, Death oases 'em with sneers,
 An' he keeps 'em for the visitors to see.
But no Lifer ever died, an' no Lifer ever tried,
 For *Life* is what the law means it to be.

Yes, they've settled him for good, an' I guess perhaps they should,
 He killed a guy when he was on a bat.
Now he's time for a repentance while he's servin' out that sentence—
 He's young, but he'll get over bein' that!

THE MARKED MAN

Lookit that guy wit' the stove-up face; he knows what's hell on earth;
He's livin' all right, but I'd hate to guess what the rest o' his life is worth.
That's Rat McKnaw, who squawked on McGrew an' the mob in the Canyon snare
When they'd tunnelled their way through solid rock to the breath o' the outside air.

They were all o' them off on a ten speck stretch, an' McKnaw was one o' the bunch;
But he saved himself—or he thought he did—when he peddled that tunnel hunch;
An' they grabbed McGrew an' the rest o' the mob on the night they'd laid for the spring—
An' all but McKnaw is up there yet to finish the rest o' the string.

An' ever since he's kept on the move an' he lights in no place long;
From coast to coast they have got him pegged for a guy that all ways wrong;
Whenever he lands in a coop like this they trim him the best they can—
For he isn't a "gun", an' he isn't a vag, an' he certainly isn't a man!

You watch him now as he slides around wit' the gang when they exercise—
There isn't a soul that'll speak to him, or give him the friendly eyes—
But every one passin' slips him a punch, or hits him a kick on the shin,
An' he dassent scream to the screws, you see, for the best he'd get is a grin.

I've seen him thumped 'till it's made me sick, an' I've give him a punch or two;
W'ich isn't the half o' what he'll get before his turn is through.
He hasn't a friend on top o' the earth an' I reckon not one below—
For a guy like that'd squawk on a frame to sneak in a load o' snow.

That's Rat McKnaw, an' he's known for a stiff wherever the old mob trails;
He dassent live in the open air, an' it's hell for him in the jails—
They've made him the fall guy forty ways, an' they stick to his trail like glue,
An' the only reason he ain't bumped off is because he belongs to McGrew!

BALLAD OF THE THIRD DEGREE

I'll tell the trut'; I was was not there, but that won't do no good;
 Some one's croaked a harness bull an' some one's got to swing.
The chief he won't believe me an' I don't know why he should—
 He's got to keep his record up, an' some one did that thing.
I usta stand the poundin' an' the elbows' fiercest houndin';
 I usta take the toughest gaff them guys could ever sling—
But now I'm gettin' weary an' me goat's a trifle leary,
 For some one killed an officer an' some one's got to swing!

Yes, some one's nailed a flatty, an' some one's got to die;
 They're roundin' up the gang to-night, an' I was number one.
T'ree weeks out o' college, an' not feelin' very fly,
 I'm back to answer for me life because I am a gun!
I usta take me thumpin', (an' the big guy keeps you jumpin';)
 I've had 'em pull their ghosts on me, an' kept awake a week;
But I guess the strain is tellin' an' I've sort o' gone to yellin',
 An' when they wallop me awhile it fetches out me streak!

I guess a guy's nerve finally goes; they get to him at last;
 I know a bunch up in the stir that broke agin the gaff;
They didn't do just what was charged but worser in the past—
 Still, in their time, they stood 'em off an' handed back a laugh.
I usta dodge the swingin' wit' a grin an' kept 'em wingin';
 I've stood 'em off until the room looked like a slaughter pen.
I've took the roughest scarin', wit' six elbows, rippin', tearin'—
 But now they've sort o' got me goat—I hates to go agin.

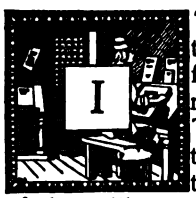
No, it wasn't me, but it might have been, an' who'm I to talk?
 Who'm I wit'out no friends or pals to front for me?
Me only hope is that they snare the right guy for a squawk.
 Before they takes me to the chief to stand the thoid degree.
Well, I usta take their sweatin'—w'ich you bet they ain't forgettin';
 I've even tired 'em out meself—an' that is quite a thing.
But now I'm gettin' weary an' me goat's a trifle leary—
 For some one croaked a harness bull an' some one's got to swing!



THE KAISER. BY KARL BAUER IN HIS BOOK ON CHARACTER HEADS

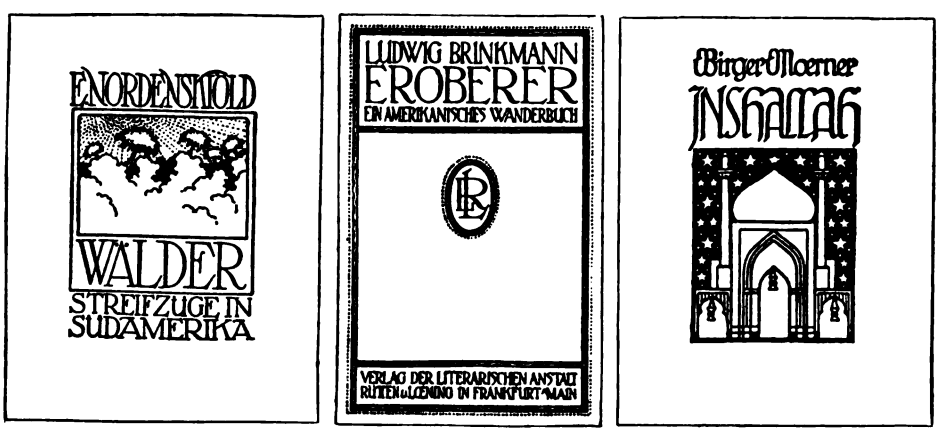
THE GERMAN BOOK ARTS

BY WILLIAM ALLEN



IT is in the Germany of to-day that the art of fine book-making has reached its highest point. There one finds an extraordinary taste for æsthetic distinction, a sense of the utilitarian fitness of things, and a regard both for quality in materials and for perfection in handling them. England, which particularly fostered the "Book Beautiful" with the efforts of men like William Morris, Charles Ricketts and Lucien Pissaro to set the pace, has not lagged behind. France offers nothing beyond fine bindings and exquisite illustrations, for French books have almost invariably suffered from inferior typography and paper.

Leipzig has long been the centre of



EXAMPLES OF STUTTGART BOOK COVERS

perfect the fine art of making beautiful, useful, enduring books.

If the paper used in French books is, generally speaking, the worst in the world, that used by the German publishers of to-day is nearly the best. German book designers are tireless in their efforts to find the most effective and most fitting



Umschl.-Titelblatt zu: „Insel der Pinguine



Umschlag-Titelblatt zu:
„Auf dem weißen Felsen"

MODERN DECORATIVE PAPER BOOK COVERS

paper for certain books. If the work is an erudite treatise on Dürer, the German book-designer will select for its pages a paper rich in the cream-coloured tints of the old papers that have survived Dürer's time. Yet the German masters of the book arts never carry the matter beyond consistency—seldom is seen a book merely bizarre in the conception of its material aspect. The writer recalls once visiting the world-famed paper mills in Fabriano, a little out of the world corner of Halz, near Ancona, on the Adriatic side. He was surprised to find the bulk of the book-paper orders coming from German publishers who appreciated the exquisite hand-made papers that there were being made as they are made nowhere else in the world. Nor was there any commercial jealousy displayed in Germany when, some months later, in visiting the great book centres of the Empire, the writer had occasion to refer to this matter of Italian book papers. "If we are to lead the world," said one of the great Munich publishers, "in the making of beautiful books, we cannot afford to wait for anything. When our paper-makers wake up to the fact that we must use Italian papers for certain æsthetic demands because Germany does not produce them, then our own paper-makers will move more rapidly toward developing artistic paper-making in Germany and ultimately we shall be gainers." The prophecy has already come true, for German paper-makers are now working together with German printers and publishers to advance fine book-making even beyond the enviable place it holds in the world's art to-day.

Such famous publishers as Teubner of Leipzig, or Erich Reiss of Berlin (Maeterlinck's publisher in Germany), or Hoffanan of Stuttgart, are lacking in the same marked distinction that has awakened an interest in the publications of their confrères. Indeed, with German publishers there has never been so ultra-conservative a policy in production that any of the big publishers have failed to keep pace with the signs of the times as seen through the eyes of Frau Art.

Thus we find Emil Preetorius designing for Müller of Leipzig and for Von Weber of Munich, Paul Neu for Piper of Munich, Karl Bauer (with his remarkable line-portraits) designing decorations for Teubner of Leipzig and all of Germany's foremost masters of the arts of decorative design contributing to the making of the book beautiful in the broader sense of its whole conception and not alone as mere illustrators. Thorough-



DESIGN FROM THE "BERLINER KALENDER" FOR 1911

ness in any undertaking has always been a Teutonic characteristic. It is this thorough grasp of the knowledge of the practical side of making books going hand in hand with the artistic side of the arts associated with typography that has revolutionised German publishers' productions. Perhaps the kinship of the arts will eventually find more thorough recognition in other lands; at any rate, the state of the book arts as they are now in Germany repays the attention students can devote to the study of what has there been accomplished.



JOAQUIN MILLER

HOW RILEY CAME INTO HIS OWN

BY HEWITT HANSON HOWLAND

SOME men have risen up in the morning and found themselves famous. At least this rather extravagant statement has been made concerning certain gentlemen who, as far as the world's busy eye could see, have come into their own over night. But if we could get a good front view of the truth we'd likely discover that these fortunates weren't so surprised as their biographers would have us believe. They doubtless had a pretty fair idea when they went to bed the night before that fame was going to greet them with a cheer in the morning.

This thing of coming into one's own is



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY From a portrait by Steele

not a matter of between two days. The way is usually long, the going rough, and the runner is often scant of breath and always well "on to his job" by the time he gets in sight of the laurel wreath.



LOCKERBIE STREET, INDIANAPOLIS, SHOWING RILEY RESIDENCE Photograph by Bass, Indianapolis

A few weeks ago James Whitcomb Riley was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. To be admitted to this royal group of fifty, is to be stamped with the hall-mark of immortality. Yet many years ago Riley came into his own, and with a song made certain his admittance to fellowship with the great. Just which song that is or just when he sang it it is not easy to say. With him fame made her approach by easy stages. His friends saw her coming, though Riley himself was always modestly near-sighted and genuinely so. He gave no thought to the morrow, but sang the songs that *would* be sung, saying: "I don't do it. I'm only the willow through which the whistle comes."

In your youth you have, no doubt, dropped a pebble in mid-stream—if I may switch the metaphor from the willow to the water—and have watched the circles widen and widen until finally they crumpled against the restraining banks. So it was with Riley's fame. He dropped his verses into the stream of publicity and the ripples of popular approval widened and widened, until at last they broke against the delighted shores of two hemispheres: his own young neighbourhood; the sleepy village of his birth; the bigger town nearby—that now rallies around its Soldiers' Monument—and so on to his State's borders and out into the strangers' land beyond.

This is the whole truth of Mr. Riley's coming into his own, but it doesn't make so good a feature story as would the half-truth of an over-night transformation from obscurity to the universal spotlight. And a good story is what THE BOOKMAN's editor is hoping for, so let's try the half-truth and see what can be made of it.

Riley lisped in numbers. He wrote rhymes before he could write. He was born that way; destined to the poet's corner, always. He asked for a rhyming dictionary and his father gave him a volume of Blackstone.

It *is* a wise father that knows his own child.

Young Riley—"Bud" the boys called him—tried Blackstone but it wouldn't scan. He went to sleep over the task



HOMESTEAD AT GREENFIELD, WHERE RILEY LIVED AS A BOY

and was wakened by the voice of a patent-medicine vender who came crying his cures in the shady streets of Greenfield. The lure of the open road was too much for Riley, and when the "Doctor" drove his wagon out into fresh fields and running brooks "Bud" Riley went with him.

A year's journey brought them to the neighbouring town of Anderson, and here the poet organised the famous sign-painting company—The Graphics—and with four or five itinerant partners went up and down the country lanes decorating the fences and barn-sides with alluring messages to the buying public. Out of this commercial escapade came an opening on the Greenfield weekly, and Riley went back home to begin his life's work. The death of the "weekly" soon interrupted it, however, and once more the poet-out-of-job found himself in Anderson.

There he became the local editor of the *Democrat,* and from there he sent out to more pretentious publications many contributions in rhyme. Of course, they came back. All real poets' early efforts always do come back. Riley forgot this, and moreover, he was sensitive. Indiana didn't seem to impress the outside world as a State of poetic rhapsody, and Riley —well the name wasn't inspiring. Quite naturally discouragement. like the raven,



EUGENE FIELD JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY "BILL" NYE

perched above his chamber door. It was then that he wrote "Leonaine" and afterward, at the suggestion of a few misguided friends, sent it out as a recently discovered Poe poem. The story of this hoax is too widely known to bear repetition. It brought its author many and varied criticisms, and in later years deep regret. The immediate consequences were the loss of his place on the *Democrat,* the offer of one on the Indianapolis *Journal,* and a cheering note of encouragement from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The *Journal* had for some time been printing contributions from Riley, and the poet was known in the local office before he accepted the offer of employment and moved his scant belongings and his rich gifts to the capital. He was entered, modestly, but regularly on the pay-roll, though his hours were his own and his contributions frequent or infrequent as the muse moved him. Then followed golden days! Fellowship with his kind; the exchange of social intercourse; the clash of wits; the spinning of yarns; the playing of practical jokes, all the joys



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS BROTHER, JOHN RILEY

of an irresponsible and brilliant youth passed in an inspiring but gentle Bohemia.

The local poets, and they were not few, looked on the young contender with differing emotions. Here is a street scene in illustration.

A Riley poem appears in the morning *Journal*. Riley, strolling slowly around the Circle, meets Ben House. In flowing phrases the elder poet extravagantly lauds the morning's flowering of the younger's muse. An hour later the author of "A Hymn of Faith" encounters Dan Paine.

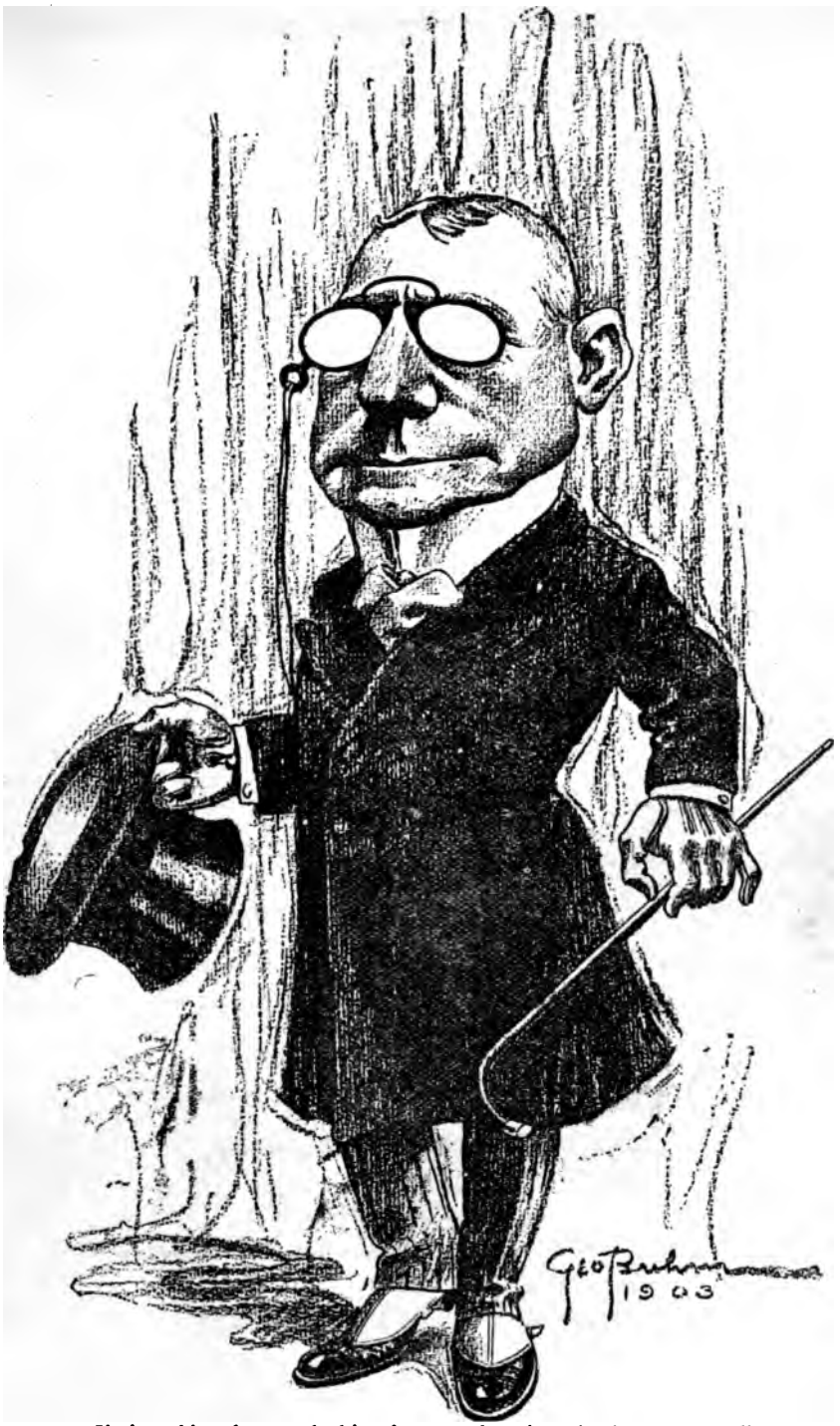
"What's the matter with House?" he inquires.

"Nothing, that I know of," replies Riley.

"Well, I just saw him and he asked



THE "OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE" IN BRANDYWINE CREEK



Jim's gab's what made him famous, for since he began to walk
He allus wuz a feller that was gifted with slick talk.
Jim's got a nack o' saying things in sich a clever way,
Without them hifalutin words the edjicated say.

—Joe S. Miller.

The Children of the Childless

The Children of the Childless! — Yours — and mine. —
Yea, though we sit there in the pitying gaze
Of fathers and mothers whose fond fingers twine
Their children's locks of living gold, and praise,
With warm, caressing palms, the head of brown,
Or crown
Of opulent auburn, with its amber floss
In all its splendor loosed and jostled down
Across
The mother-lap at prayer. — Yea, even when
These sweet petitioners are kissed, and then
Are kissed and kissed again —
The pursed mouths lifted with the worldlier prayer
That bed and oblivion spare
Them yet a little while
Beside their envied elders by the glow
Of the glad firelight; or wrestling, as they go,
Some promise for the morrow, to beguile
Their long exile
Within the wild waste lands of dream and sleep.
Nay, nay, not even these most stably real
Of Children are more loved than our ideal —
More tangible to the soul's touch and sight
Than these — our Children by Divine birthright.
These — these of ours, who soothe us, when we weep,
With tenderest ministries,
Or, flashing into smiling ecstasies,
Come dashing through our tears — aye, laughing leap
Into our empty arms, in Fate's despite,
And nestle to our hearts, O Heaven's delight! —
The Children of the Childless — Even these!

— James Whitcomb Riley.

me if you were going crazy; said he never read such slush in his life as that stuff you had in the morning *Journal.*"

But Riley understood and was not cast down. His offerings under the name of "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boon," were being greeted by the unmistakable voice of praise. He could afford to wait. And he did, but not for long. The world had begun to make its pathwav to his door. The "Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems" was privately published, but publicly consumed. Requests for contributions were now as frequent as rejections had been when he "localed" on the Anderson *Democrat*. An embryo publisher fathered a second edition of the Benj. F. Johnson classics. Fame raised her starry eyes and glanced in the Greenfield poet's direction. The "platform" called him and he answered with instant success. Then "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" followed "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," and Fame smiled. Riley had come into his own.

Now because this last paragraph is written in a staccato style it may give the impression of getting up in the morning and finding "famous" carved on the head-board of the bed. But don't be deeived. James Whitcomb Riley worked and waited for the renown that is his. *He* found the way long and the going rough. Discouragement and disappointment were on either side, and often there was only darkness ahead. But that power which is not of ourselves held him straight in the path and directed his steps.

Of the gift which is his, he knows no more now than he did when he first blew on Pan's melodious pipe. "I don't do it. I'm only the willow through which the whistle comes," he says to-day, as then. But of the great poetic literature; of the technique of his art—yes. For he reads always, and all that the poets have written. Scholarship, however, has not dulled the edge of his homely sympathies. "Doc Syphers" is still his dear familiar and the thoughts of any discouraged farmer are close to his heart.

He came into his own many years ago, but he didn't stop just because he had arrived. He was born a poet; he has made himself a man.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
Drawing by Ryan Walker

THE GLASS OF FASHION

BY EDWARD FULLER



OTSPUR'S impatience with the courtier who came to him on the battlefield perfumed like a milliner and holding his pouncet-box 'twixt his finger and thumb is the usual attitude of the plain wayfaring man toward those of his sex who are over-nice in matters of dress. The dandy is pictured in his fancy as a brainless creature, who has nothing better to do than to bestow constant attention upon his person. Certain periods of history have an atmosphere of artificiality, even of unreality, by reason of the bewigged and beriboned gentlemen who play so conspicuous a part in the records. Nevertheless, contempt for those whom our ancestors were wont to speak of as the beaux may easily go too far. Just as some tenderly nurtured youth often proves in the hour of peril to have a finer courage than the rough country lout, so beneath the airs and graces of the dandy are discovered the sterner purposes of the soldier or statesman. Thus Sir Henry Layard describes a scene which took place as long ago as 1834, when a would-be poet bored a company after dinner "with a grand recitation"—a scene which he would not have troubled to set down, perhaps, but for what came to pass afterward. "There was something irresistibly comic," he writes, "in the young man dressed in the fantastic, coxcombical costume that he then affected—velvet coat of an original cut thrown wide open, and ruffles to its sleeves, shirt collars turned down in Byronic fashion, an elaborately embroidered waistcoat whence issued voluminous folds of frill, and shoes adorned with red rosettes—his black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and his person redolent with perfume—announcing himself as the Homer or Dante of the age." It was the same young man who, three years later, with the same long black ringlets and dandified costume, rose to address the House of Commons for the first time and was forced to take his seat amid shouts of derision. But this poseur had the quality of genius under his pose. "I will make you hear me yet!" he is reported to have said, as he sat down. He kept his word. Benjamin Disraeli, leader of a great party, Prime Minister, Earl of Beaconsfield, was at least no weakling.

An adequate biography of this extraordinary man—for even those who dispute his greatness must acknowledge the fitness of that adjective—has been long delayed. The enormous mass of Disraeli's papers was first at the disposition of Lord Rowton, better known as Montagu Corry, who was his private secretary. But Lord Rowton denied that Disraeli himself had commissioned him to undertake the task, and it was one from which he shrank. Afterward, according to Mr. Smalley, other biographers were sought, among them Lords Rosebery and Morley. It is not necessary to enquire why Mr. Monypenny was finally chosen. He was not of Disraeli's circle, and his previous writing has been in journalism. Nor is it possible to say, by reading this first volume* of what promises to be a work of considerable length, what the measure of his success in this new field will be. In a sense, the hardest part of the task is over. The record of Disraeli's early years lies largely apart, of course, from public events, and it involves many difficulties, not only of selection from the materials, but also of reconciling contradictory statements; for the author of *Vivian Grey* occasionally played the part of romancer with regard to his own life. His ancestry, for example, seems to have been less picturesque than his own account of it indicates. How far the early novels are autobiographical is another puzzling question. There is a temptation to take them too literally and to construct from their pages a figure that may be quite unlike the real man. Disraeli was probably less frank than Boc-

*The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Illustrated. Volume I. (1804-1837.) New York: The Macmillan Company.

caccio in a similar case. Nevertheless, any young writer of fiction consciously or unconsciously portrays himself in part. As Mr. Monypenny says, we may surmise that Disraeli, like both his early heroes, "was daring and impetuous, sometimes perhaps mutinous and pugnacious; keenly sensitive and warmly affectionate; a leader when he chose to lead, but somewhat isolated and much given to reveries and castle-building."

He had a rather curious upbringing; his father, remembered now chiefly by his *Curiosities of Literature*, seems to have allowed him to follow his own bent. His schooling was more or less irregular, and he never went to Oxford, to his regret in later years. But he was ever a wide reader in unconventional ways, and he had those intellectual gifts which enabled him to make a brave showing in any company. At seventeen he was articled to a firm of solicitors in the City, and here he remained for three years, more occupied with his ambitions for the future, no doubt, than with the study of the law. Between 1824 and 1831 he made three foreign tours—the last through Spain to Cairo and Constantinople. Mr. Monypenny calls this "a capital event in his life," since it gave definite character to his Oriental tendencies. Although his father was not, like Vivian Grey's, "an honoured guest among the powerful and the great," he had a considerable number of more or less distinguished acquaintances, including John Murray, the publisher, who took a liking to the son and sent him on a curious mission to Lockhart and Scott when he undertook to found a new daily journal with Lockhart as editor, but afterward, for some reason that is not entirely clear, cherished a bitter resentment against him. In these days Disraeli's health was none too good, and he had many periods of despondency. At no time, however, did he lose confidence in himself. The idea that he was to play a great part in politics took possession of him, and after two unsuccessful attempts he became a member of the House for Maidstone.

Here the first volume leaves him; and, since his political career is left for future elucidation, the beginnings of it need not be dwelt upon here. For the present interest centres in the clever, vain, self-sufficient and rather pushing young man, the novelist who had acquired notoriety rather than reputation, the dandy and wit of the Blessington circle, not without some resemblances to D'Orsay himself. The more serious aspect of his nature was little visible, nor were his swelling anticipations of fame taken altogether seriously. The story that he told Lord Melbourne, the first time he met him, that his object in life was to be Prime Minister, is familiar; Mr. Monypenny adds an unfamiliar postscript to it, to the effect that when Melbourne, shortly before his death, heard of Disraeli's approaching elevation to the leadership of the Conservative party, he exclaimed, "By God! the fellow will do it yet." This "man of mystery" had many surprises in store for the world. As a writer he improved rapidly. *Contarini Fleming* was a marked advance over his previous novels; he himself called it "the perfection of English prose," though it is deficient, as his biographer says, in the finer graces. Meanwhile, he made the most of his social success. He mingled, not only in the semi-fashionable, semi-literary set, but in more august circles. Great names are frequent in the mutilated diary from which quotations are here given. It is difficult not to think that Disraeli paid a good deal of attention to the art of getting on in the world. He was by instinct a social artist, and his dandyism was popular. Nearly all the references to him in the memoirs of the time describe his dress; Lady Dufferin saw him in purple trousers and a scarlet waistcoat. "My table is literally covered with invitations," he informs his sister, "and some from people I do not know." There seem to have been almost as many opinions of him as there were persons who knew him. To one clever and romantic girl he was "wild, enthusiastic and very poetical"; he told her that Southey was the greatest man of the age—the last man he could be expected to admire. On other occasions he was brilliant, bitter, sarcastic, as when he said to Norton, who was boasting at his own dinner table of the better wines which he had in his cellar, "No doubt, no doubt—but, my dear fellow, this is quite good enough for such canaille as

you have got to-day." Yet he writes at this time that his life has not been a happy one. "Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions. My life has been a struggle with moments of rapture —a storm with dashes of moonlight."

What was the real Disraeli like? Will the succeeding volumes pluck out the heart of his mystery? He was, it is clear, more than the glass of fashion he liked to be considered. He escaped the fate of other famous dandies like Nash, and Brummel and "Apollo" Raikes, though these, too, were often men of no mean intellectual powers. He appears with D'Orsay and others of his contemporaries in Miss Jerrold's account of *The Beaux and the Dandies**—a rather patchy volume on the whole, but full of amusing anecdotes, and throwing some light upon social conditions in the Georgian and Victorian eras. There were fops and dandies, doubtless, among the ancient Phœnicians; but it was left to England under the vulgar régime of the early Hanoverians to produce that strange social arbiter, the Beau. Sometimes, like Charles James Fox and Disraeli, he turned to more serious matters. Indeed, a successful Beau had to be something more than an animated tailor's model; Nash and Brummel were men of wit. The latter's caustic flings at George IV are too well known to repeat; some of them are not altogether authentic. In this instance, as in others, Miss Jerrold does not discriminate. Nash is on the whole a pleasanter figure than Brummel; if he was vain and impudent, he was also honest and generous. In these days a man could hardly rule a favourite watering place as he ruled Bath. At the balls the music stopped when Nash lifted his finger; and on one occasion he refused another dance to the Princess Amelia. "The laws of Bath, madam," he coolly informed her, "are like the laws of Lycurgus; they will admit of no alteration without entirely oversetting my authority." His picture hung in the Pump Room between the busts of Newton and Pope. He made much money at the gaming table and lived luxuriously. It would be difficult to say that his influence was not bad. And yet most of us have, like Thackeray, a certain ashamed affection for him, and would like to have seen the "splendid, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent" old boy.

D'Orsay lived in a time when there were dandies enough; but even he, with all his cleverness, never had any real social authority. There were those who cultivated eccentricity, as we have seen, and Disraeli's sartorial progress has been



DESIGN FOR A STATUE TO BRUMMEL

noted. But D'Orsay, though he was well received when he first came to England at the coronation of George IV, and during his strange alliance with the Blessingtons was assuredly a glass of fashion, was liked and pitied rather than respected. He was "unwisely extravagant and not over-scrupulous," but at the same time he was "kind-hearted"—no unusual combination. The charge that, after having married Lord Blessington's daughter, he lived openly with her mother is an exaggeration. To be sure, he gave scandal

*The Beaux and the Dandies. By Clare Jerrold. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

tongue by living with Lady Blessington after her husband's death, and she shared his exile in Paris; but of the relations between them one can only guess. However, the Victorian age was more decorous if not more moral than the Georgian, and the conservative members of society kept clear of entanglements with bohemianism, innocent or otherwise. There was something a little vulgar, a little "flash," in the ostentation of the D'Orsays and Disraelis of that time.

There is, on the other hand, an atmosphere of dignity and refinement in Lady Dorothy Nevill's new volume of reminiscences,* which begin with the days we call, somewhat condescendingly, Early Victorian, and continue to the end of the century. Lady Dorothy is not in the least intolerant; she has known many people in many different social circles; she has the frank simplicity, the ease of manner, which is characteristic of the best in English life. But she cannot quite approve the domination of the "smart set"—that new glass of fashion which has superseded the beaux and dandies of an earlier day. While she has no sympathy with "the indiscriminating exclusiveness and insolence" that marked the *ancien régime* in France, she feels that English aristocracy has gone too far "in the direction of welcoming and pandering to wealth, no matter how acquired." Her analysis of the "smart set" is somewhat caustic:

> The exact qualifications for admission into the "smart set" (to which birth or talent are certainly no passports) would appear to be rather obscure. . . . Wealth judiciously applied would seem to be the most necessary qualification to ensure the possessor's entry into a circle which is nothing if not extravagant. . . . As for the rank and file, consisting of beauties, or supposed beauties, cosmopolitans of fortune, and various grades of hangers-on, most of them have excellent reasons for setting a high value upon the position which, in many cases, it has taken them infinite pains to reach, and which it is possible may bring them very substantial advantages. To the independent and original, however, the joys of such an existence can make but a limited appeal. The "smart set," for its part, does not want them, for it sets little value upon mere intelligence without wealth. A clever financier they can understand, for some mundane benefits are pretty certain to follow in his wake. . . . London society (an expression which means nothing now) demands very different credentials of newcomers from those formerly asked. As a matter of fact, any one prepared to entertain lavishly can soon become one of its leaders, provided it is managed in the proper way.

Yet, though this daughter of the Earl of Orford and member of the famous Walpole family has a natural aversion to the *nouveaux riches,* there is no trace of condescension in her attitude toward people who deserve respect, whatever their circumstances. Indeed, she takes the pains to point out that the fortunes of some well-known peers were made in trade, and adds that science and learning have not enjoyed a sufficient amount of recognition in comparison with wealth. Lady Dorothy herself has numbered many men of real distinction among her friends. There are some interesting letters from Cobden and Darwin in this volume; she and her husband were neighbours of Cobden in Sussex and warm friends of his, at a time when he "was practically boycotted by the squirearchy" in the county. "Dicky" Doyle, the artist, was another friend; he sent her on one occasion some amusing sketches which are given in the book. It does not appear that Lady Dorothy Nevill meddled in politics after the fashion of some Englishwomen, but she was upon terms of intimacy with public men of every sort. She did much visiting in the old days, and it is easy to read between the lines that she was a welcome guest. The picture of society as it was then, with all its broad intellectual interests, certainly offers a contrast to the reign of the "smart set." With Disraeli she was evidently a great favourite; Lord Dufferin, John Bright, the second Earl of Lytton, Froude, Matthew Arnold,—these and other brilliant names sprinkle her pages. She describes Mr. Joseph H. Choate as one of the most charming among all the great lawyers she has

*Under Five Reigns. By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

known, and adds, "I have always had a great liking for the clever men whom the great Republic has from time to time sent to us." There are many anecdotes in the book which it would be agreeable to quote. Most of them are wholly good natured. But her great admiration for Disraeli does not preclude her from telling the story how, when he was once addressing the House with his customary air of assurance and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have some modesty, I hope," a voice called out, "Your hope tells a very flattering tale, I'm afraid." She admits, too, that in his early days—the days when he was the glass of fashion—the impression among good judges of character was that there was "too much tinsel about Dizzy." His notes to her show a pleasant side of his character, however. Both had a common pursuit, that of gardening.

There are those who think that the world is changing for the better; and undoubtedly there were plenty of social follies before the days of the "smart set." Yet that Early Victorian age of which Lady Dorothy Nevill writes had a certain charm now dissipated. It was far more decorous than the Georgian era that preceded it, and there was a certain simplicity about it which is rare in these days of ostentation. The impression one gathers of the writer of these reminiscences is at all events wholly delightful. Unpretentious though they are, they throw no little light upon some phases of the time of which they treat.

THE CAREFUL BUILDER AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is, of course, true that nothing in life is easier than to find fault. If you take the trouble you can prove to your own satisfaction at least that any book which comes your way is a bad book. That is why a critic, in the long run, is doing more good to the world at large and to authors in particular if he spends his time largely in pointing out the good points of a book rather than the bad ones. Nevertheless, a moment does come, every now and again, when a reviewer casts a somewhat hopeless look around him at the novels of yesterday and to-day and to-morrow, and admits that some of them are pretty bad and that a large part of them are not as good as they ought to be. He is apt to ask himself what the real trouble is. It is not merely on account of a diversity of purpose; not because one novel tries to reform the world and another merely to help kill an idle hour. It is because the unpretentious, fluffy novel is just as likely to be badly done as the novel with a purpose. Of course, in each specific case, it would be possible to run down and ferret out the individual faults. But taking a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of current fiction, much as one might take a bird's-eye view of some section of a city where new houses are springing up over night, like mushrooms, one gets an impression of a single prevailing fault, a lack of careful building.

Now, in a novel, just as in a dwelling, there is no one spot at which the necessity for care begins or ceases; good building requires care all the way through. But if you are building a row of cheap houses for speculative purposes, with the sole idea of quick sale and quick profits, you are likely to shirk the work almost anywhere. It is one of the commonest experiences to find a novel that on the whole is not badly done, but that has been built from a faulty ground plan. You feel at once that the builder knew there was some-

thing wrong, but that instead of consulting some more experienced draughtsman or of toiling a bit longer himself, he merely said, "I know that the eastern wing doesn't belong there, and the front veranda is out of proportion, and the side balcony looks like an excrescence; but I guess it will work out all right!" But the trouble is that it seldom or never does work out all right; and that is the reason why so many books, showing fairly careful craftsmanship, produce as a whole an unsymmetrical, lop-sided effect, all due to a faulty ground plan.

Or again, the ground plan may be a simple, familiar, well-worn design, reproduced over and over with the monotony of a whole row of model tenements. There is no harm in building from an old design; in fact, there are a good many advantages in doing so. Your result, in that case, depends upon the material that you put into your work, the superiority of finish which makes your particular building conspicuous among those of your neighbours. It is a question largely of well-seasoned timber, if your building is to stand the test of time—and by well-seasoned timber in a building that is constructed out of human speech and human character, we mean simply that the author must have taken time to let his knowledge of his people, of what they think and of what they say have time to mature. In fully half the novels that we read we get the impression that the conversation, instead of being the hardest, finest grained part of the work, capable of taking a high lustre, is nothing but soft, green wood, badly warped and twisted out of place.

To speak for a moment without metaphor, dialogue is only too often the stumbling block of the young novelist. Of course, dialogue at best is always a compromise. You can never reproduce with parrot-like fidelity any ordinary conversation out of real life. The tedious repetitions, the interruptions, the colloquialisms and elisions, the confusion of two or more people speaking at once in the heat of an argument—all these things would be intolerable on a printed page. Dialogue, either on the stage or in books, must, therefore, be to some extent conventionalised. But between the style of this conventionalised dialogue and the author's own narrative style there is or should be a gulf. And nothing stamps so surely the young or careless craftsman in fiction as when he makes his characters interchange ideas with the same measured cadence, the same polysyllabic vocabulary, the same unwearied length of breath that he elsewhere reserves for a pet description of a sunset or a three-page analysis of the mechanics of his heroine's emotions.

And still again, the careless builder of fiction may blunder not in his ground plan, nor in his building materials, but in the goal toward which he is working. And this perhaps is the commonest fault of all. There is many a novel that sets one in mind of certain modern gingerbread summer homes that look as though they had started out to be a mosque, changed their minds midway to a dry-goods' box, and ended up as a pagoda or a bungalow. It does not make any difference what kind of a building you are trying to make; there is solid worth and dignity in a good ice house or chicken coop or pig-pen. The main thing is to know quite clearly what you are building, even if it is a pig-pen, and to build it openly and unmistakably. But the trouble with a great many novels is that the authors have been too lazy to define their purpose even to themselves —and this is more apt to hold true in the fluffy, ephemeral type of fiction than in the more pretentious efforts. So long as the story holds together fairly well, they do not ask themselves whether they are expressing any idea of even moderate importance; and it is amusing to notice that in a good many cases they do not awaken to the absence of any definite idea until the necessity arises of finding a title for the book. Now a title, if it is to be well chosen, should not only stimulate curiosity, but should also tell the truth about the book. And it should not only tell the truth, but it should strive to tell the biggest truth that it can, either specifically or by implication. Now if a book has no idea behind it, the author may go on indefinitely groping for a title that will be good poster art on one hand and truthful on the other—but he will not find it. What good will it do him

to call his book "All for Love," if we see plainly that the hero married for money, or "The Noblest of Them All," if his people all happen to be a set of cads, or "Redeemed by Fire," if the hero and heroine are still living, in the final chapter, the same cheap, sordid, vapid lives, as in the opening pages?

Big novels are rare; so rare that it is unreasonable to take them as a standard of measure—in the same way that it would be unreasonable to measure the worth of a modest cottage by the standards of the Parthenon or St. Peter's or Giotto's Tower. But it is not unreasonable to ask that our simple, unassuming edifices of words shall be well built, and honestly built, too; that they shall show patience and deliberation and loving care; and above all, that they shall not look as though they were pretending to be something above their station. Some very modest little books, honestly built, have endured for centuries. It is your flamboyant edifice of lathe and stucco, covered with the gilding of cheap sentiment, that fails to weather a single season.

"The Broad Highway"

A good sample of a novel built upon a simple and familiar plan is *The Broad Highway,* by Jeffery Farnol. There is nothing new in the idea of a young man of birth and position who suddenly finds himself disinherited of a large fortune unless he shall, within a specified time, marry a young woman whom he has never seen; and who, sooner than comply with the conditions of the will, leaves home and leads a penniless, adventurous, vagabond life, only to find in the end that he has unwittingly met the very fate that he set out to avoid. To state the substance of the book thus is to state neither more nor less than the simple truth; and yet the statement fails to give any idea of the strength and charm and wholesome gladness of the book itself. A good deal of the humour and the tragedy of the story is due to the fact of a strong personal resemblance between the hero, student, philosopher, and recluse, and his fashionable and profligate cousin, a rival of Beau Brummel and favourite of the Prince Regent, notorious for his boxing, his duels and his debts. Our philosophic vagabond, starting off with no knowledge of the world outside the covers of his books, and with only a few shillings in his pocket, is constantly receiving from casual strangers, on his progress along the highways and byways of England, the unexpected homage of all classes and conditions of men who mistake him for his cousin. But the artificiality of this trick is too obvious to annoy the reader. It takes nothing from the real charm of the book—a charm that lies in the bright gladness of open air and warm sunshine, broad stretches of fertile land, trim lanes, neat cottages, all speaking of thrift and of contentment. There is a wealth of character drawing in the book, of simple, honest, whole-souled folk, for the most part, sketched in with a sure touch and an indulgent sympathy—and there is besides much real poetry in the idyll of our vagabond hero's meeting with Charmian, the mysterious unknown, and their sojourn together in an abandoned and haunted dwelling in the heart of ancient woods. But perhaps the simplest way of summing the book up is to say that it belongs to the class that depends almost wholly on the manner in which the thing is done, rather than on the substance of it—and it happens that *The Broad Highway* is an instance of an unpretentious thing done supremely well.

"The Lever"

Occasionally a reviewer finds himself becoming unjustly exasperated over a fairly good book for no other reason than because he sees, or thinks he sees, how narrowly the author missed the chance of doing something much better and bigger. A case in point is *The Lever,* by William Dana Orcutt. Now the theme of this book, whether the author realised it or not, is the futility of any one man's attempt to reform the world before the world is ready to be reformed. More specifically, it is a satire upon the business conditions of to-day in general and the greed of corporations in particular. The book asks us to imagine that the hero, a certain Robert Gorham, has succeeded in forming one vast trust that is gradually absorbing all other trusts and corporations in America and already

reaching across the seas to obtain international control. The principle upon which Gorham has founded his trust is that of honestly halving the profits of every enterprise between the stockholders and the general public. If the trust takes over a city trolley system and effects a twelve per cent. saving in expenses, six per cent. goes to the stockholders and the other six per cent. to the public in the shape of a reduction in fares. Gorham himself is honestly altruistic; his great mistake lies in believing that his associates and subordinates, the men he has trained and put into power, are actuated by a similar disinterestedness. He refuses to listen to warnings; he refuses to recognise the terrible danger which threatens the country in the future, if this powerful monster of his own creation passes into the control of the wrong kind of men. And above all he is blind to the fact that the man who is closest to him, the man whom he trusts as he would trust himself, is secretly labouring not merely to undermine all his work, but to wound him where he will feel it most: namely, through his love for his wife. When it is stated this way, any one can see that the story is nothing more or less than a modern version of King Arthur and his Round Table, with Launcelot's faithlessness looming ominously in the background. It is quite likely, however, that the similarity of plots never occurred to Mr. Orcutt or else he might have succeeded in holding up his own story on a higher and more sustained level. The business side of the story is well handled; the weakness of the book lies in the rather abnormal cleverness of Allen Sanford, a boy just out of college, who happens to be in love with Gorham's daughter. Alice is at her request taken into Gorham's office in order to get a business training, and with marvellous insight, unerringly reads the dishonest and selfish motives of all of Gorham's associates, who for years have successfully hoodwinked that veteran Napoleon of finance. And equally far fetched and paltry is the explanation of the dark scandal that melodramatically overhangs Gorham's wife, Eleanor, throughout the book. There is a period in her life of which she can give no account, a few weeks spent in an isolated cabin in Colorado with some mysterious stranger. Gorham's enemies make much capital out of this story and there are moments when the reader succeeds in getting himself worked up to a state of mild excitement about it. Now Eleanor is not an important or sympathetic character; nevertheless, the reader does feel rather resentful at last when he is asked to believe that the man with whom Eleanor spent those mysterious weeks was Gorham himself, that she had a dangerous illness, and that afterward, when she met him again and married him, she did not recognise him as the man who had nursed her back to life, and that through all their years of marriage he had never enlightened her. There are limits to a reader's credulity.

"Robert Kimberly"

Another current novel, in which modern business interests, conducted on a huge scale, form the background, is *Robert Kimberly,* by Frank H. Spearman. It has, however, the advantage of being a far more careful piece of fiction building. The author took the trouble to decide just what he was trying to do, and he did not make the mistake of trying to do too much. The people in the story are practically all of them concerned more or less directly in vast sugar interests in the Hawaiian Islands—and all the time, behind the action of the story, we get the impression of an intricate meshwork of business and finance, speculation and fraud; fleeting glimpses of the exotic picturesqueness of those far away plantations and the ceaseless surge and activity of the refineries. The setting of the story, however, is remote from all this. It is laid in the luxurious summer colony known as Second Lake, whose precise position in the New England States is not too definitely expressed. It is made up wholly of ultra-fashionable people whose rich dividends from sugar have made possible an artificial condition of life bordering upon the fantastic. And one of the best things in a book possessing a number of good qualities is the impression one gets of a certain unwholesomeness, an undercurrent of reckless

indulgence, a suggestion of lax morals and physical and moral excesses. But all of this is background and is never allowed to obtrude unduly. The specific story that Mr. Spearman has to tell is an often-told story of a man who loves another man's wife and forces her to own that she loves him. Most of the conditions are those familiar to this type of story. The husband is coarse, neglectful and untrue; he ends by being openly brutal. The wife is patient, forgiving and secretly miserable; the other man is depicted quite frankly as a masterful, magnetic personality, accustomed to brush obstacles aside; and when he happens to covet his neighbour's wife he does not readily give up the quest. There is a tradition in the Kimberly family that every generation must produce one wise man and one villain, and that when the brains and the wickedness shall happen to occur in the same man the race will come to an end. This combination is supposed to have taken place in Robert Kimberly, but none the less he impresses one as an extremely honest and likable sort of person, whether villain or otherwise. The distinctive feature of the book, however, lies in the manner in which Kimberly makes love to Alice MacBirney in the face of all her protestations—doggedly, persistently, almost cruelly, never resting, never owning himself defeated, and at last, forcing her, almost unconsciously, to admit her love for him. Many another novelist has shown us how a strong man may take a woman by storm; Mr. Spearman shows us how it may be done little by little, by insensible degrees, as the strength of a fortress is broken down through months of patient siege. The tragedy with which the book closes seems needlessly cruel, yet structurally it is justified. But what will be longest remembered by those who care for fine touches in fiction is not the ending but one little episode at the midway point where the woman, after persistently telling Kimberly day after day and month after month: "You must not call me Alice, I forbid you to call me Alice!" suddenly forgets all these prohibitions and blindly accepts the name, saying only, "Oh, but the trouble is I am not the Alice you think I am!" It is little touches like this that make *Robert Kimberly* a book that deserves to be read rather carefully.

"The Magnet"

The Magnet, by Henry C. Rowland, has at least this to commend it: it professes to be nothing more than it really is, a blithe, clean, whimsical extravaganza, with plenty of feminine beauty, manly persistence and the strong tonic breath of the open sea. Of course, the idea that a young man in a small open boat can successfully play tag with a large private yacht, month after month, up and down the entire stretch of the Atlantic seaboard, always discovering in advance the yacht's next destination and usually beating her into port, requires a considerable stretch of even the most elastic imagination, but unless we grant this possibility at the start, Mr. Rowland cannot tell his story, since that is the sum and substance of it. Now the owner of the yacht has three charming daughters, just crossing the borderline of womanhood; their names, Paula, Cecile, and Hermione conjure up pleasant visions of feminine loveliness of assorted types. Harold Applebo, the young man in the boat—one cannot help wishing that the author had chosen a less Gilbert and Sullivan surname—writes poems, rather painful poems, if you happen to have an ear for rhythm—but at all events they are well intentioned—to one of the three maidens on the yacht; a new instalment of them arrives by mail every time the yacht puts into port. Unfortunately, the poet, although he knows the names of the three maidens, has confused their identity, much as Little Buttercup mixed the babies up in *Pinafore* —and the light *opéra-bouffe* consequences give a merry zest to a pleasant little tale.

"The Vicar of the Marshes"

The Vicar of the Marshes, by Clinton Scollard, is an historic novel of mediæval Italy, seen vaguely through the lenses of rose-coloured romance. It deals with despotic cruelty of one Ezzelino da Romano, his vindictive hatred of the city of Padua, and more specifically of how he bided his time until he got his grip upon that city and proceeded, under a semblance of law, to bring charges against the leading noble

families and blot them out one by one with a thoroughness that required no second attempt. Now a certain Tiso de Camposanpiero happens to be the one surviving son of one of the families that Ezzolino has taken the trouble to blot out. Tiso would have been blotted out along with the rest if good luck had not delayed him over night on his homeward journey toward Padua. As it happens, he arrives only in time to see the final looting of his father's battered and dismantled house, and to form wild plans for vengeance. There is no question that his subsequent adventures are sufficiently thrilling; but they lack the stamp of probability; while as for the manner of speech in which the dialogue is couched, it exhibits a curious stiltedness, a long-winded pomposity that is neither modern English nor mediæval Italian nor any other dialect ever encountered outside the pages of the pseudo-historical novel.

"Four in Family"

It is refreshing, now and then, to take up such a frank piece of well-intentioned nonsense as *Four in Family,* by Florida Pope Sumerwell. It purports to be a family chronicle describing "how we look from where the dog sits;" but, of course, the dog who tells the story is a highly anthropomorphised dog—otherwise the book would be all dog and no story. There are just enough touches of what, by a stretch of the imagination, can be conceived as the canine point of view to give the book its distinctive humour; more of it would become tedious. To illustrate what we mean, it is distinctly in character for the dog, when he first comes as a puppy to his future home, to take it for granted that the little girl, the first child he has ever seen, is also a sort of puppy and to refer to her throughout the book as The Pup. Similarly, in describing his first experience with a cat he says: "My tail stuck out and the hair on my neck stood up like a clothes-brush. In fact, when I first saw a clothes-brush I supposed it had just seen a cat." Or again, his description of making a fire in the stove:

> When the Black Woman was in a hurry, she would catch that stove by the tail and shake it till its teeth rattled. Then she would tear off the top of its head and throw a bucket of coals right in on its red bones. After that she would jerk its mouth open and give its tail another twist, and I tell you it helped with the meals till it was red in the face.

But underneath the farce comedy of this pseudo-canine point of view, we get a pleasant glimpse of some very human people and we are made to share their joys and their anxieties, to laugh indulgently at their weaknesses and thrill with a curious and unusual tenderness over the happy outcome of some of the deeper problems of life, in a way that many a far more pretentious book utterly fails to stir us. Altogether, *Four in Family* is one of those books that are bound to make their way with or without favourable reviews—because any one who has read it is sure to buttonhole the next person he meets and quote and paraphrase the book until his hearer in sheer self-defence procures a copy for himself.

"The Great Diamond Pipe"

The Great Diamond Pipe, by John Buchan, is frankly a story of adventure, and a good adventure story which lives up to the popular demand and yet remains throughout a piece of good workmanship; which is thrilling without being sensational and dramatic without degenerating into melodrama, is one of the rarest types in fiction. Mr. Buchan possesses the strength that comes from restraint. He knows the tremendous effectiveness of a quiet style and the value of sudden and unexpected contrast. Nothing could be better calculated to catch the interest at the start than his opening chapter of *The Great Diamond Pipe:* the dreary monotony of a Scotch Sabbath; the intolerable restraint felt by three young Scotch lads at the irksome length of the dragging communion service; and the ingenuity of their plot to escape from the evening session and go on a secret trip of imaginary adventure to certain caves known, as they thought, only to themselves, down on a desolate strip of coast. And then when they grope their way through bushes and ravines and come out upon the strand, what is their amazement and panic to find their secret rendezvous in possession of a gigantic negro, who has stripped himself and in

the light of a driftwood fire that casts fantastic and ill-omened shadows is going through a series of weird and heathen incantations. And this is merely a foretaste of the spirit of the book. A diamond pipe, it should be known, is, in South African parlance, an elongated vein of diamonds, a mine, in other words, of unusual extent and richness. The young Scotch lad whom we saw in the opening chapter peering panic-stricken over the rocks at the black giant dancing mystically in the red glow, we meet again years later as a storekeeper in a lonely spot among the rolling veldts of the Transvaal; and it is here that a rumour comes to him of the fabulous wealth that is waiting for the man with the physical and moral courage to overcome the intervening dangers—and the fact that the young storekeeper has no idea beforehand either of the size or the multitude of those dangers, has much to do with giving the story its impelling sense of excitement and suspense. The story is distinctly a man's story about men. Yet it is a safe venture to say that any woman who gets well started in it will be very nearly as eager as a man to read it to the end.

THE BEST TRANSLATIONS

BY CALVIN WINTER

Part I—Famous Translations of Famous Classics

In this first paper on "The Best Translations," the point is emphasised that in the case of classic authors, the translations which have found lasting favour are those that bear the stamp of originality, often those that approach the freedom of paraphrase. In the second paper, which will appear in the April number of The Bookman, *and will deal especially with translations of the modern novelists, including Tolstoy and Zola, Maupassant, Daudet and d'Annunzio, it will be shown that the modern cosmopolitan spirit demands a different standard of fidelity, a greater closeness to the original.*



N one of the popular novels of the present season, the author, wishing to impress upon us the heroine's want of culture and of literary standards, remarks that she will read anything from works of real worth to ten-cent translations of French novels. The absurdity of this sentence is interesting only in so far as it illustrates the prevailing modern attitude in this country toward translated works. It never occurred to the author of the novel in question, any more than it will occur to nine-tenths of its readers, that a ten-cent translation of a French novel is far more likely to be a masterpiece than the great majority of current American novels that in all likelihood will never be translated into any sort of editions, ten-cent or otherwise. Now, this question of the popular attitude toward translations is not one of theory, but of fact. Any one who will take the trouble to glance through a few publishers' catalogues or the files of certain newspapers and magazines can easily satisfy himself that there is no other civilised country to-day where translations of important authors are in so slight repute as in the United States. It is a matter of common knowledge that Germany promptly reaps an annual harvest of all that is best in European literature; and German translations, although smacking somewhat of the student's lamp, are at least faithful. In France, the latest novels of the German, Sudermann; the Italian, d'Annunzio; the Spaniard, Valdès, run as serials in the *Revue*

de Paris or as *feuilletons* in the *Temps* or the *Figaro,* on an equal footing with Bourget or Marcel Prévost; while in Italy, the *Nuova Antologia* is quite as likely to give preference to a short story from the Russian of Chekov or a novel by Mrs. Edith Wharton over native productions by Pirandello or Grazia Deledda. England, although broader minded than the United States, as the long list of translations that never find an American publisher amply testify, is quite bad enough. Now this state of things has not been a permanent one; an aversion to imported literature is not one of the inborn traits of Anglo-Saxon nature—as witness the tremendous fertility and widespread influence of what we know as the Tudor Translations, which extended over nearly a century. It becomes a rather interesting question to ask ourselves what kind of translations, if any, have obtained an abiding place in our literature and to what extent our change of ideals in regard to the purpose and manner of translating has affected its literary value.

DR. JOHNSON EXPOUNDS

It was Dr. Johnson who said: "You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated." And long before Dr. Johnson, the same thought was expressed by Dante and by Cervantes, the former writing, "Know, every one, that nothing harmonised by a musical bond can be transmuted from its own speech to another without breaking all sweetness and harmony;" while a character in *Don Quixote,* speaking in general of the translators of poetry, is made to say: "With all the care they take and ability they show they will never reach the height of the original conception." The real truth, however, has been best expressed by Lowell in the following passage:

> The paraphrase is a plaster-cast of the Grecian urn; the reproduction, if by a man of genius, such as the late Fitzgerald, is like Keats's ode, which makes the figures move and the leaves tremble again, if not with the old life, with a sorcery which deceives the fancy. Of all English poets, Keats was the one to have translated Homer.

Now, whether Keats, of all English poets, was the one to have translated Homer is beside the question. But Lowell has touched the very heart of the mystery in deciding in favour of free reproduction as against literal paraphrase. Common sense, as well as the verdict of literary history, supports the contention that any translation that is to survive must be the work of somebody possessed of a certain individual bigness, somebody who himself has something to say, something original with which to replace that delicate and volatile essence that is inevitably lost in the process of transference. Of all the arts and crafts, translation is most akin to acting. The translator, like the actor, must temporarily sink his personality in that of another; he must speak not his own thoughts, but the lines that are set down for him. But every translator, like every actor, has a right to his own conception of his part; he can, so to speak, supply his own gestures, his own stage business. And if he is an actor devoid of originality, if he has no ideas to supply, no gestures of his own, no power to make his personality tell upon the stage, then at best his must be a sorry performance. And this is the real fault of so much of the translations that we get to-day.

THE FALLACIES OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

The modern attitude toward translation as a whole, and especially toward the translation of Greek and Latin classics, is nowhere better illustrated than in Matthew Arnold's well-known essay, *On Translating Homer.* In fact, this eminent critic has done so much to foster the wrong kind of translation that it seems worth while to quote in its entirety the paragraph which sums up the substance of his doctrine. He is speaking of the would-be translator of Homer:

> No one can tell him how Homer affected the Greeks, but there are those who can tell him how Homer affects *them.* These are scholars, who possess, at the same time with knowledge of Greek, adequate poetical taste and feeling. No translation will seem to them of much worth compared with the original; but they

alone can say whether the translation produces more or less the same effect upon them as the original. They are only competent tribunals in this matter; the Greeks are dead; the unlearned Englishman has not the data for judging; and no man can safely confide in his own single judgment of his own work. Let not the translator, then, trust to his notions of what the ancient Greeks would have thought of him; he will lose himself in the vague. Let him not trust to what the ordinary English reader thinks of him; he will be taking the blind for his guide. Let him not trust to his own judgment of his own work; he may be misled by individual caprices. Let him ask how his work affects those who both know Greek and can appreciate poetry; whether to read it gives the Provost of Eton, or Professor Thompson at Cambridge, or Professor Jowett here in Oxford, at all the same feeling which to read the original gives them.

Now the Provost of Eton and Professor Thompson and Professor Jowett were, beyond all question, cultured and worthy gentlemen, profoundly versed in etymology and syntax. But it is difficult to imagine any method for getting away more completely from the original spirit of the *Iliad* than so to translate it as to have it give to the average modern reader the same impression that it makes upon the typical middle-aged professor of dead languages. A translation which aims at a nearness both in word and in mood which will satisfy the linguist and the archæologist inevitably has about it something of the fault which Mr. Ernest Dowden pointed out in the case of Browning's *Agamemnon:*

A translation "literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language" may be highly desirable; it is commonly called a "crib"; and a "crib" contrived by one who is not only a scholar, but a man of genius, will now and again yield a word or a phrase of felicitous expression. But that "a translation at any cost" should be put into verse is a wrong both to the original and to the poetry of the language to which the original is transferred. . . . A glorified "crib" is necessarily a bad crib.

Now, the Matthew Arnold standards of translation are precisely those which tend to develop a school of glorified cribs. Where so forceful a personality as Browning in a measure fails, what hope is there for translators of smaller calibre? It does not make any difference what may be the purpose of the literal, erudite, uninspired version of a classic: it may be meant to sum up a life's study of some classic author, or it may have no higher purpose than to help a college freshman work off his entrance condition in the *Anabasis* or the *Orations against Catiline;* in either case, a few brief years, some new researches of German scholarship, will hopelessly antiquate it. The translations that live, the translations that we like to think of as a part of English literature, are of a different sort, they are from the pens of writers who have made their names glorious for something besides the echoing of other men's thoughts and who have insisted, even in their translations, upon remaining original. Of course, most of us could name, off-hand, just a few classic versions given to us by some of the greatest of our poets: Chaucer's borrowings from Boccaccio, Milton's translation of Horace's Fifth Ode and Pope's *Homer* are some of the instances that come to mind at once. But if we set ourselves the task to make a rather careful collection of what our great writers have done in this department, the list swells in a quite surprising way. And throughout it, the really notable fact is that the translations have a vitality and a vogue in direct ratio to the translator's spirit of independence.

THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS

A survey of famous translations naturally begins with the English versions of Homer; and these carry us back to Chapman's *Homer* and the age of the Tudor translations. It was the age which gave to England Florio's *Montaigne,* North's *Plutarch,* Philemon Holland's *Livy, Suetonius,* and *Ammianus Marcellinus;* Sallust's *Catiline* and *Jugurtha,* by Thomas Haywood, the dramatist; Golding's *Cæsar* and Richard Greenway's *Tacitus*—to mention only a few of the versions that multiplied and flourished. The dominant note in them is well expressed by Mr. Charles Whibley in an illuminating chapter in the

Cambridge History of English Literature:

The translations of Elizabeth's age are . . . unsoiled by pedantry. They do not smell of the lamp; they suggest nowhere the laborious use of the pedestrian dictionary; they call up a vision of space and courage and open air. That they are inappropriate seems no fault in them. If they replace the restraint of the classics with the colour and sentiment of romance, it is because the translators have done their work thoroughly. They have turned the authors of Greece and Rome not merely into a new language but into the feeling of another age and clime. In other words, they carry with them the lively air of brave originals. . . .

Of the three famous versions of Homer in English that by George Chapman, the Elizabethan dramatist, is easily the freest and most daring; and as we should expect to find, it is the most enduring. It has happened to no other translator, so far as I am aware, to be hailed in verse by the leading poets of his country throughout three centuries. The list of those who so honoured Chapman begins with Ben Jonson and ends with Keats and Swinburne. The merits of this particular translation have been so justly and so forcibly expressed by modern critics of such weight as Coleridge and Lowell that it seems unnecessary to do more than listen to what they have to say. Lowell, in his *Library of Old Authors,* writes; "The *Homer* of Chapman, whatever its defects, alone of all English versions has this crowning merit of being, where it is most successful, thoroughly alive. He has made for us the best poem that has yet been Englished out of Homer, and in so far gives us a truer idea of him." And similarly, in a letter to Wordsworth, Coleridge says:

Chapman I have sent in order that you might read the *Odyssey;* the *Iliad* is fine, but less equal in the translation, as well as less interesting in itself. What is stupidly said of Shakespeare is really true and appropriate of Chapman: "Mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties." . . . It is as truly an original poem as "The Fairy Queen"; it will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams or Cowper's cumbersome, most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

POPE'S ASTONISHING EARNINGS

Chapman's one serious rival in popularity measured both by time and space is Alexander Pope. Of his well-known version, couched in the satiric Queen Anne couplet, one other fact is worth remembering besides its relative value as a translation—and that is that it earned the author the highest price on record for the translation of a poem. The name of Pope's publisher was Bernard Lintot, who deserves to be remembered for the astonishingly liberal agreement which he made. He stipulated to pay Pope two hundred pounds a volume for the *Iliad*—there were six volumes in all—and to furnish free of charge all copies sold by subscription and for presents to the author's friends. Pope received altogether from the *Iliad* 5320 pounds, more than four times what Dryden made out of his version of the entire works of Vergil.

These earnings do not seem quite so disproportionate when one realises the amount of time and of nervous strain expended on the task. According to his biographer, "He told Spence that his method in translating was to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations; and lastly to give it a reading for versification only. He would do thirty or forty verses before getting up, and proceeding leisurely with his task through the rest of the morning, he says that he gradually came to translate with pleasure." Elsewhere, Pope has said more explicitly:

The *Iliad* took me up six years; and during that time, and particularly the first part of it, I was often under great pain and apprehension. Though I conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten me in the night—I sometimes still, even, dream of being engaged in that translation, and yet about half way through it, and being embarrassed and under dread of never completing it.

Regarding the value of Pope's version, critics throughout many generations have quite honestly disagreed. Gibbon, for in-

stance, holds that it is "a portrait endowed with every merit except that of likeness to the original;" and Matthew Arnold says: "I consider that when Bentley said of Pope's translation, that it 'was a pretty poem, but not to be called Homer,' the work, in spite of all its power and attractiveness, was judged." To offset these we have the verdict of Gray, that no other version would ever equal Pope's; and it is interesting to remember that Boswell records: "I mentioned the vulgar saying that Pope's *Homer* was not a good representation of the original. JOHNSON: Sir, it is the greatest work of the kind that has ever been produced." But perhaps Byron's early reminiscence comes the nearest to awakening a responsive chord in the memories of a vast number of us:

> Who can read Cowper, and who will ever lay down Pope, except for the original? As a child I first read Pope's *Homer* with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford; and children are not the meanest judges of their own language.

As for Cowper's version, which set a new record mark for literal accuracy, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell has summed up the inherent weakness of it in a way that leaves nothing further to add: "A boy would be helped more to a thieving of the proper English by Cowper's *Homer* than by Pope's. But there was not gallop enough in his nature for a live rendering; and he was too far inshore for the rhythmic beat of the multitudinous waves and too far from the 'hollow' ships."

In turning from Homer to the other classic writers, it would be interesting to dwell at some length upon the various Elizabethan translators already mentioned, on the *Thucydides* of Thomas Nicolls, the *Livy* of Anthony Cope, and (with even more reason) upon the *Suetonius* of Philemon Holland, of which Mr. Whibley remarks: "In such terms as these might Rabelais have composed the lives of the Roman Emperors."

SHAKESPEARE'S SOURCE BOOK

But most of these early and pioneer versions do not come within the scope of these articles, since they are the work of men who were translators and nothing else. There is, however, one notable exception, the *Plutarch* of Sir Thomas North, often spoken of as Shakespeare's encyclopædia of classical history. Of North himself but little is known save that he accompanied his brother once on a time, on a special embassy to France; that in the days of the Armada he took command as captain of three hundred men of Ely; and that he was once recommended by the Earl of Leicester as "a very honest gentleman and hath many good things in him, which are obscured only by poverty." As regards his *Plutarch*, we may turn once more to our authority upon the Tudor translations:

> The most famous, and perhaps the best, of Elizabethan translators is Sir Thomas North's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* (1579). That Shakespeare used it in patient obedience, borrowing words as well as plots, is its unique distinction. But if Shakespeare had never laid upon it that hand of Midas, which transmuted whatever it touched into pure gold, the version had yet been memorable. It is not Plutarch. In many respects it is Plutarch's antithesis. North composed a new masterpiece upon Plutarch's theme. As I have said, he saw Plutarch through Amyot's eye. . . . He was neither a schoolman nor euphemist. As he freed his language from the fetters which immature scholars had cast upon it, so he did not lay upon its bones the awkward chains of a purposed ingenuity. He held a central place in the history of our speech. He played upon English prose as upon an organ whose every step he controlled with an easy confidence.

"DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES"

Of the Elizabethan dramatists, Chapman stands by no means alone as a translator from the classics. Beaumont, for instance, translated the *Salmasis and Hermaphroditus* of Ovid, while Marlowe, in addition to the first book of Lucan, produced a translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, which the bishops ordered to be burned because of its licentiousness; and Ben Jonson has to his credit not only the *Ars Poetica* of Horace but, what from the popular standpoint is much more interesting, his inimitable versions of two of the odes of Horace, "Beatus ille," and "Donec gratus eram," and two of the best known lyrics of Catullus, "Vivamus, mea Lesbia," and "Quæris, quot mihi

basiationes." Furthermore, and this is a curious bit of recondite literary history, Ben Jonson's well-known lyric, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," is not merely a translation from the Greek of Philostratus, as any anthology might tell us; but it is one of the most curious bits of literary mosaic ever conceived of. You will find, if you take the trouble to look him up, that the Philostratus in question was one of three sophists of that name, that he lived in the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus, teaching first in Athens and later in Rome, and that he left a collection of seventy-three love letters in prose. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" is translated from the prose of these letters; but you will seek in vain for any continuous passage in them from which it might have come. As a matter of fact, each separate line of the poem is an almost word for word translation of a separate clause; and these separate clauses are scattered through no less than four of the letters in question. Sometimes, only a few words intervene; at other times, whole paragraphs; and even the letters themselves from which they are taken do not form a sequence. In the notes of at least one edition of Ben Jonson's works, you will find the statement that the letters from which the poem is translated are those numbered 24, 25, 30 and 31; but these are not the numbers in the most readily accessible text, that in the Teubner collection. Any one who has the curiosity and patience to run the matter down may find a pleasant afternoon's amusement by hunting out the lines one by one by help of the Index Verborum.

Previous to the present century, so Conington records, in the preface to his translation of Vergil, the extant versions of the *Æneid* outnumbered those of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the proportion of nearly three to one; while now, although versions of the Homeric poems continue unabated, scarcely any one thinks it worth while to translate the Roman epic. "It may be fairly doubted," he adds, "whether Dryden did not close the question a hundred and seventy years ago, for any one not, like himself, a poet of commanding original power." And, as a matter of fact, the matter of famous translations of the *Æneid* is one that may be briefly dismissed. The bulk of them are negligible quantities. Who, for instance, would ever remember the version of John Ogiley but for a chance mention by Swift in the *Battle of the Books?* Dryden's version leaves much to be desired; nevertheless, in a survey of famous translations of famous works there is no use trying to evade the fact that it is the one version that demands a mention. Scott, in his *Life of Dryden,* summed the matter up once for all: "He who sits down to Dryden's translation of Vergil with the original text spread before him will be at no loss to point out many passages that are faulty, many indifferently understood, many improperly translated, some in which dignity is lost, others in which bombast is substituted in its stead. But the unabated vigour and spirit of the version more than overbalance these and all its other deficiencies." And in this connection it is worth while to recall the tribute paid by Pope, who, speaking of Dryden's version of an episode of Homer, said: "Had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Vergil; his version of whom is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language."

TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE

Horace is a poet who has tempted so many English poets that even an approximate list of the translations of the separate odes, satires and epistles would fill many pages. Milton's solemn and very inadequate rendering of the fifth ode, "Quis multa gracilis," has been emulated by later versifiers, among them writers of such wide diversity as Leigh Hunt, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Eugene Field. "Persicos Odi" is another surprisingly popular ode among translators. Cowper, for instance, has left no less than two versions, while Austin Dobson has used it for one of his whimsical experiments, reducing it to the form of a triolet—in much the same spirit in which he reduces "Vitas Hinnuleo" to a rondel and "O Fons Bandusiæ" to a rondeau—while Thackeray has paraphrased it delightfully:

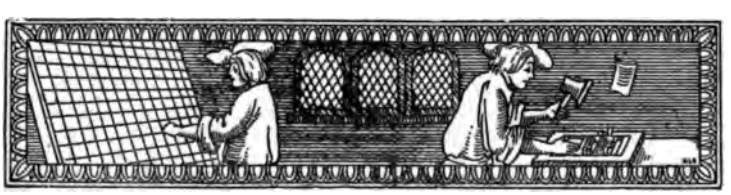
Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,
I hate all your Frenchified fuss, etc.

It is interesting to know, parenthetically, that Du Maurier attempted, as a third transformation, to turn Thackeray's verse into one of his French limericks, on the model of his "Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous, O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux," but was prevented by the difficulty of finding a rhyme.

Among the poets who are represented by translations of one or more odes of Horace, are in addition to those already mentioned, Chatterton, Congreve, Dean Swift, Lord Byron, James Beattie, Montgomery; while others not usually classed among the poets, such as Warren Hastings, Joseph Addison, Dr. Samuel Johnson and many others are represented with creditable attempts. Of complete editions of the odes the only volumes that seem to demand mention as being by persons of widespread fame are those by Bulwer, Lord Lytton, and by the late Mr. Gladstone.

A brief mention of just a few translations from the classic tragedies will close this summary. These are the translations by Robert Browning of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the *Heracles* of Euripides, contained in *Aristophanes' Apology,* and the *Alcestis,* embedded in the dramatic romance called *Balaustion's Adventure.* Of these interesting attempts Mr. Chesterton has probably given the most favourable opinion when he says of the *Alcestis,* "Browning was never more thoroughly Browning than in this splendid and unselfish plagiarism." Ernest Dowden, on the other hand, whose adverse opinion was quoted earlier in this article, is responsible for the statement that "Mrs. Orr, who tells us that Browning refused to regard even the best of Greek writers as models of literary style, had no doubt that the translation of the *Agamemnon* was partly made for the pleasure of exposing the false claims made on their behalf."

A very different verdict has hailed the Greek versions of Fitzgerald, whose high position as a translator will be considered at greater length when we come to speak of the *Rubaiyat.* For the moment, it is enough to mention that, having finished the *Agamemnon,* he turned his attention to the *Choephoroi,* which he never completed, and afterward to the two *Œdipuses* of Sophocles, which after remaining in the rough for fifteen years were printed by him at the urgent request of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. To the end of his life, he could never make up his mind which of these favourite Greek tragedies he preferred. "Oh, those two *Œdipuses!*" he would exclaim. "But then, oh, that *Agamemnon!*"



SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

General De Piépape's "A Princess of Strategy"*

The rich field of French biography seems inexhaustible, and each new one is as colourful as the last. Very entertaining is the book which bears the somewhat misleading title of *A Princess of Strategy*. It is an accomplished narrative made thoroughly readable in an easy translation—one which gives no sense of an intermediary between you and the author. As often before, one asks on closing the volume, "Why is it so delightful to know these people?" Is it that they were not afraid to speak their own minds, lead their own lives, and play with all their hearts for their coveted stakes? Or is it merely because the material of their biographies is in itself enticing to pallid Anglo-Saxons and gives a fillip to tamer and more circumspect blood? Be what it may—here is a brilliant simpleton, a calculating mad-cap, a heartless benefactress, a doll of sawdust and yet of initiative, who lives vividly again for us in these pages and wrests her tribute of reluctant admiration for her misplaced pluck and of reluctant sympathy for her human failings.

The granddaughter of the great Condé, says the author, had his flashes of genius together with his violence, haughtiness, and undisciplined imagination. He was highly exasperated when all his grandchildren turned out so diminutive. "At this rate," cried he, "they will soon come to nothing at all!" Mademoiselle de Charolais, being a midget, was also precocious and took up literary and scientific studies at fifteen; but in spite of her omnivorous reading she was too frivolous to be thoughtful. The Duc du Maine, to whom her father married her, was the son of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan. He was brought up by that strict moralist, Madame de Maintenon; who, having picked out for him one of the Condé dwarfs, set about conquering the aversion of both the young man and the king to the marriage. Louis was finally won over because of his mad secret project of bringing about a fusion between his illegitimate children, whom he heaped with privileges, and his royal race; and the Duke was persuaded to accept the hand of the young lady because she was an inch less short than her sister. The little hop-o'-my-thumb who thus became the Duchess du Maine, says the author, looked upon the marriage as a happy escape from a tyrannical father and a down-trodden mother; but she subsequently recognised bitterly the difference between a legitimate princess and an illegitimate prince. The alliance was not popular at court and the young bride had plenty of opportunity to sharpen her wits upon disagreeable people, and indeed she proved so fiery a little body that they soon became fearful of crossing her.

Fortunately for them, however, she soon wearied of the exacting dissipations of Versailles and Marly. It much better suited her to retire to a sort of Watteau arcady, where she could amuse herself with lavish pastoral entertainments and play Lady Bountiful to the countryside. Having tasted of this enchanting life, she inveigled her husband into purchasing for her the huge palace of Sceaux as a more imposing stage for her revels. But at a time when society regarded purity as a mere convention, her own conduct was never in this respect unbecoming; and with all her splendours she did not lose the love of study or her desire to play Mæcenas to her generation as her grandfather had done before her. She had the secret of attracting to her court the *beaux-esprits*. She made Malézieu work out the details of her theatrical performances and Genest write masques and madrigals for her, and carried Fontenelle and Voltaire in her train. To the latter the road to Sceaux was more familiar than any other throughout thirty years.

Rather early in her reign there, the Duchess found she had as a sort of lady's maid a short-sighted girl who could not sew a sleeve decently into a chemise but

*A Princess of Strategy. Translated from the French of General de Piépape by J. Lewis May. London and New York: John Lane.

was able nevertheless to extricate her by quick diplomacy from a difficult position. It soon dawned upon the mistress what an excellent secretary this wide-awake and intelligent young person would make. And so Rose de Launay, afterward Madame de Staäl, became a Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to the Duchess and her coterie.

Upon their pastoral revels the shadow of the State began to fall—for Louis in his dying hours had (thanks to the influence of Madame de Maintenon) brought the crown within reach of the Duc du Maine, the elder of his natural sons, by entrusting to him rather than to the Duc d'Orleans the education of the little dauphin. But once the king was dead, Orleans asserted his rights and the legitimated Duc du Maine found himself deprived not only of his guardianship but his direction of the establishment of Louis XV. Thereupon Madame du Maine bundled the muses out of Sceaux and gave her soul and body up to politics. Against the Regent she began to spin a conspiracy woven alike out of her ambitions and her romances. She moved to Paris and her new abode became a cave of intrigues, which she prosecuted with more energy than common sense. She set to work to gather in the malcontents, to correspond with Madrid, to slander the Regent and his adherents, and to coquette with the National Assembly. The Duke knew of her plans but he lacked the decision either to further or oppose them. The Spanish Prime Minister, furious at the Regent's opposition to the Spanish treaty, made himself believe that all France was willing to rise up against him and that a conflagration might be kindled with the aid of the Duchess, "that she-devil with her paint and powder, her patches and her hoops." But the end of it was that the Duke found himself stripped by the Regency of all the rights and privileges of a prince of the blood, and had to give up his apartments at the Tuileries. The Duchess smashed all the furniture to atoms and turned her old tactics to a new course. She would set up the King of Spain as regent, and make her husband his agent; and Rose de Launay became one of the most skilful assistants in her new conspiracy. Although her instruments were ludicrously lacking in *savoir-faire* and although the Duchess paid as much attention to the style of her correspondence as to its matter, still the plot began to gather shape. She won over a section of the nobility, the whole of Brittany, and the Parliament of Paris. The Duke summoned up enough courage to give his wife a lecture, but the Duchess continued her audacious machinations almost in broad daylight; and as she strewed her indiscretions everywhere, the palace refused to take her rebellion seriously. It was only fitting that such a comic-opera conspiracy should be at last defeated by two long-armed coincidences which smack of the theatre of Bulwer-Lytton. A secretary of the Spanish Ambassador babbled to a woman of the town, who, alert for the main chance, went to the Minister of Police; and the conspirators threw about their confidences with the abandon of that idiotic stage band in *Richelieu*. As a consequence, the Bastille opened its gates to seven score prisoners. But the Duchess as she saw her house toppling in ruins, merely paled beneath her rouge and went on playing cards with her guests. The first of her household on which punishment fell was Rose de Launay, who went to the Bastille. Then her husband was taken at Sceaux, and he wrote to his sister, "They ought not to put me in prison but in a straight-jacket for allowing myself to be led thus by my wife." A few days afterward she was removed to Dijon, where with her nephew as jailer, her demeanour was that of a dethroned queen. After a year of incarceration her mother prevailed upon her to address a complete confession to the Regent. In this she scornfully asserted that her husband's timidity had made him blameless. The Duchess was liberated, and four nobles of Brittany were executed at the hour when, returned to Sceaux, she was once more assembling her court about her. Cured forever of politics, she reassumed her rôle of wit and patroness and ushered in again her nights of splendour.

From the Bastille Mademoiselle de Launay—after resisting all attempts to betray the actors in the conspiracy, and playing there the charming love-idyll of

which she was both heroine and innocent victim—returned to Sceaux. The Duchess frostily gave her shelter, and that is all she got for her devotion. But in later years her mistress, visited with some qualms of remorse, married her off to the Baron de Staäl. It was an excellent arrangement, for by it she kept the indispensable Baronne at her side in Sceaux. Madame continued a princess to her finger-tips and illumined everything with her wit. Her court became far more celebrated than before and attracted even crowned heads. The days of her age were merely the days of her youth over again and she was still overwhelmed with poetical tributes. Voltaire, once more an outcast, accepted again her ever-ready hospitality and, though occasionally audacious, played the rôle of sycophant until Frederick the Great offered him a more imposing refuge.

Yet people at seventy, however liberal, rarely contract new friendships and the ranks of her loyal retainers were sadly failing. Madame de Staäl (who was not at all grateful to the Duchess, and had little reason to be) wrote to a friend that her hostess displayed complete indifference at the death of people who, when alive, would have made her shed tears had they come a quarter of an hour late to cards. And that lady was quietly preparing to open a salon in Paris with the remnants of Sceaux when the death of the Duchess should send them scampering, but it was for her death came instead. The Duchess went on resisting the invasion of the years and still endeavouring to divert herself with newcomers. At the age of seventy-seven she struck her colours. She had long since passed from the great world, and even the little world of Sceaux had now quite dwindled, and thus it would have sent her into one of her old tantrums to find that her departure made little comment.

Her court had been too esoteric to leave much of a mark on eighteenth-century literature, but it was brilliant and refined and infinitely superior in manners and customs to the Palais Royal and Versailles. It is as chatelaine of Sceaux and ringleader of the Cellamare conspiracy and the companion of Madame de Staäl —says the author—that she demands the attention of both literary and historical students. But she was, and is, quite capable of demanding and getting the attention of anybody.

Algernon Tassin.

II

The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*

In a certain delectable fairy tale, there was a little man made of white paper, with a huge blank book in which he looked up triumphantly every subject under the sun. "Oh, here you aren't," he would say, turning the printless pages; adding with a scholarly smile, "It's the completest system on record. I look for the things that ought to be in it." Now, that is just our natural attitude toward anthologies: we look for the things that ought to be in them. If we are less satisfied than the Hole-Keeper with a blank page at the point of desire, we are for the moment no less satisfied though all other pages than the particular one for which we happen to be seeking should be blank; and therein lies the peculiar difficulty of the anthologist. People do not as a rule read an anthology; they may do so, if the book is precious through and through; but in general, each of us demands only to find there certain favourite pieces which elsewhere would be less easily accessible; and finding these, he cares not a straw what the rest may be, if only the volume is not too bulky for convenience. He is glad enough to chance upon some new acquaintance now and then, in the process of renewing the old; otherwise, it is nothing to him whether or no the book maintains a high artistic standard, or scholarly represents the trend of a literature or the achievement of an author. The anthology wherein every man finds what he wants is therefore perfect unless it be unreasonably voluminous. The editor's first concern is to put in what will be wanted or welcomed. What to leave out is a question of mere mechanical crowding, only secondarily a question of merit; and with making a

*The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse. Selected and edited by W. Macneile Dixon. London: Meiklejohn and Holden.

balanced or representative selection he need not be concerned at all; for an anthology is not a text-book, and the reader of normal and catholic culture is commonly a better anthologist than the scholar.

Certain poets (like Wordsworth), of whose work the mass is unpopular and a few pieces familiarly loved, shine brightest in selections; and many single poems of unknown or unfamiliar authorship depend upon such volumes for very life. In this view, Scottish literature may not unfairly be called a literature of anthologies, at least in respect to its Poetry. Except Burns, there are few Scottish poets whose whole work is or need be generally known; but there is a great bulk of lyric and ballad, either anonymous or the occasional bright flash of little lights, more beautiful and more national than anything of its kind in our tongue. Scott and Stevenson stand with Dickens and Mr. Kipling; even Burns, outside of his own country, is felt rather as a strange figure in English literature than as the chief representative of another literature; but the whole Scottish people, nameless and unnumbered, have been singing since the days of Chaucer and King James such songs as neither England nor even Ireland can match in anything like equal quantity. It is above all a literature of tradition; and the anthology is really the modern heir and repository of literary tradition, reduced to the permanence of printed form.

The task of making *The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse* was thus in some sort more difficult and more valuable than the making of its English and Irish counterparts. There was an embarrassing wealth of material from which to choose, and of material especially demanding preservation in such volumes. And this task has been in the main successfully fulfilled. What faults the book has are entirely due to a mistaken endeavour toward a scholarly representation of Scottish literature as compared with British, and toward a characteristic representation of certain poets. There is something too much of William Dunbar: not that his poetic power is called in question, but because few will look for his poems and fewer welcome them unawares. Among the ballads, a few such as "Edom o' Gordon," "Clerk Sanders," and "Helen of Kirconnel," which are in every ballad-book, need hardly have been included, Scottish though they be. There was hardly any reason for reprinting "Tam O'Shanter" in the room of several songs by Burns no less popularly desired. The selections from "Marmion" are ill-chosen because they are unfamiliar. There is too large a proportion of very recent lyrics, and too little of the better work of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. But the only legitimate objection to the inclusion of any or all of these is that they crowd out material for which more people will seek or in which people will find pleasanter surprise. Thus it was well to print an earlier and less familiar version of "Annie Laurie," but it was a mistake to print that version instead of the one which everybody knows; both should have been included, or scholarship should have yielded to tradition. Thus also the translations from the Gaelic might well have been spared, since they would never have been missed, and at best fail to convey the flavour of the originals. But the only reason for sparing them would have been to make room for more old songs from Herd and Ramsay, more of the contemporary Jacobite lyrics, and more of such singers as Hogg and Fergusson and Cunningham and Lady Nairn. And after every fair objection has been made, the book remains probably the most comprehensive single anthology of Scottish poetry. Many will find in it all that they look for, passing over with indulgence what may satisfy the quest of some one else; and a few will find in it from time to time some beauty hitherto unknown, but henceforward to be familiarly remembered. *Brian Hooker.*

III

Edwin Foley's "The Book of Decorative Furniture. Its Form, Colour and History"*

This massive and sumptuous work is, or will be when it is completed, a veri-

*The Book of Decorative Furniture. Its Form, Colour, and History. By Edwin Foley. Illustrated. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

table encyclopedia of domestic furniture in all ages. Its specific aim, as stated by the author, is to depict the essential characteristics of: 1. British Domestic Woodwork, from the period of the introduction of the printing-press into England and the building up of the English home-life, to the commencement of the nineteenth century. It embraces, therefore, the woodwork eras of Oak, Walnut, and Mahogany, the late Gothic, Tudor, Stuart, Queen Anne, William and Mary, and Georgian periods, giving due prominence to the productions of the great eighteenth century designers, Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and their contemporaries. Many of the examples are chosen from collections of colonial furniture in America.

2. French Woodwork, of the same period, with special preference to the masterpieces of the famous *ebenistes* and *ciseleurs*, who produced the sumptuous modes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

3. Italian, Flemish, German, Spanish, and Oriental Interior Woodwork.

In carrying out this programme, the method pursued is chronological, that is, the author instead of taking up each country in turn, passes back and forth cross the boundaries in the attempt to follow the larger currents of fashion and taste as they arose and spread over the whole civilised world. Always, however, the starting point is England. Thus the Renaissance is first considered in its Tudor adaptation. Then, under the general head of "Continental Contemporaries of the Late Gothic and Tudor Periods," come chapters covering the Renaissance in Italy, France, Spain and Portugal, the Netherlands and Germany, to from 1589 to 1603. Thereupon intervenes a chapter upon "The Stuart Period, 1603-1688," followed by a resumption of the broken threads of the Continental Renaissance movements to the end of the general period. In this section occurs "The First Chapter on Colonial Furniture in America, 1607-1783."

Of course on purely scientific grounds this grouping of the history of furniture about England is inexact and unsatisfactory, since English furniture has always been more or less derivative, from the days when the Roman colonists imported their domestic fashions from the capital of the world, and the returning Varangians and Crusaders brought styles of chairs and other pieces of furniture from Constantinople and the Orient, to to those when the great artists of the eighteenth century found their models in the productions of the French and Flemish cabinet-makers. Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton were in one sense merely imitators of the French rococo designs which they adapted, though the originality which they brought to this work of assimilation of alien styles raises them to a position of complete independence. But the purely scientific method is not always the best or the wisest, and as Mr. Foley is writing for an English and American audience, there is complete justification in thus beginning with what is familiar and accessible to the majority of his readers, and then passing upwards to its more remote sources. Certainly such a method takes from his treatment of his subject any dryness that it might possess for the general public and that is far from possessing for Mr. Foley himself. "There are," he says, "two ways of knowing a piece of furniture. One, utilitarian, prosaic, superficial, and withal dreary, as a mere detail, tool, or item of existence—a table at which to eat, a chair to sit upon, 'only this and nothing more.' The other way is to know it as a whole, not only its purpose, but its evolution, history, romance; the origin of this piece of ornament, the reason of that previously unconsidered shape, its beauties as well as its defects. The latter is the vitalising interesting method, and my aim and hope will be to infuse its spirit into our book of furniture modes; by its aid we see that the furniture of bygone days often significantly mirrors the political, social, and ethical ideas of its time."

It is in consonance with this theory of the larger human and social theory of furniture, that he has drawn up charts of British woodwork styles, with French and other correlations and with the most varied correlative data as to literature, art, and politics in each period. Every one knows, for example, the value of Hogarth's pictures as a gloss on domestic

life and furnishings in Georgian times, and from this can determine the value of such a synthethic method carried to its extreme limits in the study of historic furniture as a whole. In fact Mr. Foley writes from that full mind and with that delightful enthusiasm which can give interest to any study, no matter how abstract, and can open wide vistas of moral and intellectual significance. And since the associations of furniture are so intimate and far-reaching, it is no wonder that he has written a work of extreme fascination for all for whom life itself, in its myriad manifestations and transformations, is of supreme interest. Thus the study of the table transports us at once into the midst of mediæval social life when the table was a mere trestle, or board, placed upon upright supports so that it could be easily taken down and removed to the side of the room after the feast to make place for the dancers. The table, indeed, was always "the board" in early times, the word "table," itself, in all its varied use and application, never by any chance having reference to the article to which it is now applied. Similarly the term and the office of the architect were alike unknown anterior to a relatively late time, the planning of a building usually having been left almost entirely to the artist craftsmen who possessed the traditions of their trade and who kept informed as to current movements of taste. The influence of this practice is seen in cabinet-making in England even as late as the eighteenth century, when the finest furniture was designed and executed by men who today would not rank above mere artisan executants. Thus Chippendale himself was but a commercial manufacturer, and his famous book was merely a catalogue of the styles he was prepared to execute and supply to gentlemen. He was far from being an artist in the modern sense of the word, or from approaching the problem of domestic furniture in the spirit, let us say, of William Morris. With the Adam brothers a change takes place, and we find this famous firm undertaking the complete decorating and furnishing of palatial homes, and acting as intermediaries between their employers and the cabinet-makers, like Sheraton, with whom gentlemen of taste had previously been accustomed to deal direct, having their own share in the designing of styles to suit their individual fancy.

Further to humanise his subject, Mr. Foley does not hesitate to introduce the traditions that attach to famous individual pieces of furniture, particularly those that he depicts in coloured plates after his own designs and that he has selected out of the wealth of *mobilier* in the museums and private homes of England and the Continent. These coloured plates are, perhaps, the weakest feature of the work, in spite of the loving care he claims to have bestowed upon them. To hit upon the right method of representation, between an impressionistic sketch and a drawing so detailed as to lose all artistic value is, indeed, as he says, difficult. That his solution is not altogether satisfactory, does not, however, arise exclusively from these intrinsic limitations. Part of the failure to attain an entirely pleasing result may be attributed to the coarseness of the colour process employed, which often forces the total effect most unpleasantly, but part also must be laid at the door of the artist himself, who is far from possessing the skill to give a subtle interpretation of surfaces and textures for which it would need the magical brush of a Vermeer. At best these plates are but crude equivalents of the reality, and it would seem wiser if the author-artist had contented himself with photographs. Mr. Foley's own work in black and white, about a thousand specimens of which adorn the text, is better, but even it is of a rather coarse and amateurish execution, which makes one think with regret of the finely executed engraved plates, showing so delicately every detail of design, in the cabinet-maker's catalogues of the eighteenth century in England.

Horatio Hart.

IV

Marguerite Audoux's "Marie Claire"*

A few years ago the Goncourt Acad-

*Marie-Claire. Roman. Par Marguerite Audoux. Préface d'Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier.

emy refused to allow women to compete for its rich prize. The result was that a prize of equal value was established by the Paris publication, *La Vie Heureuse,* for women writers, its award being entrusted to a new feminist academy. And now, so things have changed in a little space, the world has lately had the spectacle of the two bodies striving to do honour to the work of an unknown woman, an obscure little seamstress, Marguerite Audoux, whose novel, *Marie-Claire,* is the reigning sensation of the hour. Publicity has played its part well in the present case, and there are few who have not read of the way in which the writer began her literary career, turning to the pen when she was forced to lay down the needle through fear of threatened blindness, and of the sensation produced upon her when she learned of her amazing success: "I wept," she is reported to have said, "I felt at first only a great torment, a great terror, a formidable solicitude; I had the impression that I had become famous too quickly, like a great criminal." Was there in this instinctive revolt a just premonition? Is her reputation of that mushroom variety that will wane as rapidly as it sprang up and spread, filling the world over-night? She is preparing to go on with the task she has begun, and other books doubtless will follow this first. Will they be of the same quality? That remains to be seen. One thing is certain. They will be conceived and executed under conditions far different from those which attended the birth of the first work of her imagination. This was the product of a long incubation carried on in the profound silence of her own soul. Modern methods of literary exploitation, however much they may sense the value of a work thus produced, are scarcely likely to encourage the repetition of the process. They seek rather to force by the artificial pressure of vanity and of business necessity. Will she be permitted to spend ten years on the next book, as M. Mirbeau in his rapt and reverential preface, tells us she spent upon this one, in giving delicate shape to each sentence, in ridding the texture of the fabric of every common and colloquial form of diction? It seems hardly to be hoped. Yet it is in this exquisitely elaborated simplicity of manner that lies all, or nearly all, that makes of *Marie-Claire* a rare and lovely little work of art. (Parenthetically, one may be permitted a prelusive shudder at the havoc that is likely to be wrought upon the tender and elusive charm, so intimately verbal, by a hasty translation of a book that would take quite as long to render into perfect English, word by word, as to create the original.) There was a time, it is true, when it was as easy and natural for the French genius to produce masterpieces of the order of *Marie-Claire* as to breathe the air. But that was in the eighteenth century, when Diderot wrote his *Religieuse* and his essay on woman—Mlle. Audoux's sensibility and refined naturalism make one think at once of that writer—and the occasional triumphs of the nineteenth and twentieth century in artistic prose, have been achieved with a laborious and agonising effort that proves the disappearance of a method, once the common heritage of all writers, analogous to that, the loss of which Fromentin bemoans, in comparing the tentative and uncertain proceedings of modern painters with the direct and unhesitant facture of the Dutch artists. That, however, the author of *Marie-Claire* has made the recovery, at whatever pains and with whatever unconsciousness, of a style at once pure and plastic, conserving a chaste reverence for form and yet permitting the most delicate and evasive stirrings of sensibility to give warmth of expression to every word and phrase, there can be little doubt. M. Mirbeau, who is not a critic, but who, like Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, possesses an intuitive perception of certain vital qualities which, while it may lead him to exaggerate the exclusive significance of these, is rarely deceived within its own sphere, does not go too far when he remarks in the work its simplicity, its truth, its elegance, its depth, and its novelty. "All here is in its place, things, landscapes, people. They are indicated, designed, by a single stroke, the stroke necessary to render them living and unforgettable. The reader never wishes another in its place, so just, picturesque, coloured, in its proper plane,

is that which the author has employed."

Tremulous, sensitive grace and beauty constitute the impression that one brings away from *Marie-Claire,* yet the material from which the simple and unexciting little story is wrought is sufficiently sordid and unpromising. It is merely the autobiographic account of an orphan who, after her years in the convent asylum, is sent to a farm where she becomes a shepherdess, then enters domestic service with another rural family from which she escapes, after intolerable humiliation, to return to the convent kitchen, and finally, facing a dreary life of loveless dependence, impulsively takes the train for Paris. There, on the last page, we leave her just at the point where another story would naturally begin. In all these episodes the author shrinks from none of those harsh and repellent details either of ugly passions or of physical coarseness and brutality, that have attracted writers of the naturalistic school and that have so profoundly coloured the view of life which they present. But Mlle. Audoux has completely subdued and subjugated these things to the service of art, not by any brilliant virtuosity of description, as in the case of Huysmans, who vies with Rembrandt in his jewelled account of a side of raw beef, but by a simple grace of contour in the phrase which seems to correspond with a similar grace of spiritual vision in the eye that sees these things in a perfect relation to inner experience. Marie-Claire is not one of those fantastic and fanciful children who see life falsely as a fairy-tale. She has, it is true, her moments of imaginative escape from her daily unpoetic surroundings. But the charm of her representation arises from the clear, level gaze with which she sees this daily life in all its bare, unrelieved crudity, while adding to it something unconsciously drawn from the secret depths of her own ardour and intensity, passionate yet crystal-clear. A realisation of the continuity and movement of the inner life through the sights and experiences of the outer—such, indeed, would seem the proper characterisation of this book where a revery fed with feeling is alone sustained and complete, and where the scene is rendered by sensations, and the surrounding mesh of complex human life is revealed, as in the case of Sister Marie-Aimée, by tragic suggestion.

The mode of the book is the mode of memory, and one would divine in it the autobiographic element even without the knowledge that the author herself tended sheep on a farm in Sologne, and discovered in a garret a torn and discoloured copy of *Télémaque,* which she read at odd intervals in her tasks. Life, therefore, has aided the poor Parisian seamstress to write this book. Imagination has doubtless played its shaping part in the record of her experiences. But such a book can be written only once. Is her imagination sufficiently powerful to assert itself independently in the next—to create everything, including life itself? This is a question even more fundamental than that concerning the rapid utilisation of a style acquired through slow and laborious evolution from crude notations of fact to finished phrases in a single piece of work. Neither question need, however, disturb one much at the present moment. It is enough to enjoy the delicious series of evocations which long brooding and loving care have brought to rounded and subtle realisation. It is enough to wander over the misty meadows with the little shepherdess who counts her charges with an anxious eye, and who one day, from their terror-stricken huddled mass, sees the yellow wolf slink swiftly away to the woods with a sheep in his mouth, while she stands by unable to move or to turn her gaze of spellbound fascination from the dark and mysterious forest. It is a fresh and fragrant revival of the pastoral spirit, this charming book, with its homely, bucolic record of farm-life tempered by a refined and sensitive responsiveness to natural grace, beauty, and significance. There is not the least trace of anything artificial or affected in all this, however much it may reflect her avowed literary preferences. There is no trace of a deliberate attempt to offset the effect of so many books that have revealed the brutal and sordid side of French rusticity. If her simple farmfolk, Sylvain, Pauline, Eugène, Bibiche,

and the rest, are kindly souls who love Marie-Claire instead of treating her harshly, it is not because she has sought consciously to idealise their originals of a set purpose, but because she has also her share of that insight and sympathy which animated a Virgil or a Theocritus, and because, like them, in her way, she is an artist, loves beauty, and knows how and where to find it or to create it, for the sake of lovely pictures and harmonies.

W. A. Bradley.

V

H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli"*

"Love and fine thinking"—that is the phrase which Mr. Wells's modern statesman strikes out as expressing his final synthesis. In the super-subtle mood induced by reading Mr. Wells the words may be stretched to cover his own work. No more cunning, analytical brain exists in England. Fine thinking is without question one of his major passions. And he is persistently yet restlessly erotic. It is a curious combination of qualities that is more or less evidenced in nearly all of his books. In *The New Machiavelli* the two motives are the warp and the woof of the texture.

The cleverness of the idea cries out for admiration. A young English statesman, spokesman for the dominant political ideas of the near future, is disgraced and exiled on the threshold of his real career because, being married, he had learned to love. Still in young manhood, smarting under the sting of defeat, even while he knows all that he has gained in the fulfilment of his desire, he sits down to write the story of his evolution from a crudely thinking politician to a statesman. The subtle Italian courtier is his model. But two vast differences in the stateman's problem have come about in four centuries. The first: "The old sort of Prince, the old little principality has vanished from the world." And the second is not less momentous: "We are discovering women. It is as if they had come across a vast interval since his time, into the very chamber of the statesman."

So, while Mr. Wells builds up in the brain of Richard Remington his new vision of statecraft, he unfolds also the life of a modern man to whom human passion is, after all, the one great thing. There have been political novels enough, but few in which the balance has been so well maintained. The fusion is not perfect, but it is hard to say whether in the end the personal or the public motive is strongest.

Whether Mr. Wells's newest political ideas will stand the acid test may be questioned without disparagement of their power to stimulate thought. Restlessness, change are in the essence of his being. Not long ago he wrote a book which, while it broke away from the orthodox socialist position in many respects, was nevertheless accepted by socialists as a fair exposition of their creed. Since then much water has passed under London Bridge and many ideas have seethed in that cunning cockney brain. In Richard Remington's evolution this most autobiographic of novelists has sketched his own soul's progress. Beginning with vast, vague humanitarian ideals, he enlists naturally under the Liberal banner, with the party of Progress. Socialism seems to offer a handle, which he grasps, only to learn that it will not move humanity to the higher level on which he would place it. By successive analyses, penetrating more and more deeply to the core of things, he comes to a belief in Aristocracy, the potency of the few exceptional souls—a Nietzschean Aristocracy, sweetened and perhaps sentimentalised by an altruistic devotion to the welfare of the many. To co-ordinate the efforts of the fittest into one great, unified constructive effort for the betterment of the race—this is the final dream of our political reformer. And the tool on which, as a practical statesman, he lays hold as fittest to accomplish the first stroke is his Bill for the Endowment of Motherhood—which involves the independence of woman, the control of all great educational forces in the common interest, and the breeding of fit children for the future State. And then, at the moment when this programme for the purification of society is to be put to the

*The New Machiavelli. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

triumphant test, its champion goes down in the mire of domestic scandal!

For, side by side with the growth of the statesman, goes the growth of the man. In nothing else is Mr. Wells so characteristically himself as in his attitude toward the question of sex. In it there is nothing either of prudery or of lasciviousness, but there is a morbid passion to strip the thing of its mystery, to get down to facts. The better part of the man is not artistic, but scientific, in spite of his great artistic gift. His curiosity just misses vulgarity by its entire honesty. With a candour which will cause some flinching, he tells the story of a man's experience in meeting the great problem —the experience of an exceptional, but none the less normally constituted man. And it is because the lover and the statesman are one and the same that the book has significance. Remington begins his career disillusionised, robbed of his early idealisation of sex, believing that it has nothing to do with the stern work of the world; and at last he finds sex inextricably woven into the fabric of the State, finds it the substance of his own life and the heart of all his plan and work.

Not as a contribution to political theory, then, is *The New Machiavelli* to be taken. It is the story of a man working in political stuff—a man never free from the most human limitations, often puerile and almost contemptible, still growing, discarding old ideas and seeking new ones. Out of it all comes a curious sense that what ought to be a great book is merely transitory. Ten years from now, one reflects, it will be forgotten as surely as Mr. Wells will have outgrown its ideas. But for the moment it is one of the most suggestive, one of the most stimulating of histories.

Ward Clark.

VI

Rheta Childe Dorr's "What Eight Million Women Want"*

This volume by Mrs. Dorr is a suggestive contribution to the printed knowledge about what women are doing at the present moment to improve the home and to extend its influence and significance. For the first time in history women are making to some extent a concerted and conscious effort to influence all public structures and conditions which immediately or eventually affect the home. And what does not affect the home? Factory conditions, playgrounds, dance-halls, labor legislation, habits and morals of boys and girls, morals and ideals of men, even the widest political policies, reacting as they are supposed to do on human welfare, have a final effect on the home. Woman's sphere being the home, her sphere is the whole of society, for society is the large home in which children are reared, and that all the institutions and conditions within society should be favourable to the best growth of boys and girls is seen by many modern women to be the condition *sine qua non* of good homes in the old sense of the word. For, in the long run, the little is dependent on the big, the part on the whole.

Mrs. Dorr traces interestingly the growth of the woman's club, which was, at the start, merely a slight social or cultural function, in the banal sense of these words. She shows the successive steps taken by organisations of women to exert public influence, and gives many illuminating examples—all the way from the first attempts to secure playgrounds in ugly towns to effective influence on child and labour legislation, and finally to agitation for the vote, in which these women see an effective agency for protecting and benefiting the home.

One of the principal obstacles in the remaining opposition of many men and many women to the wider activities, including political activity, of women, is æsthetic. There has been a tradition, weaker now but still strong, to the effect that the suffragette, the "new" woman, etc., is an unattractive creature, that her activities render her "masculine" and angular and generally unsightly, both physically and spiritually. Knowledge of these women would quickly dispel this delusion. On the average, the "new" woman is more interesting than the "old," even from an exclusively masculine point of view; more alive, more interested,

*What Eight Million Women Want. By Rheta Childe Dorr. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

therefore more exciting materially and æsthetically. Ibsen felt this, for all of Ibsen's vital characters are women, and all are "new" women. And all his men are uninteresting, all conservative pillars of the "old" society, the old conventions and false poetry.

Mrs. Dorr's implied attitude toward men—and I imagine this attitude is shared by thousands of women—is natural, but unphilosophic. These women are woman-conscious. There is an analogy between them and the politically and economically class-conscious men of the labour movement—socialists and others. The socialists and the class-conscious trade-unionists commit themselves to an attitude which from an absolute point of view is both false and inhuman. Class struggle is unideal and it does not explain all history.

And yet this woman-conscious and this class-conscious attitude has great usefulness. To be effective, injustice seems to be sometimes necessary, in order vehemently to call attention to an evil condition. Men are not responsible for women's wrongs or for the evils of society, but perhaps it is well for the present that many women should believe so, in order to lend to their good social activities the strength given by moral indignation and a burning sense of injustice. It is well also, probably, that there should be class-conscious activities, for reasons of effectiveness. Warfare needs weapons, and the social passions of limited groups have always tended to form an ethic and a philosophy inexact and unjust, but for the moment necessary.

Just so, men with a long vision will smile at and sympathise with woman-conscious women.

Hutchins Hapgood.

THE REAL WAGNER MEMOIRS*

BY ALBERT BANSELOW



HE biographers of Richard Wagner, prominent among them C. F. Glasenapp and H. S. Chamberlain, mention the fact that the great Bayreuth master left behind a comprehensive personal memoir, which would at the proper time be given to the world. Yet the sceptical public has doubted the existence of any such important autobiographical work; or if they acknowledged the existence of memoirs of Richard Wagner's life, believed them to have been written not by the master himself but by Frau Cosima Wagner. This scepticism, enforced by the mysterious obscurity which has shrouded the *Autobiography,* can now be dispelled, for twenty-eight years after the great man's death the Wagner family have resolved to give the *Recollections* to the world. They will be published in May of this year by Bruckmann of Munich.

*Frankfurter "Zeitung," January 12, 1911.

With regard to the history of this important work, the following are the details: The actual compilation took place between the years 1868 and 1873. At that time it was impossible to make duplicates by means of a typewriter, and to guard against a possible destruction of the manuscript Wagner had it printed in an edition of twelve copies. Of these, four reached the hands of trusted friends; the remainder were kept in Wahnfried. Precautions were also taken to obviate any indiscretion in the event of the death of any of the people who possessed copies. Thus the secret was so securely guarded that up to the present day even serious people have doubted the existence of any *Reminiscences* by Richard Wagner.

The printed manuscript makes about eleven hundred pages. Wagner, in his own preface, wrote:

The contents of these volumes have been written down directly from my dictation dur-

ing the course of several years by my friend and wife, who desired that I should relate to her the story of my life. It was the wish of both of us that these details of my life should be accessible to our family as well as to our faithful and trusted friends, and in order to provide against a possible destruction of the one manuscript copy, we decided therefore to have a small number of copies printed at our own expense. As the worth of this autobiography consists in its unadorned veracity, which alone, under the circumstances, could lend any justification to my narrative, the facts had of necessity to be strictly supported by names and dates. Hence there could be no question of publication, in case any of our descendants were minded to undertake this, until some time after my death, and in regard to this I intend to leave testamentary instructions for my heirs. On the other hand, if we should even now vouchsafe a glance at these memoirs to a few trusted friends, it must be with the understanding of entire sympathy with our object; and they must not allow any of the statements contained therein to reach any others than those who have entered into this compact.

A vast amount has been written on the subject of Wagner. His life has been investigated even to the minutest details and still volumes continue to heap themselves upon volumes. And all this mass of literature must recede into the background now that the great man himself is speaking.

Wagner began the compilation of his reminiscences at the age of fifty-five, and for this purpose he made use of the notes which he had kept continuously, and which were later destroyed. As to his uncompromising integrity there can be no question; his extraordinary memory has been famed, and these memoirs of the great artist, memoirs guarded from publicity for so long and not without reason, promise to be, in more than one respect, extraordinary.

The *Memoirs* cover the years 1813-1864. The actual writing took place between the years 1868-1873, and in compiling them, as Wagner tells us himself, he was able to make use of the exactly dated memoranda which he had kept without interruption from the year 1835. Frederick Nietzsche read the proofs for him. The printer was enjoined by Wagner to the strictest secrecy, and only French compositors unacquainted with the German language were employed. By these means any indiscretion was guarded against, and even after his death, the secret was well kept by the family. His intimates were aware of its existence. Writing to his sister, Frau Klara Wolfram, from Lucerne on the 15th January, 1867, Wagner mentions that he is dictating his biography to his young friend, the King of Bavaria, who is keeping the different portions until the whole is completed. The young King Ludwig, however, can have written little of it himself,



WAGNER IN PISA

The Tower does not bow low enough to satisfy the "Master."

for the first portion of the manuscript is almost entirely in the handwriting of Frau Cosima Wagner, to whom Wagner dictated it. For the present work, one of the printed copies in Wagner's possession, with manuscript corrections, was used.

The great artist tells about his life and his work simply and clearly, with a remarkable sense of reality, and with admirable power of literary expression. Philosophical speculations, polemics and extravagances are altogether lacking. Straightforward and open, seizing and holding the attention, with charming, sometimes mischievous humour, penetrating observations, or touches of anecdote, on every page it is rich in thought

and stimulating and inevitably absorbing. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, in his book on Richard Wagner, proved that few artists have had so eventful a life. From town to town, from country to country, he pursued his ambition. To-day Kapellmeister at a German provincial theatre, to-morrow in Paris almost dying from starvation; one day a Court official of the King of Saxony, the next, a fugitive in a foreign land, pursued by a writ; now deprived of all hope and only a step removed from death out of sheer despair, and soon the distinguished friend and protégé of a powerful monarch; living only for his art, in the most utter loneliness in the Alps, a world-exile, a little later he was the builder of the Bayreuth Theatre, receiving emperors and kings as his guests, and assembling round him distinguished people from all parts of the world. Such an autobiography, which is like a thrilling drama, rises to a work of art with which very few works in our whole mass of biographical literature can compare.

As long as the strife of opinions was raging about one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time, these recollections, at once a confession and a testament, had perforce to be withheld from the public. It was further necessary out of regard to many who had crossed swords with Wagner or otherwise played a rôle in his life. Now the ranks have thinned, and the time has come when it is a duty not to withhold longer the *Memoirs of Richard Wagner*.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The American Commonwealth. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
4. The Clipper Ship Era. Clark. (Putnam.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Fugitive Freshman. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
4. The Valour of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on 24 Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.
4. The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome. Davis. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
2. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lead of Honour. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Where's Master. "Cæsar" the King's Dog. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Durable Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. How to Study Pictures. Caffin. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. An American Citizen. Life of William Henry Baldwin. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Indian Wars of New England. Sylvester. (Clarke.) $15.00.
3. China Under the Empress Dowager. Bland and Backhouse. (Lippincott.) $4.00.
4. Overland to India. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.

Juveniles

1. Billy-Topsail & Company. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Harding's Luck. Nesbit. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Captain of the School Team. Earl. (Penn.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. With Sully in Sioux Land. Hanson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. That Freshman. Catrevas. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Martyn Hyde, the Duke's Messenger. Masefield. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Mystic Masonry. Buck. (Clarke.) $1.50.
4. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Clarke.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Rainy-Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Elizabeth Koett. Bartsch. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Glenlock Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Range and Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Helen with the High Hand. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul. Tucker. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Pragmatism. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Silent Isle. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Not of Her Race. Foster. (Badger.) $1.50.
2. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Plays of John Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Viva Mexico! Flandrau. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Bisland. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Round the Year with the Stars. Serviss. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. On Christmas Day in the Evening. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
5. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. No Room at the Inn. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship. Gilder. (Century Co.) $1.80.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
5. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. An Affair of Dishonor. DeMorgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Graydon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Pages from the Book of Paris. Washburn. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Captain of the Amaryllis. Cooley. (Clarke.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Ballad of Reading Gaol. Wilde. (Duffield.) 60 cents.
3. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Fitzgerald. (Carroll.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Select Notes. Peloubet. (Wilde.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. How It Flies. Ferris. (Nelson.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Our House and the People in It. Pennell. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Clif Sterling: Captain of the Nine. Patten. (McKay.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
5. The Caravaners. By Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) $6.00.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
2. A Child's Book of Old Verses. Smith. (Duffield.) $2.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Love of the Wild. McKishnie. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
4. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Crashaw Brothers. Pier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Tim and Roy in Camp. Pendleton. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Those Smith Boys. Garis. (Fenno.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Trail of the Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. Mr. Pickwick. Dickens. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $5.00.
4. Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Judson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Country Boy. Davenport. (Dillingham.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Building of the Church. Jefferson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Social Service and the Art of Healing. Cabot. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
3. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
5. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. Duke. (Barry.) $3.00.
4. Romantic California. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Golf for Beginners and Others. Whitlatch. (Outing.) $2.00.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Helene von Racowitza (autobiography). (Macmillan.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

5. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Making Life Worth While. Fischer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Dop Doctor (One Braver Thing). Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Teddysee. Irwin. (Huebsch.) 75 cents.
2. A Soldier's Recollections. McKim. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
3. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rainy-Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
2. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	"		8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	"		7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	"		6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	"		5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	230
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	194
3. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	93
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	66
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40	62
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00	56

THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Stamps

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech at the Mansion House in connection with the Charles Dickens centenary testimonial fund, expressed the hope that there would be millions of American applications for the Dickens commemorative stamps. We respectfully suggest that there be issued a Washington Irving commemorative stamp, that the proceeds be devoted to some fitting memorial to the author of *Bracebridge Hall,* and that the opportunity to purchase this stamp be given freely to the British public. Washington Irving, as Thackeray expressed it in one of his *Roundabout Papers*, was a kind of literary ambassador from the young Republic to the Mother Country. In his subsequent writings his treatment of his hosts was one of unvarying courtesy and urbanity. We have no record of his having received any material reward corresponding to the vast sums of money which accrued to Dickens as a result of the American readings.

We confess to some little exasperation over certain phases of this Dickens stamp matter. We deplore heartily the outrageous conditions which in former days made it possible for American publishers to bring out editions of Dickens's novels from which the author derived no benefit. But we resent very emphatically the attitude of many Britons that we are a nation of miserable offenders, and that this Dickens stamp is an opportunity graciously extended to us, and that by taking advantage of it we may humbly make partial restitution. Englishmen seem to be forgetting that there have been British pirates as well as American pirates, and that Dickens in his day felt quite as aggrieved over certain English adaptations of his stories for the stage as he did over the American publication of his books. Mr. Kipling has flung at us his "Rhyme of the Three Captains," and there has grown up a kind of impression that literary piracy is a sin exclusively practised by Americans. We have at hand a little volume entitled *The Lectures of Bret Harte.* Bret Harte was a victim of flagrant piracy on the part of English publishers, and in 1873 he was forced to bring suit for an injunction to restrain the importation and sale of pirated editions of his works. Another sufferer was Mark Twain, who upon one occasion wrote a letter to the London *Spectator* which we should like to recall to the attention of our readers.



FRANCIS GRIBBLE

This, we believe, is the first portrait THE BOOKMAN has ever published of Francis Gribble, although his books have been discussed at considerable length in its columns. A new work by Mr. Gribble, dealing with the French actress Rachel, is announced for publication next month.

To the Editor of *The Spectator.*

SIR: I only venture to intrude upon you because I come, in some sense, in the interest of public morality, and this makes my mission respectable. Mr. John Camden Hotten, of London, has, of his own individual motion, republished several of my books in England. I do not protest against this, for there is no law that could give effect to the protest; and, besides, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven and earth in any country, as I understand it. But my grievance is this: My books are bad enough just as they are written, then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half-a-dozen chapters and added the same to them? I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volumes have fallen under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or even if you yourself, were to write a book and send it adrift among the people, with the gravest apprehensions that it was not up to what it ought



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. G. K. CHESTERTON AT HOME

to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Camden Hotten sit down and stimulate his powers, and drool two or three original chapters on to the end of that book? Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? And suppose he should entitle those chapters, "Holiday Literature," "True Stories of Chicago," "On Children," "Train Up a Child, and Away He Goes," and "Vengeance," and then, on the strength of having evolved these marvels from his own consciousness, go and "Copyright" the entire book, and put on the title-page a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket and the legend "All Rights Reserved." (I only suppose the picture; still it would be rather a neat thing.) And, further, suppose that in the kindness of his heart and the exuberance of his untaught fancy, this thoroughly well-meaning innocent should expunge the modest title which you had given your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this, "Screamers and Eye-Openers," and went and got that copyrighted too. And suppose that on the top of all this, he continually and persistently forgot to offer you a single penny or even send you a copy of your mutilated book to burn. Let us suppose all this. Let him suppose it with strength enough, and then he will know something about woe. Sometimes when I read one of those additional chapters constructed by John Camden Hotten, I feel as if I wanted to take a broom-straw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in anger, for I feel none. Oh! not in anger: but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curiosity. And Mr. Hotten says that one *nom de plume* of mine is "Carl Byng." I hold that there is no affliction in this world that makes a man feel so downtrodden and abused as the giving him a name that does not belong to him. How would this sinful aborigine feel if I were to call him John Camden Hottentot, and come out in the papers and say he was entitled to it by divine right? I do honestly believe that it would throw him into a brain fever, if there were not an insuperable obstacle in the way.

Yes—to come to the original subject, which is the sorrow that is slowly but surely undermining my health—Mr. Hotten prints unrevised, uncorrected, and in some respects, spurious books, with my name to them as author, and thus embitters his customers against one of the most innocent of men. Messrs. George Routledge and Sons are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore if my books are to disseminate either suffering or crime among the readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house, and then I could contemplate the spectacle calmly as the dividends come in.

I am sir, etc.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain").

LONDON, September 20, 1872.

In speaking the other day of the matter of the proposed fund to be raised for the Dickens heirs, a man of an exceedingly flippant turn of mind expressed the hope that the fund be raised and that it be a large one. "But then," he continued, "after that I want to see belated suits brought against it by the descendants of all the historical personages whom Dickens libelled in his *Child's History of England*. I promise you there won't be much left of the fund."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a word to say about *A Child's History of England* in his recently published *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens*. It may not be, he says, important as a contribution to history, but it is important as a contribution to biography; as a contribution to the character and the career of the man who wrote it, a typical man of his time. That Dickens made no personal historical researches, that he had no special historical learning, that he had not had, in truth, even anything that could be called a good education, all this accentuates not the merit but at least the importance of the book. For here, thinks Mr. Chesterton, may be read in plain popular language, written by a man whose genius for popular exposition has never been surpassed among men, a brief account of the origin and meaning of England as it seemed to the average Englishman of that age. This book will always remain as a bright and brisk summary of the cock-sure, healthy-minded, essentially manly and essentially ungentlemanly view of history which characterises the Radicals of that particular Radical era. The history tells us nothing about the periods that it talks about; but it tells us a great deal about the period that it does not talk about; the period in which it was written.



JEANNETTE MARKS, AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF A SONG"

The English Waiter

In a chapter about Dickens's *Christmas Stories,* Mr. Chesterton takes up the subject of the old English tavern waiter and deplores the fact that Dickens never developed this character at full length in a book. "Had he done so he would have preserved forever in literature a type of great humour and great value, and a type which may only too soon be disappearing from the English history." The English waiter still exists in some sound old taverns and decent country inns, but there is no one left really capable of singing his praises. Mr. Chesterton acknowledges the whimsical qualities of William, in George Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell.* But he does not think that Mr. Shaw, as a vegetarian and a tectotaller, can really understand the English waiter, a being by the nature of things solemn about everything, unable to reach the true height and ecstasy of his solemnity except about wine. What the real English waiter would do or say if Mr. Shaw asked him for a vegetarian meal he dares not predict. Dickens's waiter, on the other hand, is described by one who is not merely witty, truthful, and observant, like Mr. Shaw, but one who really knew the atmosphere of inns, one who knew and even liked the smell of beef, and beer, and brandy.

Hence there is a richness in Dickens's portrait which does not exist in Mr. Shaw's. Mr. Shaw's waiter is merely a man of tact; Dickens's is a man of principle. Mr. Shaw's waiter is an opportunist, just as Mr. Shaw is an opportunist in politics. Dickens's waiter is ready to stand up seriously for "the true principles of waitering," just as Dickens was ready to stand up for the true principles of capital liberalism. Mr. Shaw's waiter is agnostic; his motto is "You never can tell." Dickens's waiter is a dogmatist; his motto is "You can tell; I will tell you."

John Galsworthy

In a recent personal talk Mr. Howells expressed his admiration of the work of Arnold Bennett and pointed out that in the last year or so there has been a rapidly widening circle of discriminating readers in this country who are giving to the author of



ANNE WARWICK, AUTHOR OF "COMPENSATION"



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. THE LATE O. HENRY (SIDNEY PORTER) AND MRS. PORTER

The Five Towns his just meed of serious appreciation. Another Englishman of exactly the age of Mr. Bennett (forty-four), of whom much the same can be said is Mr. John Galsworthy. When one considers the comparative youth of these writers their future, in view of the work already achieved, is of major importance. Galsworthy has devoted his entire life to literature. He is a man of high social position and wide education. His *Strife*, which dealt with the questions of capital and labour, was one of the first plays produced at the New Theatre of New York, and until recently he was regarded in this country almost entirely as a dramatist. In time, however, discerning American readers began to find his books, which have been appearing in England for a dozen years and which include *Jocelyn, Villa Rubine, A Man of Devon,* the *Island Pharisees, The Man of Property, A Commentary, Fraternity,* and *The Patrician*, which has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Title and Its Value

The other day a little group of writing men were discussing the question of titles and their values as assets in the sale of novels. Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, for example, spoke of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* as the best of all modern titles, and maintained that a book with a name like that would have to be very poor indeed to fail utterly of success. It was pointed out, on the other hand, that many of the very greatest popular successes of the past twenty years have been books with absolutely negative titles, and that in many cases these books owed little or nothing to the previous works of their authors. Finally the following off hand comparative list of positive and negative titles was drawn up:

POSITIVE	NEGATIVE
The Prisoner of Zenda	Ben Hur
Ships that Pass in the Night	Trilby
	Richard Carvel
When Knighthood Was in Flower	Janice Meredith
	The Honourable Peter Stirling
To Have and to Hold	David Harum
The Right of Way	Hugh Wynne
Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush	Eben Holden
	The Virginian
The Choir Invisible	The Crisis
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come	The Crossing
	Oliver Horn
The Beloved Vagabond	The Christian
The Call of the Wild	Audrey



JOHN GALSWORTHY

Positive	Negative
In the Bishop's Carriage	Joseph Vance
The Masquerader	Septimus
The Silent Places	Red Rock
The Blazed Trail	Rebecca
The Lightning Conductor	Graustark
The House of Mirth	The Deliverance
The Garden of Allah	Old Gorgon Graham
The Hound of the Baskervilles	Sir Mortimer
The Leopard's Spots	My Friend Prospero
The Danger Mark	Beverley of Graustark
The Firing Line	Coniston
The Lady of the Decoration	Jane Cable
54-40 or Fight	Katrine
The Port of Missing Men	The Rosary
The Brass Bowl	A Modern Chronicle
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	John Marvel
The Man in Lower Ten	Gordon Keith
A Certain Rich Man	Monsieur Beaucaire
When a Man Marries	The Doctor
It Never Can Happen Again	The Princess Virginia
	The Weavers
	Peter
	Mr. Crewe's Career
	Lewis Rand

An American Monte Cristo

Among the many highly coloured virtues of the Count of Monte Cristo was his sense of punctuality, a virtue which probably no one ever ascribed to his creator. "At such an hour, of such a day, of such a month, I shall call at your hotel in Paris," said the Count to Albert de Morcerf, as they



GASTON LEROUX, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

parted in Rome after the adventure with Luigi Vampa and his bandits, and, of course, he was quite as good as his word. According to an article on the late Sir Charles Dilke, in a recent number of the London *Academy*, the Count will henceforth have to share his honours with an American rival.

A peculiar instance of a cognate characteristic occurs to me. He once spoke with admiration of an American he had met, I think in San Francisco. The American told him he would be coming to England in a year. Dilke invited him to lunch, and gave him a day fourteen months later, assuring him he would give



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE IN BERMUDA



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTAITS. LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX IN HER VIRGINIA HOME

him a distinctively English lunch, begging him at the same time to be punctual.

"If you will give me an hour I'll be on hand," replied the American. Dilke gave one o'clock. As the clock struck one on the day in question fourteen months afterward Dilke walked downstairs to the dining-room, which was on the ground-floor of his house, just as the American walked in.

Mr. Frank Harris tells that he once sent Sir Charles Dilke a book, *The Story of an African Farm*. Dilke declared that it was the greatest novel that he had ever read—greater than John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. This sweeping praise of the work of Olive Schreiner recalls how completely that author has dropped out of the literary world of recent years. Since the publication of *Trooper Peter Halket*, in 1897, no book has come from her pen. A new work, by her, however, has been announced by the Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company, and is to be issued in a few weeks. The title of the book is *Woman and Labour*—and it is

described as "a survey, original, broad, and philosophical, of the position of woman in our time, and the problems created by the changed conditions of labour."

When *The Story of an African Farm* was published, Olive Schreiner was only twenty years of age. The story of how she was "discovered" has been told before in the BOOKMAN, but it is worth repeating. The manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*, when the author brought it to London, was much longer and in many respects different from the book as it eventually appeared. It was submitted to the well-known London house of Chapman and Hall, the publishers of Dickens, and read by George Meredith, whose reading of manuscripts was always accompanied, even when a book of merit was declined by him, with flattering and treasured words of praise. In Miss Schreiner's story he recommended large omissions. When she met him she knew him only as the "reader," and was far from pleased with his comments on her manuscript. His reception at her hands, therefore, was not very cordial. Somewhat later she learned, to her mortification, that the publisher's reader was no other than the great novelist.

We quote the following from "At the Sign of St. Paul's," a so-called literary department conducted by Mr. Andrew Lang, in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*. Though it can hardly be



OLIVE SCHREINER

considered as an extenuation, we don't wonder that Mr. Lang rather shamefacedly lays the blame on Lamb.

To persons familiar with the French language the new book of a new author, Marguerite Audoux, may be cordially recommended. "Oh, do" read Mlle. Audoux, as Lamb might have said, for he shrank not from the worst of puns.

Rule Britannia

Mr. Lang is on more secure ground when he turns to Burns. He recalls the case of the man who had fought in the Crimea and whose grandfather had fought at Culloden, who once came into his (Mr. Lang's) study and looked round at the books. "Knox and Burns," said he, "the two Curses of Scotland." But this blasphemer was of Clan Vourich; he was not a Lowland Scot, or he "would never have been heard to speak so free." But the main point of Mr. Lang's argument is that despite all the enthusiasm shown at Burns's dinners, the fact remains that the dialect is an almost insurmountable obstacle to the Southern readers. And the revelling Scot himself, even before dinner, might be hard put to it to pass a creditable examination. Let him explain "cootie," "An' dautit twal-pint hawkie's gaen as yell's the bill" (And the petted twelve-pint cow has turned as barren of milk as the bull); "reestit gizz."

"I Knew Him When——"

Somehow or other the only person who is able to write about one Indiana author with full understanding and adequacy is another Indiana author. He alone possesses the necessary qualities of combined appreciation and flippancy. We have recently been looking



HOOSIER AUTHORS AT WORK



I KNEW HIM WHEN— GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

through a little volume entitled *I Knew Him When*—. It is privately printed by the Indiana Society of Chicago, written by George Ade, with illustrations by John T. McCutcheon, and purports to be "A Hoosier Fable dealing with the Happy Days of Away Back Yonder." It begins:

Once there was a Chicago Man with a Past. Those who saw him dipping into the real Astrakhan Caviar at $1.75 per throw at the New Blackstone or leaving a trail of Blue Smoke up the Lake Shore Drive as he beat it for the Golf Club infested by our Best People, little



I KNEW HIM WHEN— ALBERT

suspected that he had been at one time merely an obscure Unit in a large Family of Children in a Town that never would have been brought to Light except for Rand and McNally.

Pictorially and in text *I Knew Him When*— does full justice to Indiana precocity. On page 16 we have a portrait of Mr. Meredith Nicholson at about the age of two and a half years. It is described as "his first attempt to look like



I KNEW HIM WHEN— MEREDITH

an author." The half-tone cut showing the lineaments of James Whitcomb Riley bears the caption "one of the best poets in Greenfield." The early picture showing George Barr and John T. McCutcheon carries the information that it was "taken



I KNEW HIM WHEN— KIN HUBBARD

at Romney, Indiana, the year of the big wind." A cherubic infantile portrait of Charles Major is followed by a "later portrait, by himself—when Shelbyville was in flower." According to an illustration of this book, Booth Tarkington, "about the time he wrote his first novel,"



I KNEW HIM WHEN— WILBUR NESBIT

had reached the mature age of three and was much addicted to the wearing of Scotch plaids. In one place the creator of "Bird Centre" is flippantly called "Johnnie McCutch" and is characterised as "The Boy Lothario of South Fourth Street." A portrait of George McCutcheon and dog is followed by a libellous



JOHN EVERS M'CUTCHEON

statement to the effect that "John afterward stole the dog." As a final pictorial tit bit we have an adolescent portrait of the author himself wearing on his waistcoat label an aggressive decoration, and



I KNEW HIM WHEN— BILL BOBBS

under the picture the sarcastic inscription "George Ade trying to conceal the fact that he has joined a frat."

Some Stage Memories

Daniel Frohman, in his *Memories of a Manager,* tells of a muscular trick by which Mr. F. F. Mackay achieved an astonishing stage effect. It was in Bronson Howard's *One of Our Girls.* Mr. Mackay was playing the part of a French Count who, in one of the chief situations of the play, is slapped in the face with a glove by an

English officer. Mr. Howard's idea was that the Count should become violent and furious at the affront, but Mr. Mackay contended that as he had been shown in the play to be an expert duellist, and accustomed to danger, he was not likely to lose control of himself. Mr. Howard saw the point. The result was that the Frenchman received the insult without the movement of a muscle. He stood rigid. Only a flash of the eye for an instant revealed his emotion. Then the audience saw his face grow red, and then pale. This was followed by the quiet announcement from the Count that he would send his seconds to the Englishman. This exhibition of facial emotion betrayed by the visible rush of blood to the actor's face was frequently noted at the time. It was a muscular trick. Mr. Mackay put on a tight collar for that scene and strained his neck against it until the blood came, and when he released the pressure, and the blood receded, the effect was reached.

Bronson Howard talked to Mr. Frohman frequently of his work and his methods. He was an inveterate smoker of mild cigars. With him the big part of the construction of a play was what he called "the smoking stage." This was the period when an author materialises in his mind all the active events and incidents of a drama, to get it into a symmetrical framework exactly as a building is constructed. Then comes the dialogue which, as in the building, is again analogous to the upholstery and decoration of the rooms. That is the only way to construct a play. Many suppose a play is a matter of story-writing, which tells about



I KNEW HIM WHEN— BOOTH AGAIN



I KNEW HIM WHEN— AN IDEALISED PORTRAIT OF BOOTH TARKINGTON, DRAWN BY HIMSELF

people and things in a series of conversations. That is why so many literary men fail as dramatists, while many successful dramatists might fail to score in efforts at formal rhetoric.

In the old days the writing of successful plays was not the royal road to fortune that it has since become. To illustrate this Mr. Frohman gives an anecdote about the dramatist, Bartley Campbell.

One day he was being driven by a friend along the principal avenue in Long Branch, then our principal coast resort. Various beautiful residences were pointed out to him. "Who lives there?" he asked, pointing to a stately mansion. "Maggie Mitchell, the actress," was the reply. "And who lives there?" "Mary Anderson." "And who lives in that gorgeous place?" "John Albaugh, the actor and manager." And so the homes of various well-to-do thespians were shown him. "And where do the authors live?" he asked. "Oh, they live in New York or on some farm." "Ah!" he said, and he began to think deeply. The following year he was being driven about Paris, and again the homes of prominent theatrical people were shown him. One splendid mansion was owned by Victorien Sardou, another by Alexandre Dumas, another by Edouard Pailleron, another by Georges Ohnet, and

others by various dramatists and writers. "But where are the homes of the great actors?" "Oh, they live in apartments!"

French Domestic Poetry

Two or three years ago we printed a little paper about Gustave Nadaud and the Carcassonne of his famous poem. The almost immediate result was a surprising number of appreciative letters from all parts of the country, showing how completely the homely, pathetic story of the old peasant and his unreached goal has become cosmopolitan property. In a chapter on "French Domestic Poetry" in her *French Men, Women, and Books,* Miss Betham-Edwards points out that French people of the non-literary class do not read poetry; they hearken to it as did the Greeks of old to their rhapsodists. In France poetry is appreciated rather by the ears than by the eyes. The reciter, like the troubadour of old, has his status, his special calling. Thus at rustic weddings, after the long breakfast, each course being interspersed with a song from the guests, the professional story-teller and declaimer comes forward. Consequently the fireside muse, the muse of the farm, the vineyard, the workshop, the garrison, with its touch of native making all men kin, receives little recognition in purely academic circles. Names like Baudelaire and Verlaine find their way to the remote corners of the earth, but what is most vital, most living in French verse is practically unknown outside of France. Of course, there are exceptions. Nadaud's "Carcassonne" is one. In French domestic poetry the robust morality, the healthy acceptance of life as it is, rather than as it can be made, offer a striking contrast to the morbid pessimism of the classical school. Here is an English rendering of "The Three Hussars," another of Nadaud's poems, not nearly so well known as "Carcassonne."

THE THREE HUSSARS (LES TROIS HUSSARDS)

I

Furlough had set three Hussars free,
 Swift their steps and their hearts were light;
They sang, they laughed in roisterous glee
 When scenes familiar came in sight.

II

"Now shall I see my chosen maid,
 Her name is Marguerite," cried one.
"Mine, Madeleine," the second said.
 "Mine," quoth the third, "is Jeanneton."

III

They met a neighbour on the road.
 "Bell-ringer Simon, as I live!"
"How goes?" "What's happed of bad or good?"
 "Faith, soldiers, I've no news to give."

IV

"Well, tidings of fair Marguerite?"
 "I tolled* her vows a year ago;
She's now a cloistered Carmelite
 In yonder convent that you know."

V

"Something tell me of Madeleine,
 Alway prim and sedate of tongue?"
"Bride and matron. Twelve months between;
 Twice for her have I joy-bells rung."

VI

"Mine now a word of Jeanneton;
 With the maiden are all things well?"
"Aye, truly! Just three months have flown
 Since I pealed for her the funeral knell."

VII

"Bell-ringer, to the cloistered nun
 Friendly wishes let some one bear;
Tell her, ere vintage be begun
 My wedding-bells shall shake the air."

VIII

"Bell-ringer, tell the matron staid,
 I'm once more in my native place,
Promoted to a captain's grade
 And wedded only to the chase."

IX

"Bell-ringer, seek my mother out,
 Pardon ask her on bended knee.
Back to the colours. Right about.
 Home is no longer home to me!"

Author and Publisher

"Mr. Tonson—some kind of intercourse must be carryed (*sic*) on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil." This stiff communication which Dryden sent to the great English publisher in 1695 is recalled by Miss

*The death-bell is tolled when a nun takes the veil.

Betham-Edwards in writing of the affectionate and unbroken friendship which existed for twenty-six years between Jules Barbey d'Aurévilly and his publisher, Trebutien. Barbey d'Aurévilly, though fleered at by Zola and Brunetière, was highly considered by Sainte-Beuve seventy years ago. In his letters to his publisher he gave of his best, and the impersonal remnant of the correspondence contains criticisms, *bon-mots,* and personalities by turns witty, epigrammatic and profound.

Here are a few literary pronouncements—

There is no real genius in romancers without geniality. Therein lies the force of Walter Scott.

Yet of perhaps the least genial story-teller, if one of the greatest the world has seen, he writes with unbounded enthusiasm—

Balzac—that literary Bonaparte who suffered neither abdication nor a Waterloo.

And elsewhere—

That California, Balzac, from whose works I have culled (for publication) three thousand and odd sayings.

Of Burns he wrote—

My favourite, my adored Burns, I have often dreamed of translating, but no one knows better than myself that poets are untranslatable.

Of Heine:

A magnificent talent that had lost its way.

Of La Fontaine:

The greatest expressionist (I translate Barbey's coined word by another) in the French language.

Of Victor Hugo he was ever a scathing critic, and in a volume of short studies, recently reissued, the greatest French poet modern times have seen is described as "that Emperor of our literary decadence."

The Old Misunderstanding

As a postscript to her book Miss Betham-Edwards has reprinted an article by her in French, originally written for a French magazine, entitled "La France Vue De L'Angleterre." As a matter of fact this postscript deals not only with France seen through English eyes, but also with England seen through French eyes. The author knows both countries so well that she finds at once amusing and exasperating the old misunderstanding which is the heritage of the centuries, and which seems to continue to flourish despite every manifestation of the *entente cordiale.* Miss Betham-Edwards places a good deal of the blame for this on the novelists, who should know better. Is it surprising, she asks, that foreigners should have distorted ideas of French life in view of the books of Zola, of Maupassant, of Mirbeau? Then, too, in English fiction, it has been a tradition to seek "the villain of the piece" in France. For example, Mademoiselle Henriette, the maid in Dickens's *Bleak House.* Even the pretty French heroines of English novels are absurd, according to the ideas of Miss Betham-Edwards. In William Black's *A Daughter of Heth,* the young French orphan, placed in a very austere and unsympathetic Scotch environment, allows herself to be called "Coquette." "Coquette" she had been since childhood. As a matter of fact no well-brought up young French girl would ever have accepted such a nickname.

The English women of French novels are quite as ridiculous. To mention one, there is Balzac's Milady Dudley, with her "my dee" for "my dear." The creator of the *Comédie Humaine* did not take the trouble to spell correctly this pretty word of four letters. From her own personal experience Miss Betham-Edwards tells of some extraordinary French ideas about England. An educated Frenchman once asked her if there was not a law forbidding the English peasants owning land. Another man, whom she knew well, believed implicitly that in the Smithfield market of London one could see every day husbands driving in their wives at the end of ropes tied round their necks, and offering them for sale. It was the late Max O'Rell who told of an old châtelaine who once asked him seriously: "Tell me, Monsieur, you are acquainted with England. Are there railroads in that country?"

The Effrontery of Moréas

Under the title of "L'Esprit de Jean Moréas," the French publication, *Mercure de France,* in a recent issue, prints a series of "sayings" of that poet which show that he had in a signal degree the quality of assured effrontery shared equally by Whistler and Oscar Wilde. For instance, when Jules Clarétie refused his "Iphigénie" on the ground that he already had two in the repertory of the Theatre Français, the Gallo-Greek retorted: "Clarétie doesn't understand what I have done. I have simply taken the subject that that prattler, Euripides, bungled, and treated it as Sophocles would have done." Of his friend, Paul Adam, he said: "I don't understand how it is he has never learned to write. Yet I have collaborated with him." One night, the talk having turned upon the poet, Fernand Gregh, whose reputation started with some verses that were generally attributed to Verlaine, the remark was made that his work would last. "No doubt," replied Moréas, consulting his watch, "since you have been talking of him twelve minutes already." Invited by a *grande dame* to attend her salon, he refused, saying: "What need have I to know those people? Is it not enough that they know me?" Advised of the willingness of another lady of literary pretensions to receive him, he confided to a friend that he did not dare to call without knowing anything of her books. "Well," he was asked, "what prevents you from reading one of them?" "I do not dare," replied the poet coldly. One day he said: "People who have themselves cremated are idiots." Then, after a silence, "I shall have myself cremated," explaining, "I am the only one who can do it: I am an ancient Greek."

Casanova

The career of Moréas marks a spirit of cosmopolitanism in the present age similar to that which pervaded the eighteenth century when Paris drew crowds of adventurers, literary and otherwise, from every corner of Europe. Among these, one of the most famous, or infamous, was the Venetian, Jacques Casanova, who, after having for a century led a clandestine existence in his *Mémoires*, as an exceedingly shady and disreputable personage, is now undergoing a striking rehabilitation as an historian and man of letters. The account of his wanderings from capital to capital which fills eight volumes, is being carefully studied for the light it throws upon the life and manners of the times, and scholars are endeavouring to control the veracity of each incident in order to establish the often questioned authenticity of the work as a whole. Such a scholar is Edouard Maynial, who, among other things, takes up Casanova's report of his interview with Voltaire at "Les Délices," in his volume entitled *Casanova et Son Temps.* He also considers the relations of his hero with several modern writers



JEAN MORÉAS

who have shown their familiarity with the *Mémoires* in their writings, among them, Henri de Regnier and Pierre Loüys. If he had known her *Valley of Decision,* he might have added Mrs. Wharton, who, in the episode of the Venetian convent, gives every evidence of having read Casanova. There can now be little doubt that the recrudescence of interest in the picturesque and rascally Venetian will soon lead to the publication of a new edition of his *Mémoires,* the manuscript text of which has undergone serious alterations at the hands of successive editors. Arthur Symons, a few years ago, visited Dux, in Bohemia, where

the adventurer spent his declining years as a secretary and librarian to Comte Waldstein, and found several missing chapters as well as great bundles of letters. The results of his researches were summed up in an article entitled "Casanova at Dux," which appeared in both French and English magazines, and did much to stimulate the revival of interest in the adventurer. Perhaps, were it not for the grave illness that has suspended all literary work on his part, Mr. Symons would become the definitive editor of the *Mémoires.*

Speaking of Henri de Regnier in connection with Casanova, reminds us that this most famous among the younger generation of French poets has been recently elected to the French Academy, where he reinforces the present rather weak poetic representation, and becomes one of the youngest members. Many of our readers will recall his visit to this country some years ago when he lectured and read, superbly, the sonnets of his famous father-in-law, Jose-Maria de Heredia.

Henri de Regnier

The death of Alexander Charles Lecocq removes one of the last of the group of French composers whose opéra-bouffes were household words a generation ago. How much their popularity is a thing of the past was shown in the recent revivals of Lecocq's best known operetta, "La Fille de Madame Angot," which originally ran for five hundred consecutive nights at the Folies Dramatiques in Paris and was scarcely less successful when first produced in New York with Marie Aimée in the title rôle. Neither Oscar Hammerstein nor the Metropolitan Opera House management seemed able to galvanise into it a semblance of its old time sparkle. But the extraordinary vogue of this genre was due to its faithful reflection of the spirit of the Second Empire; and this very quality is in large measure responsible for its lack of hold on the newer generation of amusement-seekers. Nevertheless, there is something of pathos in the thought that Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, Audran and their brilliant compeers have finally ceased their labours and that opéra-bouffe is really dead.

The Last of a Group

The eighteenth century produced an inexhaustible crop of queer characters, and Mr. John Fyvie has selected six of them for portrayal in his *Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era.*" Of these the most singular and interesting is one whose name constantly recurs in the literature of the period, but of whom it is difficult for the general reader to find any satisfactory account. This is Bamfylde-Moore Carew, the professional beggar, or "King of the Mumpers," as he was known among his gypsy associates in the west of England. The son of a gentleman, Carew early showed a disposition for the roving life by running away from school and joining a gypsy band. All attempts to reform and reclaim him failed, and he passed all the best part of his life in wandering up and down the countryside and imposing upon the credulous by his wonderful arts of impersonation. He could pass himself off with equal ease as a shipwrecked sailor or a poor woman whose home had been destroyed by fire. His accounts of his fictitious misfortunes were always most circumstantial, and his appeal was nearly always irresistible. He could impose even upon his friends and relatives, and many amusing stories are told of tricks that he played, and of the wagers that were made upon his powers of deception. Indeed he was regarded, Mr. Fyvie tells us, rather as a public entertainer than as an ordinary mendicant, and not only was generally treated with leniency by local magistrates, but was even hospitably welcomed by them in their houses. This, however, was not invariably the case, and besides receiving two whippings, he was clapped into prison on sundry occasions, and was once even sentenced to deportation. Taken to America to be sold in the colonies, he had varied adventures, which included a sojourn among friendly Indians who wished to make him their king, and a visit to

"The King of the Mumpers"

William Penn, from whom he secured aid through representing himself as the son of a needy clergyman. Toward the end of his life he dictated his memoirs to one Robert Goadby, who wrote *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Bamfylde-Moore Carew.* While this is without literary or interpretative value, and is mainly a plea for imposture and indiscriminate almsgiving, it has some significance as the forerunner of a type of book that found full artistic development in the nineteenth century. For Carew was the first of a company of men whose works are relished in our time. As Mr. Fyvie says: "The restlessness, the passion for the open air, and the constitutional reserve or aloofness, which are such prominent characteristics of all the vagabond spirits who have taken to literature—of Thoreau, of Richard Jefferies, of George Borrow, or of Mr. W. H. Davies, the poetic 'Super-tramp' of our own day—were his in full measure." These qualities plus some others relate him still more closely to another writer, the late Josiah Flynt, of whose character and career the reader, familiar with them, will often be forcibly reminded by Mr. Fyvie's account. The element of literary self-consciousness in Flynt was so slight and so merely the result of circumstances, that it would apparently have taken little to make of him a Carew, or of Carew a Flynt. The difference between them is almost entirely a difference of the age in which they lived.

A Prototype of Barry Lyndon

A second interesting personality of whom Mr. Fyvie treats is Andrew Robinson Bowes, who appears incidentally in the chapter devoted to the "fighting parson," Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart., who was also one of the pioneers of modern personal journalism, and afterward as a leading figure in that entitled "A Hunted Heiress—the Countess of Strathmore." Lady Strathmore drew much undesirable attention to herself in London society and in the press by the indiscretion of her conduct in the early days of her widowhood. Bate, in particular, printed so many spicy paragraphs about the "Countess of Grosvenor Square," that her Ladyship finally declared that "any man who was brave enough to call out the editor of that vile paper"—the *Morning Post*—"and avenge her reputation upon his body should have both her hand and her heart." A half-pay lieutenant named Stoney took up the challenge and he and Bate fought a desperate duel with pistols and swords in a room at the "Adelphi" tavern behind locked doors. Five days later Stoney married the lady, whose name he assumed in place of his own. There is no need to give the subsequent history of the pair in this place, for it is all developed by a master hand in a great work of English fiction—Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon.* In Mrs. Ritchie's "biographical" edition there is found confirmation, in the preface to *Barry Lyndon,* that here was the original of Thackeray's creation. She says:

> The story of Barry Lyndon's marriage is evidently taken from a true history which concerns a noble family of which many strange legends are told. The family of Bowes dates from the Conquest, and we read that one of the ladies Strathmore was the sole heiress of this wealthy line. She was left a widow before she was thirty, and had many suitors, for she was charming as well as rich. This unfortunate lady was bullied into a marriage with a brutal adventurer, from whom she finally escaped by flight, barely saving her life.

Since the story is known to have served as a suggestion for the novelist, the extraordinary thing is that Mr. Fyvie should nowhere mention a circumstance which certainly enhances a hundredfold the intrinsic interest of his narrative.

Frances Powell Case

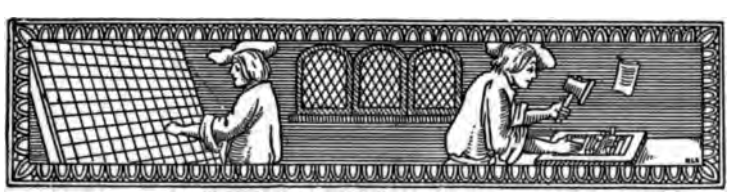
About ten years ago there appeared a book entitled *The House on the Hudson.* At the time the identity of the author was shrouded in some little mystery, and the writer of some paragraphs in the BOOKMAN about the story made the following guesses: (1) that the author was a woman; (2) that the name on her title page, "Frances Powell," was not her true name, but probably a part of her true name; (3) that she lived in, or very near, New York. All these guesses proved to be quite correct. "Frances Powell" in



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

Jules Eckert Goodman, the author of "Mother," was born in Oregon and graduated from Harvard. He was at various times connected with "Current Literature," "Outing," and "The Dramatic Mirror." He has had the following plays produced: "The Test," "The Man Who Stood Still," "The Right to Live," and "Mother." "Mother" is his first novel.

time emerged as Miss Frances Powell Case, who was born at Newburgh on the Hudson and who lives at Wainscott, Long Island. *The House on the Hudson* was followed by *The Byways of Braithe*, 1904; *The Prisoner of Ornith Farm*, 1906, and *An Old Maid's Vengeance*, which has just been published. In the new book the author for the first time has discarded America as a background. She finds her scene in an old villa on the Riviera that has been turned into a hotel. The leading characters, however, are American, and the story deals with the fortunes of Eleanor Ladorn, an American girl, who after an unfortunate love affair visits the old maid aunt at the Riviera villa.





THE NEW ACT OF "THE BLUE BIRD"

"Light leads the children to the Land of the Happinesses, where all the common joys of every day are revealed to them as exquisite existences."

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PLAYWRIGHT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

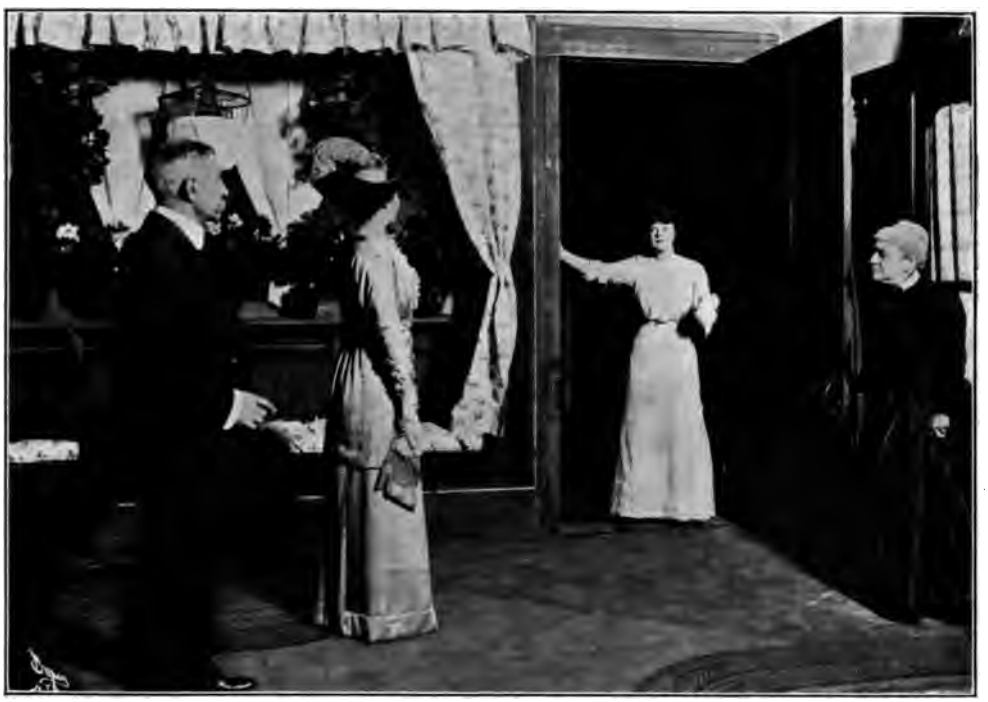
IN all the arts a distinction may be drawn between works which are objective and impersonal and works which are personal and subjective. Creations of the former type seem to have sprung full-grown from their creators' minds, like Athena from the forehead of Zeus, and to exist thereafter as independent entities; whereas creations of the latter type come trailing clouds of glory from the minds that made them. It is the merit of certain works of art that they tell us nothing of their makers; but it is no less the merit of others that they tell us a great deal. It would surely be uncatholic to exalt one type above the other; and no comparison between them should be made for any purpose less disinterested than that of definition.

All art that is inefficient is impersonal, either because the artist has no personality that is worth revealing or because he lacks the power to reveal what personality he has; so that the distinction made above becomes valid only between the worthy works of worthy men. Only when art has risen to the level of efficiency can the question arise whether the artist shall strive to keep himself out of his work or to put himself into it. Of these two endeavours, the former is the more admirable from the technical standpoint, but the latter is the more engaging from the standpoint of humanity.

There is no denying that the supreme and perfect works of art belong to the impersonal, objective type. We do not know who made the Venus of Melos, and assuredly we do not care. The nameless sculptor may have been young or middle-aged; he may have been athletic and so-

ciable or ascetic and morose; he may have loved drink, or he may even have been a vegetarian; the Venus does not tell us and we do not want to know. We read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* without really caring whether Homer was a man or a syndicate of balladists. The perfect works of architecture—like the Doric temple at Pæstum, the Roman Corinthian jewel-box at Nimes, the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, or the Kings College Chapel at Cambridge—are entirely impersonal: they tell us a great deal about the epoch that inspired them, but nothing about the architects who designed them. In modern fiction, the most accomplished artists have worked impersonally. Jane Austen keeps herself out of her novels; and the short stories of Guy de Maupassant are utterly objective. What sort of man wrote *La Parure?* We may answer, "A great artist"; but that is all. So, in the drama, we find that *Œdipus King* tells us nothing about Sophocles; and though the keenest of English critics, Walter Bagehot, tried to induce a sense of Shakespeare's personality from a study of his plays, and later critics with less sound and more inventive minds have pursued this method to extravagant extremes, we notice that that one of all his plays which is the finest technical achievement—I mean, of course, *Othello*—tells us next to nothing about Shakespeare.

But if art at its most perfect is impersonal, we must admit that the obtrusion of the artist's personality in works that rank only a little lower than the highest is often an amiable imperfection. When Ulysses is discovered by the maidens of Nausicaä, it would trouble us if we had to think of the author as a blind old man; but—to take an instance of the other type—unless we do think of the author as a blind old man, we shall lose most of the poignancy and pathos of the opening of the third book of *Paradise Lost*. We prefer Chaucer to Spenser not because he is a finer artist, for he is not so fine, but because he reveals to us a more affable and human personality. Artistry, after all, is less ap-



"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER"—ACT I

"They left the child to be brought up by a peasant woman; and occasionally they condescended to visit their daughter in the guise of her guardians."

pealing than humanity; and Addison, who is an artist, interests us less than Pepys, who is a man. If artistry were everything, there would be no excuse for preferring the work of Giotto, who cannot draw hands and feet and whose perspective goes awry, to the work of Guido Reni, who is a practised and accomplished painter; but Giotto makes us love him so much that we overlook his inequalities of craftsmanship, and Guido bores us to such an extent by his conventional and vulgar mind that we are almost tempted to resent his skill in draughtsmanship. Mr. Howells, who is himself an objective artist and therefore an apostle of impersonality, comments adversely on Thackeray's tendency "to stand about in his scene, talking it over with his hands in his pockets, interrupting the action, and spoiling the illusion in which alone the truth of art resides" and condemns him as "a writer who had so little artistic sensibility, that he never hesitated on any occasion, great or small, to make a foray among his characters, and catch them up to show them to the reader and tell him how beautiful or ugly they were; and cry out over their amazing properties." This statement explains readily enough the grounds on which Thackeray must be regarded as a less accomplished artist than Jane Austen, or than Mr. Howells himself; but it fails to explain why most of us would rather read Thackeray. We return to *The Newcomes* again and again, not so much for the pleasure of seeing London high society in the early nineteenth century as for the pleasure of seeing Thackeray see it; and it is precisely in those moments of amiable imperfection which Mr. Howells has stigmatised that we find ourselves nearest to Thackeray and therefore nearest to our source of pleasure. When Mr. Brownell, in his marvellous destructive criticism of the short stories of Hawthorne, laid bare their weaknesses as works of art, he lost sight of the fact that our real reason for liking them is not because they are works of art, but because they are written by Hawthorne, and that to reveal the weaknesses of a man we love will only make us love him more. It is in this way that imperfect artists with engaging personalities get around the critics.



"EXCUSE ME"—ACT I

"The first and third acts are set in a sleeping-car. Into this constricted setting are crowded many characters; and these are moved about with extraordinary skill."

In the contemporary drama we are confronted by artists of the one type and the other, and it is difficult to choose between them. In New York this season, we have been shown a great example of objective art in *The Thunderbolt* and a great example of subjective art in the revival of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire;* and all that may be said by the critic who would

judge between them is that, although Sir Arthur Pinero is incontestably the greatest artist among contemporary English-writing dramatists, Mr. J. M. Barrie is nevertheless the best-beloved among them. The wonderful thing about Sir Arthur's characters is their apparent independence of their creator; but the wonderful thing about Mr. Barrie's characters is the sense they give us at all moments that they are creatures of his amiable mind. If we adopt for a moment the familiar definition of art as "life seen through a temperament," we shall notice that Sir Arthur emphasises the life we are looking at and that Mr. Barrie emphasises the temperament we are looking through. All that Sir Arthur values is the relations of his characters with each other; but Mr. Barrie values more intensely the relations of his characters with himself. Mr. Barrie appears not only as the author of his plays but also as the chief of all the auditors; he sits beside us during the performance, and nudges us or takes our hand at this moment and at that to make sure that we share his own delight at the unfolding of his comedy. But while we are looking at a play by Sir Arthur, we feel that the author has gone home to bed and forgotten all about it. Of course Mr. Barrie's habit of taking us into his confidence would annoy us as much as Mr. Howells is annoyed by Thackeray—unless we were fond of Mr. Barrie; but as it is, we feel it a personal favour that he should come to the performance with us and let us see it through his eyes. We like Mr. Barrie; and that is the sole and all-important reason why we like to see his plays. He may make a good play, like *The Admirable Crichton;* he may make a bad play, like *Little Mary;* but we enjoy them almost equally, because he enjoys them and has won us to enjoy what he



"THE ZEBRA"—CURTAIN-FALL OF ACT II

A conglomeration of conventional ingredients of farce.

enjoys. But in the case of an impersonal artist like Sir Arthur Pinero, we lose interest unless he has fashioned for us an admirable work of art. When he writes *The Wife Without a Smile,* we will have none of him; and the fact that he must have liked to write it does not influence us in the least. Mr. Barrie, no doubt, is the spoiled child among our dramatists; if he chooses to construct badly, we let him have his way, for the illogical and overwhelming reason that he is Mr. Barrie and we love him. As for Sir Arthur, other hand, Mr. Barrie parades his fondness for his characters; so that sometimes we see his fondness more clearly than we see the characters, as in looking at Andrea del Sarto's paintings of Lucrezia we see his wife less vividly than we see the haze of sentiment with which he haloed her. In actual experience, all canons of art or lack of art fall down before the potency of personality. After years of technical analysis have convinced us that Burke writes great prose and Lamb writes imperfect prose, we find ourselves



"EVERYWOMAN"—ACT IV

Time calls Youth away from Everywoman

we cannot tell from his works whether we love him or not; all that we can tell is that we admire and appreciate his art. He keeps himself out of his plays, because, as an artist, he does not regard himself as a factor in them. Sir Arthur once told me in conversation that he personally loved the characters in *Mid-Channel* and *The Thunderbolt;* but he has carefully concealed from his audience the fact that he loves them. To the average audience those twisted and exacerbated people seem unlovable; and the audience infers that, if anything, the author must have disapproved of them. But, on the returning again and again to the *Dissertation on Roast Pig* (although we have no interest in the origin of cookery) and to *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist* (although in these days of Auction Bridge we have lost interest in the simpler game), merely because Charles Lamb is stammering and chortling through them and—we love Charles Lamb. The appeal of personality is unreasonable, and therefore as irresistible as the love of woman; and criticism, in dealing with personal, subjective works, should therefore cast reason to the winds and estimate only the affection they evoke.

"Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" and "The Twelve-Pound Look"

It was mainly because of the atmosphere of affection that pervaded the theatre like incense swung from imaginary censers that the revival of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire* afforded the most delectable evening that has been offered by the present theatre-season in New York. At this date it is no longer necessary to summarise the story of this amusing and amiable "page from a daughter's diary"; but a few observations may be noted in appreciation of its merits. In this play Mr. Barrie has set out to satirise the modern social drama, with its perpetual triangulation of husband, wife, and lover, by the clever expedient of showing it up as it appears from the point of view of a girl in her teens, who knows nothing of life except what she has gathered from realistic representations of it in the theatre. A course of assiduous theatre-going has taught her that what mature people call Life consists of an endless series of seductions, and assignations, and scenes at midnight in a man's rooms, and letters (there are always letters), and discoveries by irate husbands, and domestic catastrophes which can be averted only by saving people from themselves; and the unreality of her imaginings is revealed to her only when, after having followed her own mother and father and a bachelor friend of theirs through the conventional patterning of circumstances, she discovers that their relations are actually innocent and that Life may be more simple and more wholesome than the dramatists of the domestic triangle are wont to indicate. In order to accomplish the purpose of his satire, Mr. Barrie was obliged to follow technically the established outlines of the sort of drama he was satirising; and for this curious and second-handed reason, *Alice* is the best constructed of his plays. It is the one piece in which he has built his story as finely and as firmly as those objective artists who are not—as Mr. Barrie usually is—wooed hither and thither from the steady progress of their structure by some casual caprice or whimsicality.



"THE ARROW MAKER"—ACT I

The Medicine Woman loves the Arrow Maker

But *Alice* is also a development of two

other themes, which are convolved with the primary satirical intention. The first is the touching and pathetic truth that children are originally strangers to their parents, as they are to everybody else; and that it is only by the delicate process of making friends of them that parents can bind their children to themselves in any real relation.. Alice and her husband are Anglo-Indians [her husband is a colonel in the army]; their children have been sent home to England and been brought up apart from them; and when they themselves retire and return, they find their children strangers, and have to backward with a glorious regret, upon the scanty score and a half of years which comprise the ripeness of a woman's life. The speech in the first act about the girl's emergence to the wonder of sex-consciousness is so tremulously gentle that it touches us to tears; but it is eclipsed by the almost intolerable beauty of those speeches in the last act wherein Alice says farewell to the fulness and the glamour of the woman's life that lies behind her. There are passages in literature that appear trailing clouds of glory of which criticism can only reverently touch the hem; and this is one of them.



"SEVEN SISTERS"—ACT I

The piece is pleasantly Hungarian in local colour

woo and win them like any other human beings unrelated to them. The second of the subsidiary themes is more intimate and subtle. Alice has come home to England because her daughter has arrived at the age when she must cross the dark ferry from childhood to womanhood and will need to have her mother near her when she embarks upon that perilous transition. But Alice herself has reached the brink of that second and darker ferry in a woman's progress, when she must pass from the fulness of womanhood to the grey and backward-minded shadow-world of age. Thus we are shown two women, the one looking forward with bedazzled wonderment, the other looking

Alice Sit-By-The-Fire was presented in a double bill with Mr. Barrie's recent satire in one act, entitled *The Twelve Pound Look*. In this little piece, a boorish and vulgar man of business, whose god is social and material success, has at last attained the reward of being knighted, and is overwhelmed by a flood of letters of congratulation. He is obliged to hire a special stenographer to answer them; and the woman sent him by an agency turns out to be his former wife, who left him without explanation many years before and allowed him to get a divorce and marry for the second time. She now explains to him her real reasons for leaving him. There was not, as he

had naturally supposed, another man; but she had merely grown tired of sacrificing her independence for his wealth. Therefore, as soon as she had been able by her industry to earn the twelve pounds necessary to pay for a type-writer, and thereby fit herself for an independent career as a self-supporting secretary, she had calmly left the house. She gives an emphatic jolt to the self-satisfaction of her former husband, and causes him considerable perturbation by bidding him beware of the moment when he shall see "the twelve pound look" awakening in his new lady's eyes. This little play seems just a little cynical and bitter; there is a new note in it which disturbs the amiable equanimity of Mr. Barrie's former plays; and while the piece is thoroughly enjoyable, it suggests an uncomfortable foreboding that if the author should follow up this new vein of somewhat acidulous satire, we might lose a childlike lover of life in exchange merely for another apostle of disenchantment.

The New Act of "The Blue Bird"

M. Maeterlinck's dream-drama of *The Blue Bird* was badly acted and badly produced at the New Theatre last October—a fact which I carefully avoided noting at the time, because it seemed inadvisable to discourage anybody from attending even an inadequate representation of this imaginative masterpiece; but it is a pleasure to record that, with a new cast and an entirely new pattern of stage-direction, it is now being presented in a manner that is thoroughly commendable. The present production is fully as superior to that at the Haymarket Theatre in London as the production of last autumn was inferior to the same pre-existent model; and it is to be registered to the credit of the New Theatre that the management was clear-sighted enough to make two distinct productions of the same great work during the course of a single season in order to rectify in the second the errors of the first.

The piece is now augmented by a new act which M. Maeterlinck wrote especially for the revival of the Haymarket production at Christmas-time in London. In this act the children are first led by Light to the Palace of the Luxuries, where they view many gorgeously overdressed creatures gathered about a rich banquet-table, eating when they are not hungry, drinking when they are not thirsty, and laughing when they are not merry. When Tyltyl turns his magic diamond, the Luxuries are stripped miraculously of their rich regalia, and revealed as fat and ugly creatures devoid of the real riches of life. Thereafter Light leads the children to the Land of the Happinesses, where all the common joys of every day are revealed to them as exquisite existences, and where among others they meet the Joy of Maternal Love, who is only their own mother transfigured by the faery vision. Artistically, this new act is inferior to the rest of the play, because it is more baldly allegorical and less mystically imaginative; but, as projected by Mr. Hamilton Bell, it is picturesque and pleasing to the eye, and serves to rest the imagination which has delved already into the profundities of the preceding scenes.

"Nobody's Daughter"

It is difficult to understand why the New Theatre should have imported *Nobody's Daughter*, a play by a certain Miss Symonds, who calls herself "George Paston," which owed its success in London merely to the personal popularity of Mr. Gerald du Maurier. The story is incredible, because it is false to life; and the author's treatment of it is immoral, because it is false to the immutable laws of human responsibility. The heroine of this play is an illegitimate daughter of parents who are comfortably established in society. At the time when the child was born, the parents were very young and very much in love with each other; both were unmarried and both were endowed with means; they had every motive to marry each other and no motive whatsoever for not doing so—except that if they had married each other, their daughter would have been legitimate and the author would have lost an opportunity for writing a play about them. Instead, the author tells us that they suddenly decided that their love was a mistake and their child in consequence an error; that they left the child to be brought up by a peasant woman; that almost immediately each of them fell in love with some one else

and promptly married; that they continued for years to meet each other socially, their respective spouses being drawn into an *entente cordiale* of four; and that occasionally they condescended to visit their daughter in the character of her guardians. This incredible patterning of circumstances is expounded by the author as if it were the simplest thing in the world, and we are requested to admire the parents for their kindliness of heart. At the outset of the piece, the parents are scandalised to discover that their daughter has become betrothed to a young mechanic, whose prospects are very bright, and who is planning to take her to Australia, where an excellent position is awaiting him. One would judge from the behaviour of the parents hitherto that they would welcome this opportunity to get their daughter off their hands, especially as her lover is a good fellow in his way; but no! they are shocked at the proposal of their child to lower her social position by marrying a mechanic. Why the social position of an illegitimate child who has been discarded by her parents and brought up in a cottage by a peasant woman should be regarded as better than that of an inventive and industrious mechanic is a mystery that may be clear to the British mind but that seems insoluble to the American. To save the girl from sacrificing her social position, whatever that may be, the mother takes her into her own home for a protracted visit; and during this visit the mother's husband discovers the secret of the daughter's parentage. This occasions a domestic flurry in the household, during which the wife of the girl's father unexpectedly states that she has known the truth all along—but what does it matter, anyway? Then everybody agrees that to bring a child into the world and then deny it and desert it is merely a mistake; and since mistakes will happen, there is nothing to be done except that everybody should forgive everybody else. The daughter marries the mechanic after all, and every one lives happily ever after. The immorality of the play inheres in the fact that the author asks us to regard the mother as a wholly estimable woman and to sympathise with all her motives and those of the people who are involved with her in her abnegation of responsibility. The author permits her characters to shuffle off the most serious duties of life with a childish nonchalance, and then requests us to regard them as charming people. The dialogue is pleasantly written and some of the scenes are rather prettily conceived; but the piece is utterly trivial as a representation of life.

"Excuse Me"

Excuse Me, by Mr. Rupert Hughes, is one of those farces that derive their merriment mainly from a novel and clever trick of stage-setting. The action passes in an Overland Limited express train travelling from Chicago to Reno. The first and third acts are set in a sleeping car; and the second act is set in a combination car, with a smoking-room and bar at one end and a parlour and writing-room at the other. Into this constricted setting are crowded no less than twenty-five characters; and these are moved about with extraordinary skill by that accomplished stage-director, Mr. George Marion. Mr. Hughes is very happy in his choice of farcical types and unfailingly amusing in his dialogue. It is unnecessary to summarise any of the dozen different stories which are interwoven into the fabric of the action; but each of them is a pleasant bit of invention, and there are therefore no dull places in the play. *Excuse Me* is a bright and laugh-provoking entertainment and deserves the success it has attained.

"The Zebra"

The Zebra, on the other hand, which was adapted from the French of MM. Nancey and Armont by Mr. Paul M. Potter, is a very sorry attempt at farce. It is woven out of threadbare materials—two husbands who seek an excuse for philandering away from home, and in this case pretend, when they take a vacation from their wives, that they are spending the time in aviation in an air-ship called the Zebra, the usual fake spiritistic medium who produces apparent manifestations from the shadow-world, a general shuffle in which everybody makes love to some one he ought not to—these and other conventional ingredients make up a farce in which silliness takes the place of wit.

Like most of Mr. Potter's pieces, *The Zebra* attempts to achieve naughtiness and succeeds only in achieving bad taste.

"Seven Sisters"

Seven Sisters, a domestic farce adapted from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczegh by Edith Ellis, offers a pleasing glimpse of foreign customs, because the adapter has had the good taste not to disturb the local atmosphere of the original. To most Americans, Hungary is only an operatic fairyland where everybody wears a colourful costume and dances the mazurka; and it is reassuring to observe in this little genre-study that life is just as actual and human in Hungary as it is in Massachusetts, though it is conducted according to conventions very different from our own. It is apparent in this play that matrimony is the only career that is open to Hungarian women of gentle birth, that in consequence they are trained from childhood with this single aim in view, and that to marry off a large family of daughters requires that a mother should be a mistress of the arts of diplomacy and social machination. The mother's task is complicated by a social convention that the daughters must be married off in the order of their ages, so that younger sisters must be kept down until each of their elders has successively achieved a husband. In the present piece, the fourth of seven sisters is a spirited and independent miss in her teens who has fallen in love with a lieutenant in the army and who conspires with him to put in execution various humorous intrigues which shall secure husbands for her three elder sisters and thus make her eligible to marry in her turn. The piece suffers somewhat from the monotony of repeating the same technical pattern from act to act; for each of the four acts culminates with the marriage of one of the four elder sisters of the family, and the auditor begins to worry a little lest the piece should be extended to seven acts for the purpose of providing husbands for the three remaining children. Also, although the play opens in an atmosphere of amiable domesticity and has at first the look of a comedy of character, it shifts in the later acts to a comedy of incident, and the narrative expedients become more mechanically farcical as the story is developed. But the characters are humanly and humorously drawn, and the piece leaves an agreeable impression of wholesome homeliness.

"Everywoman"

If the history of art teaches anything at all, it teaches us that the development of artistic method is evolutionary, and that therefore nothing may be gained, though much may be lost, by a deliberate reversion to a discarded type. Yet every now and then some group of painters—let us say—having discovered that Giotto, who was a great and amiable man and the most eminent painter of his age, could not draw successfully the human foot, proceed to draw feet as badly as they possibly can, and persuade themselves that they have reachieved Giotto's greatness by recapturing his crudity; whereupon they call themselves Primitives (or adopt some other label with a capital letter) and appear in public with uncustomary neckties. There seems to be a notion prevalent that there is something inherently "artistic" about any imitation of the antiquated; and that since our forefathers made furniture with an axe, a man must be lacking in æsthetic appreciation who enjoys the comfort of a Morris chair—which was invented by a modern poet and is made with a machine. Dante believed that the sun revolved around the earth, and Shakespeare thought that Bohemia was a desert country by the sea; but a modern poetaster cannot logically expect to set himself in their class as writers and as men by cultivating an ignorance of cosmogony and geography. Great artists are always contemporary with themselves.

The nameless author of the Dutch *Elkerlijk,* which early in the fifteenth century was translated into English and acted with the title of *Everyman,* managed to express a profoundly poetic vision of life and death through the medium of a type of drama that the theatre, in its evolutionary progress, discarded as primitive and crude more than three centuries ago; but that is no sufficient reason why in this age of Sir Arthur Pinero an author should be praised for writing an imitation of *Everyman.* Yet the monstrosity entitled *Everywoman,* a modern morality

play by the late Walter Browne, has been rapturously hailed by the press and by the public as the worthy achievement of a worthy literary endeavour. It is considered imaginative because the heroine is named Everywoman instead of being named Jenny; it is considered literary, because on the programme the acts are called "canticles," and because the actors speak a jargon that is neither prose nor verse; and it is believed to teach a deep and noble moral lesson, because it takes two hours to tell by means elaborately indirect that a woman who yields to the seductions of passion and subsequently sells herself for wealth loses successively her modesty, her beauty, and her youth. The old morality plays, like *The Castle of Perseverance,* happened out of place, out of time, in a realm abstract and universal; but the author of the present imitation of them abnegates this sole artistic advantage of the type by localising three of his acts—I mean "canticles"—in New York at the present day. One of the scenes is set on the stage of a metropolitan theatre; and the lofty art of allegory is maintained by calling the chorus-girls by such names as Curves and Shape. Another scene is set in Broadway on New Year's Eve; and a crowd of actual people blowing horns mingles indiscriminately with the allegorical abstractions. One of the characters is called Nobody; and most of what passes for wit in the dialogue is achieved by the desperate expedient of punning on his name. The scenery is garish, tawdry, and obviously expensive; most of the costumes of the female characters are meretricious; the story is commonplace, laborious, and unillumined by any liveliness of fancy; the lines are wretchedly written, in some semi-metrical medium of language for which criticism has no name. The whole concoction is monumentally vulgar—in the etymological meaning of the word; it will therefore be approved by the populace, and lauded by the unenlightened as a masterpiece of art.

"The Arrow Maker"

The main artistic merit of *The Arrow Maker* as a theatrical production is that the scenario afforded Mr. Hamilton Bell a notable opportunity for the display of his beautiful artistry in designing the scenery, the costumes, and the properties. As a play, Mrs. Mary Austin's effort is ponderous and slow-moving; and as a literary composition, it is laboured and rhetorical. The action passes in the foot-hills of the California Sierras at some undetermined time prior to the appearance of white people; and all the actors in the story are members of the Sagharawites, a small tribe of the Paiute Indians. The Medicine Woman of the tribe is set apart from ordinary human intercourse and consecrated to communion with the gods. Nevertheless she loves the Arrow Maker, who visits her in secret. On the eve of battle with a neighbouring tribe, the warriors of the Sagharawites take counsel of the Medicine Woman concerning the selection of a leader; and persuaded by her love, she contrives that her incantations shall secure the election of the Arrow Maker. Subsequently, actuated by ambition, he marries the daughter of the chief. The Medicine Woman comes unbidden to his wedding; and in an outburst of passionate jealousy, she discloses his former relations with herself, curses his bride, and retracts from the service of the tribe the assistance of her supernatural powers. As a result, the tribe is subsequently defeated in battle and reduced to famine; whereupon the Arrow Maker is deposed from his leadership, and the Medicine Woman, finally appeased, brings her magic once again to save the tribe from ruin. There is nothing in this quite ordinary story of a woman's jealousy that is necessarily indigenous to the prehistoric setting that the author has chosen for it. If a mediæval nun were substituted for the Medicine Woman and the tribesmen of the Sagharawites were supplanted by mail-clad knights, the essential story would remain unaltered. It would therefore be an error to regard Mrs. Austin's play as a special study of the peculiar emotion of the primitive red-man. The piece is Indian only in its setting. The story, as Mrs. Austin has developed it, would serve better as the libretto for an opera than as a play. In the theatre the action moves so slowly that the audience is wearied. The dialogue is written in a rhetorical prose that is monotonously magniloquent. Mrs. Austin is supposed to know all about the Indians; she has lived among them.

the country. It alone has made publishers and author rich. Robinson's *Arithmetic,* Loomis's *Geometry* and Spear's *Arithmetic* have been likewise popular.

Montgomery's *Histories* have had a sale in the millions, and Eggleston's *Short History of United States* and McMaster's have also gone over a million. *Epochs in American History* has kept up its sale for many years. Ridpath's first *History of United States,* as used in the public school, is in the million class. The author was paid one thousand dollars for the work which made his publishers rich. In this connection it may be interesting to record that his *History of the World,* with which two or three publishers cleared over a half million a piece, having sold over five hundred thousand subscription copies, was written by him in six years at a yearly salary of three thousand dollars. Fry's *Geography,* Harper's *Geography,* Tarr and McMurray's *Geography* have attained a sale of over nearly three millions among them. One professor at Columbia has a royalty of eight thousand dollars a year from a commercial geography.

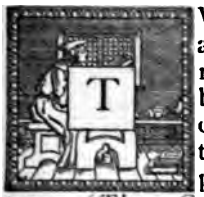
The American Science Series has had a wide vogue: Remsen's *Chemistry,* comprised of four text-books, has sold about five hundred thousand. Steele's *Fourteen Weeks' Course* in all sciences thirty years ago was the great seller in this type of book. It was more widely read than almost any other text-book. Walker's *Political Economy* has had in twenty-five years the largest sale of any book on the same subject. It was constantly revised until Professor Walker's death. Brander Matthews's *An Introduction to American Literature* has reached an enlarged edition after selling over two hundred thousand copies. It is to be translated for German schools and has been reviewed extensively abroad.

The foreign language text-book seldom achieves so great a sale as others mentioned. More Latin is sold than Greek, which has gone down in sales because of the pressure of utilitarian subjects. Latin is taught in fifty per cent. of the high schools, Greek in only five per cent. Less French text-books are sold than German, which because of its commercial application is being taught more and more. A beginner's Latin which sells fifty thousand a year is very unusual, there being only one book which approximately reaches that. The average sale is about ten thousand a year, and though the outside market is about sixty thousand for certain books, the second-hand houses cut into the publisher's sale. The publication of "ponies" or "trots" hurt the sale of certain books. A new book on Latin life by two well-known professors was refused adoption in certain school boards because a "trot" to it was published. Grammars, of course, sell the most—*Allen and Greenough* and *Harkness, Collar and Daniell, Fraser and Squair,* and *Chardenal* have all been very profitable. Professor Calvin Thomas's *Faust* has probably sold more than any other German text.

It will be sufficient from even this superficial list to show the large profits, as figured on even a small per cent. royalty, which these text-books earn, but like the novel and the play, there are only a very few, relatively speaking, which attain these commercial rewards.



GUSTAV FRENSSEN



TWO very different characters in Frenssen's novels are plainly autobiographical in a large degree—Heim Heiderieter, the lazy, pondering poet in *Die Drei Getreuen* (*Three Comrades*) and Klaus Hinrich Baas, the strenuous, imaginative, hard-headed, susceptible hero of the novel of that name. Like the Baases in Heisterberg, Frenssen's family has lived in the North Sea village of Meldorf as far back as the parish register exists. His father was a poor carpenter. Like Klaus Baas, Gustav Frenssen was an inveterate spinner of yarns, or "Robinsoniads," as he called the variations on Robinson Crusoe to which he treated his companions. He went to school at Meldorf, had trouble with the master and ran away to the Lyceum at Husum, where he occupied the room of the poet Theodor Storm. The peasants of Barlt lent him money raised by general subscription to go to the University of Tubingen, where he was as lazy as Heim Heiderieter was in his university days. At twenty-three, while at Tubingen, he submitted a short story of peasant life to the editor of a fashionable magazine, who returned it with the suggestion that Frenssen might try it on a Farmer's Calendar. The rebuff may not have been responsible for it, but later Frenssen tried a new line. "At twenty-eight," he says himself, "when I was a pastor, and married, I thought of writing again, and having no faith in myself, I wrote about a countess in a ruined castle." The result was *Die Sändgrafin*, a romance of some charm for its North Sea feeling, but of little distinction. Frenssen felt its lack of sincerity as much as any one. "In *Jörn Uhl*," he says, "I followed my own nose." And that is why *Jörn Uhl*, with its "real folks," woke Germany to a new and keen delight in simple people, and speedily passed the 200,000 mark.

Frenssen was a preacher for thirteen years, part of the time in his native Meldorf, and he declares that he owes his knowledge of people to his experience as a pastor. He knew these village folks absolutely. "A longshoreman from Dithmarschen," he says, "is my true affinity." He takes pains in several places to show his contempt for pastors that lose themselves in the ways of the world and in the formalities of their office, studiously trimming to get the approbation of men, and indistinguishable in polite society from any merchant or lawyer or Hamburg business man. Such is the minister Klaus Baas and Kalli Daus visit to get news of Kalli's renegade brother. "You know, Herr Candidate, how much is asked of me. To-morrow, for example, I have to go to an affair one of our very first merchants is giving: and you know that our wholesale merchants live very well indeed. That will last till midnight or so—and on Wednesday I am to go to the meeting of the Poor Children's Friends—Senator Hagen's wife is chairman, you know—to read a lecture on Goethe's Lyrics. And on Saturday there's a meeting of the Hamburg Historical Society. So you can understand that there isn't much time left for my studies in old Spanish." Kalli's final advice to the pastor's assistant, who is to be a pastor too, comes with force from Frenssen: "Well, you keep clear of all that nonsense the other one was talking about, do you hear? Always keep right down in the midst of the folks, remember," Kalli added with a sweeping illustrative gesture.

Frenssen gave up preaching, however, because he didn't like having to take himself as seriously as a minister is forced to in any case, because he didn't like not being able to get off the platform the world pertinaciously insists that ministers shall stand on. He decided that he could say exactly what he thought better in books than he ever could in a respectable sermon. If Frenssen were not so human, if his people were not so inexorably real, one would be tempted to say that the preacher appears here and there in his books. Perhaps Frenssen would be the first to admit it. "I have something of an old preacher's didactic way about me," he said once to a visitor, and here and there there is a tone of pastoral eloquence in his books. In *Hilligenlei* (Holy Land)

Frenssen is avowedly preoccupied with a religious theme. And yet—the wonder of *Hilligenlei* is not in the analysis of Christ's life and gospel, but in the story of Kai Jans and of Anna Boje and of all the rest of the village folk.

For *Hilligenlei* and for two others of his novels, Frenssen used his native Meldorf as background. Several years ago he moved to Blankenese, a suburb of Hamburg, that he might prowl around the streets of Hamburg and study its people for his latest novel, *Klaus Hinrich Baas*.

As to his method of work Herr Frenssen's own statement is best. "I work slowly," he says, "and most of the time it hurts." He works several hours a day, he adds, but takes a turn after each half hour or so. He is always making entries in his notebook, which according to Mr. Schauffler, who reports a visit to him, he consistently mislays and calls for excitedly. He uses people inexorably. His sailor nephew has furnished him with extensive material of sea life. When Frenssen was writing his story of *Peter Moor in Southwest Africa*, without ever having been out of Germany himself, he invited veterans to visit him and pumped them on every conceivable detail, the depth of the rut made by the caisson, the colour of the soil, and so on. Many reviewers have noted the graphic quality in *Peter Moor*.

"My natural style," Frenssen says, "is short, epigrammatic, and a little jerky, like the Dithmarschen themselves." He recognises in himself always the qualities of his North Sea village folks. "We are heavy people, my wife and I. It comes, I suppose, from living in a low, lonely land, where people have always been poor and anxious, and suspicious and melancholy."

Frenssen's analysis of religion among men is a big subject. The Germans have thrashed it out in their long continued, animated discussions of *Hilligenlei*, with its exposition of a human Christ with a human gospel. This book raised in Germany at least as great a storm as *Robert Elsmere* once raised in England. But aside from *Hilligenlei*, there are in all Frenssen's books people who feel a restless desire to adjust a shrunken faith to a real need. "Now I'm finding out at last what's in the Bible," says the artist Laura Morgenstern to Klaus Baas, "and I must say there's a lot of nonsense in it. Take this Obadiah, for instance. Can you understand how he can help us nowadays? What has he got to do with my sins or worries? Klaus, do you think that religion can change a person's real nature?"

"Yes," Klaus said, "we are told that it changed Paul's."

"Get away with your Paul!" she said. "Talk about Laura Morgenstern, and Klaus Baas, and Losch the teamster, and people like that."

Again, Klaus, catechising Sanna before they are married, says, "You've still to answer the big old question—what's your religion?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think much about it," she said. "Not a single soul really knows what the truth of it is. I once made a resolve to say a prayer every night, and I still do it. It seems to make me have peaceful thoughts. But that's about all I can say."

"And I can't say any more," said Klaus. "It's too bad, I suppose, that it's so." Both, Frenssen adds, were of those who have lost a real belief in the old revelation of the eternal, and who, in doubt and discouragement, are always seeking a new one, because they find themselves between birth and death, between good and evil.

Frenssen's philosophy of life is not hard to discover. He does not believe too much in the "perfectability" of human nature. "We've got to take people exactly as they are," he says. His people are not converted—do not change their courses. The most they do is to recognise what manner of clay they are, and proceed, sadder and wiser, but the same. Frenssen usually gets his people to where, in the lead of their temperament, they have to go on. In *Three Comrades*, each one of the three, by his particular faults of character, nearly ruins his life; and the redemption of each is a very qualified matter. In *Klaus Hinrich Baas*, Klaus says to his wife, in speaking of their children, one of whom has a timid streak, another of whom is a little hard, "Nature blindly endows people with a collection of the gifts which their ancestors had. They may be useful or useless, good or bad. It isn't possible to break or reform

the original character; nor is it right to blame or despise it. You can, to be sure, improve it a little. You can strengthen the weak somewhat, and soften the obstinate, and turn the mischievous toward good; and you can humble the arrogant and presumptuous a little." If Frenssen attacks anything in his books, it is what he calls the "stupid idealism" of church and school teaching, with its emphasis upon the vague "perfectability," which he disallows upon heroic ideals, upon cloudy presentations of the gospel of the Saviour and that of Schiller. All this fails to prepare youth for the realities of life, fails to teach necessary truths about race, sex, procreation, heredity, about "the real earthy, troubled nature of the body and the soul."

The worst Frenssen can say of any man is that he is afraid of life, afraid of realities. Strength is the great thing—the power that of itself develops into fervour and clarity. The strength may be passion—it is sacred if it is real and strong; it may be unconditional devotion to a cause; it may lead to disillusionment; but ultimately it will save. Frenssen likes to hunt down the things that keep people from being individuals, whether it be native weakness and dependence, complacency, false ideas and ideals, or the lure of culture and worldliness. Frenssen has no clearer scorn anywhere than he has for the minister who "managed to be German and Danish, have liberal and old church views, be pious and worldly, servant and lord, all at the same time;" or for Arthur Eschen, the Hamburg business and society man. "He had a quick way, characteristic of men in large cities, of discussing everything he saw and heard—business affairs, politics, people, arts, and sports—somewhat drolly and flippantly. The result was that he did not observe or think deeply about any one thing. He was much interested in anything that had to do with art, especially Parisian pictures and bronzes. Every year he and his wife spent several weeks in Paris, in a very gossipy, superficial study of art." This is not to say that Frenssen is contemptuous of cultivated interests. From his own avowal, however, it appears that he shares Klaus Baas's inability to understand how any one can live in them exclusively. Frenssen says that he never saw a piano till he was twenty, or an oil painting till he was twenty-five. He has yet to hear opera, he doesn't care for architecture, and he never saw a play until he was so old that *Julius Cæsar* struck him as "pretty artificial." Klaus Baas's position on all these points explains Frenssen's. At the culture parties Klaus, with a business crony, beats a retreat from the ladies talking about Florence in the time of the Renaissance, to a corner among the bronzes. And when he gets home he says to his wife, "Now that woman from St. Moritz—did what she was telling about interest you? It bored me awfully. What do I care about St. Moritz and Egypt and Rome? Those are for people whose hands have grown soft because their grandparents have spared them too much. I have got both feet planted right here in Hamburg, right here in the present." And again, "Klaus Baas, deeply rooted in his old peasant ideas of civilisation, like all simple strong-willed people of large purpose, saw life in three or four divisions, business, family, life abroad, and death." "Now just take that clever, cultivated Jew," Klaus says; "his mind is altogether taken up with the beautiful things of life; it's like a stately room hung with pictures, full of statues, and beautiful art objects, handsome rugs, and distinguished old books on the tables. In the room of my spirit, Sanna, there is still only a plain wooden table, with six chairs around it, occupied by my mother and father and the rest of my people. Around the walls of this plain room hang other pictures of my hard youth. There hasn't been either time or space for fine ornaments—and so the room has just stayed that way and is so now. I like to hear about those other things, but I can't be curious enough about them. I really can't take them seriously enough to enjoy them whole-heartedly."

Frenssen makes no ultimate judgments. When Jorn Uhl's friend proposes to write his story, Jorn says to him, "Say, 'Although his path led through gloom and great sorrow, he was happy, because he had humility and faith.' But don't say too many wise things, Heim. We can't unriddle it after all."

LA MORGUE LITTÉRAIRE

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

A house for all dead books
Beside Oblivion's River
I saw the lone ghosts build
With hands Plutonian.
Its walls were wan and chilled
And only Time's faint shiver
Ran through it, not the blessed breath of Pan.

They built it at the foot
Of hoary Charon's ferry.
Its gate upon the tide
Stood like a mouth of fate.
And often to its side,
Mid souls death could not bury,
He brought within his boat the futile freight.

Grave History; or Song
That had no mighty pinions,
So dropped again to earth,
And under earth, to him.
Tales that no Muse gave birth
Within her fair dominions
He wafted o'er and ranged within it dim.

And soon unto its gate
From out the fines Lethean
Came many a phantom form
On foot that hung with dread—
Came lips that once were warm
And eyes despair made peon
When they beheld amid dead tomes their dead.

And some their hands would wring—
A usage of old sorrow
They had forgotten long
In that Tartarean vale.
And some amid the throng
In vain would strive to borrow
From memory a might to voice their wail.

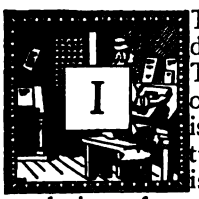
But many merely gazed
And went away forgetting
To watch with listless tread
Old Charon flit and fare.
For these found not their dead
And knew that life was letting
Them still a little bide—but did not care.

A house for all dead books
Beside Oblivion's River,
Built by the barren shades:
Alas who shall not find,
Brought to him by the raids
Of Time, all breath's outliver,
What he had held immortal for men's mind.

THE BEST TRANSLATIONS

BY CALVIN WINTER

PART II—THE MODERN NOVELISTS



IT is something of a paradox to speak of the Best Translations in English of the big foreign novelists of the nineteenth century. Here and there, it is true, some masterly rendering of a great original stands out conspicuously like a beacon light; but for the most part the best translations resolve themselves into a choice between evils. From the time when Edgar Allan Poe wrote his ironical review of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* down to the present day, there has been some improvement, but not much; in view of the prevailing public apathy, the wonder is that there has been any improvement at all. "Verily, the path of the translator is hard," wrote Lafcadio Hearn, in the early eighties. "The Messrs. ——— and ——— (naming two American publishers) are deluging the country with bogus translations or translations so unfaithful to the original that they must be characterised as fraudulent. And the great American public likes the stuff." And quite recently Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, the well-known translator of Zola, deploring the low standard of modern translation, says emphatically:

> At the present day, with respect to contemporary work, excellence in translation is scarcely to be obtained, for commercial conditions militate against it. An author may give years to the writing of a book, whereas the English translator is compelled to prepare his version in a few months, at times even in a few weeks, for it is often stipulated by the publisher that the translation must appear at the same time as the original. . . . Again, the prices paid for translation are usually so low that few men of real ability are willing to undertake them.

Hasty work by incompetent workmen —that is the main indictment of the great mass of English versions of foreign fiction. Slow and careful workmanship by a writer capable at least of making the translation approximate to the quality of style in the original, is only the most rudimentary qualification for the successful translator.

The following words of Edgar Allan Poe, although applied by him to translation in general, were made apropos of a particular novel and apply with special emphasis to fiction:

> There is one point (never yet, I believe, noticed) which, obviously, should be considered in translation. We should so render the original that the version should impress the people for whom it is intended just as the original impresses the people for whom it (the original) is intended. Now, if we rigorously translate mere local idiosyncrasies of phrase (to say nothing of idioms) we inevitably distort the author's designed impression. We are sure to produce a whimsical, at least, if not always a ludicrous, effect—for novelties, in a case of this kind, are incongruities, and oddities . . .
>
> The phraseology of every nation has a taint of *drollery* about it in the ears of every other nation speaking a different tongue. Now, to convey the true spirit of an author this taint should be corrected in translation. We should pride ourselves less upon literality and more upon dexterity at paraphrase. Is it not clear that, by such dexterity, a translation may be made to convey to a foreigner a juster conception of an original than could the original itself?

HENRY JAMES AS TRANSLATOR

Dexterity of paraphrase: there, in a word, we have the key to this whole question of the best translations. It is unfortunately only the rare and exceptional writer even in the foremost ranks of literature who possesses this particular sort of dexterity. And how very seldom our translators are drawn from these ranks. Carlyle, to be sure, translated *Wilhelm Meister*, and incidentally acquired a slight

Teutonic twist in his style, of which some critics feel the presence in all his subsequent writings. Mr. Henry James gave us his inimitable rendering of Daudet's *Port Tarascon*—a signal instance of the complete sinking of a strongly marked personal style in the style of another.* But the rank and file of translators, even of the better class, are writers who are known for their translations and nothing more—interpreters only, and not creators; and it is unfortunately true that the ultimate dexterity of paraphrase belongs to the creative art. It takes a certain inborn genius to decide precisely the extent to which peculiarities of style, especially such peculiarities as are blemishes rather than qualities, should be preserved. As a recent writer to the *Nation* pointed out, in reviewing an overfaithful translation of Pausanias, if an author has the fault of ambiguity, it is not a merit but a grave mistake to irritate a foreign reader by passing this ambiguity on to him. And the writer went on to cite Thoreau as a flagrant instance of this fault and asked whether a translator should "render literally in the English order of words the following amusingly ambiguous sentence:"

> . . . a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them.

TOLSTOY'S STYLE

In the preface to his translation of Tolstoy's *Ivan Ilyitch*, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole expresses part of the rule but only part of it when he says:

> In the translation of these stories, no attempt has been made to make smooth, easy reading; the effort has been rather to reproduce the crisp, sharp staccato of the Russian. When Count Tolstoy says, *On shol, shol,* the rendering is, He went, went; and the deliberate mixture of tenses, past and present, has been pretty carefully followed, so far as the rhythm of translation allows.

The half of the rule which Mr. Dole seems to have disregarded is this: that so far as the "crisp, sharp staccato" is a characteristic of Tolstoy, and therefore something noticeable to the Russian reader, it should be retained; but if it or any other peculiarity of style is common to the bulk of Russian literature, its imitation in English is a mistake and a blemish. A still more puzzling question in translation is regarding the treatment of local slang, patois and dialect. Sometimes, but very rarely, a slang phrase in one language has its exact equivalent in another. Thus, where one of the guests at the Feast of Trimalchio in the satires of Petronius says, *"plane matus sum,"* meaning to assert that he is intoxicated, we can hit off the idiom in English by the equally vulgar "soaked" or "soused." But, in a case where, for instance, a Latin idiom is drawn from the slang of the circus, or a Spanish idiom from the game of pelota, we cannot properly hit it off with a corresponding phrase from golf or baseball. A reader of the translation in such a case would think mainly of the incongruity of golf or baseball terms on the lips of an ancient Roman or an inhabitant of the Pyrenees.

This whole question of slang and dialect was argued out at great length a few years ago in a controversy which ran for some months in the *Saturday Review*. The occasion of the controversy was Mr. Aylmer Maude's translation of *The Powers of Darkness*, to which Mr. Max Beerbohm took violent exception as an acting version for the English stage, the ground of his objection being the peculiar dialect which Mr. Maude put into the mouths of Russian peasants. Mr. Beerbohm wrote in part:

> When characters talk a lingo which we associate only with certain classes in English life, then their utterances take on a tyrannous importance, and instead of merely grasping the significance of what they say we are wondering all the while what they will say next

*One need not look further than the opening paragraph of Daudet's introduction to *Port Tarascon*. Could anything be more completely foreign to the characteristic manner of the author of *Roderick Hudson* and *The Awkward Age* than the following:

"It was September, and it was Provence, when the vintage was coming home, five or six years ago.

"From the high wagonette, drawn by the rough horses of the Camargue, that carried us at full speed—Mistral, the poet, my son and myself—towards the Tarascon station and the fast train to Lyons and Paris, the closing day struck us as divine, as it burned itself pale: a day suffused, exhausted and fevered; passionate, like the fine faces of some women there."

. . . All we are conscious of is the glaring incongruity of English language on the lips of Russian peasants.

SHAW IN THE FIELD

After an exchange of several letters between Mr. Beerbohm and the translator, the controversy received a fresh impetus from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose letter starts off in the following brisk and characteristic way:

Max's article on *The Powers of Darkness* was so conspicuously adequate in its treatment of one of those masterpieces which leave most of our critics of the theatre hopelessly beaten that I hesitate to take any exception to it. But if its effect should be to discredit Mr. Aylmer Maude as a translator, Max had better have hung an average daily criticism around his neck and cast himself into the Serpentine. . . .

What is a translator to do? We have had Molière's *Festin de Pierre* in English, with the peasants talking broad Zummerzet; and I confess I didn't like it. Mr. Aylmer Maude makes his Russian girls say, "S'elp me"; and again I confess I like that as little as Max does. But what is Mr. Aylmer Maude to do? What would Max do? What would I do? I think I should make the Russian peasant speak good, plain Cobbett English; but though that would spare Max a jar, there is no use pretending that it would represent the original.

This controversy, as it drifted on, ended by involving Professor Wiener, the translator of an American rival edition of Tolstoy, and incidentally raised another rather nice point in the ethics of translating. There are certain passages in the current Russian editions which the Wiener translation retains and which the Maude version does not. Mr. Maude's explanation is that these passages were omitted at the express wish of Tolstoy himself, and that in a certain sense his English version is the only correct and fully revised edition of some of Tolstoy's novels ever published in any language. Here, for instance, is a characteristic case:

The editor of the magazine in which *Sevastopol* first appeared inserted some lines of patriotic tendency to mollify the censor. In the editions authorised by the censor these passages have remained ever since; but when my wife and I were retranslating the work a couple of years ago, we omitted them at Tolstoy's request. They occur near the end of the first part of *Sevastopol: December, 1854,* are specially referred to in my preface to the revised version, and include the phrase: "Long will the grand traces remain in Russia of this epic of Sevastopol, of which the hero was the Russian People." It would be inexcusable if a subsequent translator were to reinsert these passages.

Mr. Maude's contention here is sound. Where an author personally supervises a translation and authorises the revision or omission of any part of his work this constitutes the latest revised version; the final expression of the form in which he chooses it to be known. An analogous case is afforded by M. Herelle's admirable renderings into French of d'Annunzio's *Trionfo della Morte,* in which at the author's own request a number of the boldest and most offensive passages which mar the original were omitted. It is a question whether a translator to-day would have the moral right to disregard this revision and to replace in an English version the passages which d'Annunzio's maturer judgment prompted him to omit from the French.

THE BEST RUSSIAN VERSIONS

The Russians have on the whole been fortunate in their English translators. Tolstoy, for instance, is given to us in the Maude and the Wiener versions, besides a host of single volumes by various more or less competent writers. Of the rival merits of Professor Wiener's version and that of Mr. and Mrs. Maude, the *Saturday Review,* after a lengthy and minute comparison, comes to the conclusion that the Maude version "though somewhat laboured, is altogether more carefully done," and gives among features, points out that Toystoy's style is always racy, direct and simple, and this quality the Maude version the more nearly approaches; and it proceeds to cite a number of parallel passages, of which the following is perhaps the most striking:

Nikolayef jerked the reins, clicked his tongue, and the trap rolled off at a trot. (Maude version.)

The reins began to be pulled. Nikolaev smacked his lips, and the vehicle started at a gallop. (Wiener version.)

Tourguenieff we have complete in two worthy editions, the English one by Mrs. Constance Garnett, and the American one by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood. Of course, neither of these could hope to equal the superb French version made under Tourguenieff's own supervision; but they are both admittedly faithful, written in simple and idiomatic English and it is somewhat difficult to discriminate between them. An interesting analysis of them both was given not long ago in the *Nation,* in which the one distinct superiority of Mrs. Garnett's work was shown to lie in her closer adherence to the English idiom, in other words, to her greater dexterity of paraphrase. Thus, where Miss Hapgood translates, "Nothing affects thee any more than water does a goose," Mrs. Garnett renders, "It's all like water on a duck's back for you;" where Miss Hapgood says, "Well, new-ground, undried noble woman," Mrs. Garnett hits it off more aptly with "Well, my upstart lady;" and still again she improves upon Miss Hapgood's rendering "In the French language of girls' institutes" with the greater simplicity of "In boarding-school French."

THE GREAT FRENCHMEN

The French novelists as a whole have not been so fortunate in their translators. We have had hosts of versions of Dumas and Balzac, Hugo, Eugène Sue and Paul de Kock, published in England and in America at all prices and with all degrees of merit or the lack of it; and for the most part how many of us can tell who the translators were? How many of us can remember an edition of *The Wandering Jew* or *The Three Musketeers* in which the translator's name was given? Many of the earlier editions were woefully inadequate and unpardonably mutilated. The present writer, for instance, well remembers one English edition of *Twenty Years After* in which the entire episode of Athos's visit to Madame de Chevreuse and his narrative of Marie Michon were bodily omitted without explanation, regardless of the fact that the whole secret of the social position and subsequent career of Athos's son, Raoul, hangs upon it. In recent years editions of a higher order of merit have gradually been given to us. For Balzac we have our choice between the edition edited by Professor Saintsbury with the help of a number of translators, and that by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, which errs if at all by too close verbal fidelity, but has the unquestioned advantage of being the work of a single hand. There is no canon of translating more important than that the translator shall know his author wholly—not merely the particular volume that he is for the moment rendering. It is only in that way that he can be sure of having fully absorbed all the subtleties of his style. A good illustration of what happens where a well-meaning translator has not taken the trouble to do this was afforded some years ago by an imposing three-volume edition of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme.* Now all admirers of Stendhal are aware that his style is deliberately rather bald, broken and abrupt —formed, as he himself ironically remarked, by a daily reading of the Civil Code. The translator in question, however, was not aware of this and insisted throughout the work upon padding and amplifying the sentences in order to give them a round smoothness. This not only was ruinous to the style, but it betrayed the translator into a series of extraordinary and amusing blunders. For instance, where Stendhal contented himself with stating that a carriage was heard approaching "at a trot," the translator rendered it "They could hear the carriage approaching drawn at a sharp trot by two brisk little horses," whereas the immediate context shows that the carriage in question was a one-horse vehicle.

WHAT HEARN ACCOMPLISHED

Among American translators from the French Lafcadio Hearn is the one man who might with proper encouragement have given us really adequate versions of Flaubert, Gautier, Merimée and other kindred writers—not merely the two or three isolated volumes that we have at present, but their works in entirety, and with a preservation of the original rhythm and sound patterns undreamed of in the philosophy of the average translator. He might, with such encouragement, have come to achieve what he spoke of as "a long cherished dream":

> The English realisation of a Latin style, modelled upon foreign masters and rendered

even more forcible by that element of strength which is the characteristic of Northern tongues. This no man can hope to accomplish; but even a translator may carry his stone to the master masons of a new architecture of language.

What Hearn actually accomplished in the way of translation was a version of Anatole France's *Crime de Silvestre Bonnard;* some of Gautier's short stories issued under the title, *One of Cleopatra's Nights,* which he later spoke of as "one of the sins of my literary youth;" and Flaubert's *Temptation de Saint Antoine,* of which he refused to omit a single line declaring that it would be "little less than a literary crime to emasculate such a masterpiece." Careful translator though he was, and much as his Gautier tales deserved the praise they received, readers will agree that one of his reviewers distinctly scored a point in a criticism on his rendering of some verses in one of these tales. It runs as follows:

Mr. Hearn has few equals in this country as regards translation, and the stories lose nothing of their artistic unity in his hands. But his hobby is literalism. For instance, of the epitaph in *Claremonde:*

Ici-gît Claremonde
Qui fut de son vivant
La plus belle du monde,

he remarks: "The broken beauty of the lines is but inadequately rendered thus:

Here lies Claremonde,
Who was famed in her lifetime
As the fairest of women."

Very true—it is inadequate. But why not vary it? For example:

Here lies Claremonde,
Who was, what time she lived,
The loveliest in the land.

THE BOGUS MAUPASSANT

Of the two great French realists, Zola and Maupassant, there existed until quite recently no complete edition in English, nor has the deficiency in the case of Zola yet been made good. Beginning with the sumptuous Life Work edition of Maupassant published in 1902, his complete writings are now accessible in several different forms. But he probably has never had a more sympathetic translator than Mr. H. C. Bunner proved himself to be, in the little collection of short tales published under the title *Made in France.* There is an anecdote in connection with this little volume which, although familiar to a good many people, will bear retelling here. It is best given as related by Professor Brander Matthews:

He (Bunner) undertook lovingly to Americanise some half score of Maupassant's stories, declaring in his preface that although the venture may seem somewhat bold, it was undertaken in a spirit of sincerest and faithfullest admiration of him who "must always be, to my thinking, the best of story tellers since Boccaccio wrote down the tales he heard from women's lips." In a spirit of tricksy humour that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales "with a United States twist," is not derived from the French, but is Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out.

ZOLA AND HIS INTERPRETER

The translations into English of Zola's novels form a whole chapter in the history of English letters and any one who is curious to acquaint himself with the details will find them all set down at great length in Vizetelly's *Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer.* It seems difficult now to realise that so recently as 1888 the publication in English of certain volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series brought about a relentless prosecution of Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the English publisher, resulting in several heavy fines and at last in a prison sentence which left him broken in spirit and shattered in health. English phariseeism for the time prevailed and to this day the suppressed version of *La Terre* and one or two others has not been reprinted. But it is due to the enterprise of the elder Vizetelly as publisher and the zeal of his son Ernest as translator that we have to-day a very nearly complete edition of the Rougon-Macquart series as well as *Les Trois Villes,* and the interrupted tetralogy of *Les Quatres Evangiles,* made for the most part with the active co-operation of Zola himself and here and there expurgated under his approval. The one remonstrance that one feels inclined to direct against these translations is in regard to some of the English titles. It seems, for instance, little less than an out-

rage to vulgarise such a splendid title as *La Joie de Vivre* with the English substitute *How Jolly Life Is.* As one English reviewer remarks: "It sweeps us at once from satiric tragedy to Cockney farce."

One final point regarding special difficulties which confront translators is brought up by Mr. William Archer in his preface to the collected edition of Ibsen's plays—namely, the class of difficulties inherent in the foreign language itself, the sound or length of a particular word, an ambiguous or double meaning, and the like.

In not a few cases, writes Mr. Archer, the difficulties have proved sheer impossibilities. I will cite only one instance. Writing of *The Master Builder,* a very competent, and indeed generous, critic finds in it "a curious example of perhaps inevitable inadequacy. . . . 'Duty! Duty! Duty!' Hilda once exclaims in a scornful outburst, 'What a short, sharp, stinging word!' The epithets do not seem specially apt. But in the original she cries out, 'Plight! Plight! Plight!' And the very word stings and snaps." I submit that in this criticism there is one superfluous word—to wit, the "perhaps" which qualifies "inevitable." . . . It might be possible, no doubt, to adapt Hilda's phrase to the English word and say, "It sounds like the swish of a whip lash," or something to that effect. But this is a sort of freedom which, rightly or wrongly, I hold inadmissible.

A parallel case arose not long ago in the present writer's own experience. It was in connection with a translation of the opening chapters of the Italian novelist Verga's *Don Gesualdo.* It was at the point where a fire has broken out in the Palazzo Trao, and old Don Ferdinando at the head of the stairs with wild eyes staring out of a parchment face is excitedly crying out to the people below: "Up this way! Up this way!" precisely, says Verga, "like a duck." Now this sentence loses all point in English, for ducks, so far as our experience goes, do not have a habit of standing at the head of the stairs and excitedly yelling: "Up this way!" But what Verga actually wrote in Italian was "Di qua! Di qua!" and that is pretty good duck language, whether in Italy or in America.

"BECOME A MAUPASSANT BY MAIL!"

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



WITH the considerable increase in the so characterised "purely fiction" magazines during the last year or two, there has come a simultaneous increase in the purely fiction propositions, made to the public at large through the medium of alluring advertisements, concerning the imparting of the secrets of short-story craft by mail. The countenances of these advertisements are readily recognisable:

> Learn short-story writing by mail in two weeks. Entire course only ten dollars. You can earn fame and fortune! Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling get as high as $1,000 a story! Address:

Were it not for the established fact that magazine editors recently have had it deeply impressed upon them that these get-rich-and-famous-quick lures are meeting with wide response on the part of the gullible and unsophisticated, this paper might never have been prepared. The fact stands, however, that sad proofs have come to the eyes of the editors, proofs that carry in their keeping stories of heartache, disappointment and beckoning poverty. It is to indicate the fundamental flaws in the short-story-writing-taught-by-mail devices, to reveal the case as it has come to the attention of the editorial chairs, and to safeguard the guileless against further high hopes in return for a few dollars and postage stamps, that the present writer has investigated the results and herewith pre-

sents them. That the facts of the case are wholly obvious to many does not argue that the same facts are apparent to all. Piles of worthless manuscript and stacks of letters from individuals who have been duped reach the magazine offices the year round, and in these manuscripts and letters rests the evidence for the prosecution. There is no intention to "muckrake." The aim is to deal only in a temperate and concise manner with the impracticability of the "mail courses." But, at the beginning it must be said that "impracticability" is much too gentle a word.

In brief, the proposition made by the advertisements under primary consideration is as follows: For varying amounts of money, such amounts being disguised usually in a quotation of the fixed sum that is to be paid down, the "school" agrees to teach the enrolled pupil in a short period how to write "saleable" short stories. The advertisements insinuate themselves into the weakest part of the gullible human heart, for, of all the things in the world, no two are so entirely attractive as "to be a writer" and "to make some money 'on the side'." In the interior sections of the country, there are, sad to relate, any number of persons who believe that story writing is an accomplishment that may be attained by following a few rules, much after the manner that obtains in developing the biceps or making verbenas grow in the back-yard. The advertisement reader probably has succeeded in accomplishing the two latter, by obeying the advice in Sandow's and Burpee's catalogues respectively, and can see no reason why he may not just as easily "make good" at short-story writing. Add to this the widespread longing to see one's name in print and the fact that the magazine announcements themselves unconsciously, although innocently and honestly, further the sport by stating that "we are always on the lookout for good stories by new authors—for which we pay the best prices," and you have the fundamental reason for the wide range of short-story-by-mail advertisement answerers.

Once John Smith—or, as is more generally the case, *Mrs.* John Smith or *Miss* Smith (for women have been found to be in the large majority here)—answers an advertisement and sends on his five dollars, or whatever the initial financial demand may be for the return privilege of becoming a Guy de Maupassant in a couple of weeks, he is a lost soul. That is, he is a lost soul unless he has some of the qualities that go to make a good short-story writer at the beginning, which this John Smith never, or indeed very rarely, has. The reason for this shall be seen later. In return for his tuition fee, John receives by mail a booklet containing a collection of hackneyed "rules for short-story writing." The "rule" is everything with these short-story-writing bureaus of instruction. Ideas, originality, inspiration never enter into the question. According to their teachings, short stories are to be written just as woodsheds are to be built. Saw the wood, get the nails and begin hammering! Build your woodshed like all the other woodsheds in the neighbourhood. Build your short story after the exact formulas of "other" well-known short stories. It matters not what you put in your shed or your story. "It's the way it looks on the outside, not the idea, or what is in it, that counts," is the logic of the tutors-by-mail.

The "rules" sent to the enrolled would-be O. Henry need not be discussed at length. They are perfectly obvious and all right in their way. "A paragraph should contain about two hundred and fifty words"; "Dialogue should be paragraphed," and so forth. In addition, there are the usual copy-book rules for punctuation. The "rules" furnish the first lesson. Successive "lessons," ranging approximately from six to a dozen in number and printed in small pamphlets, are sent in the form of "kinds of short stories desired by the magazines"; "sample plots"; "short story masterpieces"; and so on. The "kinds of short stories desired by the magazines" are analysed as "humorous," "love," "detective," "adventure," and so forth, covering every species of story in existence. The "sample plots" are a digest of the plots of stories by well-known writers, each plot typical of each of the numerous kinds of stories "desired by the magazines." The "short-story masterpieces" are just what is claimed for them, a reprint of a few of

the best stories by recognised short-story masters. The subscriber to the "course of lessons," after receiving these booklets, is asked to study them carefully, to procure pencil and paper and to practise imitating the masterpieces. "Apply your own plots to these standards" comes the advice by mail. As is perfectly apparent even to the initiated reader, no harm and some benefit must accrue to the subscribers from a perusal and study of the printed "lessons." These "lessons" are valid, legitimate. But there is a joker in them, or rather, in the idea back of them. One may not become a writer of effective, marketable short fiction through such "lessons" alone, any more than one may through a deep reading of the short-story classics, a deep study of the rules of grammar and punctuation and a knowledge of the sort of fiction demanded by the magazine alone. That one must be a "born story writer," would be foolish to assert. But mere study in itself can make a story writer of no man. The writing of fiction, above everything else, is *ideas* first, *knack* second. An adroit and skilful manipulation of the pen has availed some writers of fiction even where ideas have been lacking, as the records will show, but even this accomplishment is rarely to be gained by such individuals as "go at" short-story writing much in the manner of "going at" a problem in calculus. At Yale University, for example, where one of the best courses in short-story writing has been instituted, the necessity for the "reportorial eye," the necessity of "the idea," is insisted upon as form is insisted upon. "Ideas" are a result of open eyes, not hard-thinking brains. The advertisement schools of short-story writing open the eyes of the subscribers only to what *has* been done in the way of good short stories, not, and this is the most important fact, what *may* be done. Individuality is a quality dismissed.

There is no space to go further into a survey of the preliminary methods of the two-cent-stamp tutors. Probably, however, sufficient has been chronicled to indicate the general trend of the manner of these methods. To go into the second phase of the case in hand, there remains to set down the more serious ulcer that has come to the attention of the magazine editors. After a subscriber has paid his money to "learn short-story writing" and has received the course of instruction as outlined above, the instruction bureau advises him that he is now ready to go into the practical side of the "profession." For another payment, the bureau assures him it will "read, criticise, correct and suggest changes" in his manuscripts, so that when he sends them to the editors the stories will stand a better chance of being accepted. Sometimes, the bureaus do the typewriting work, but such phases of the question as this cannot concern us here. The bureaus, having succeeded in re-enrolling the incipient litterateur—a matter in which they are uniformly successful—see to it that their encouragement of the subscriber is not too hasty. The first story sent in by the subscriber will be criticised as "encouraging but not quite right yet for the purpose." This criticism will be changed in detail for the next two or three stories. In this fashion, the subscriber will be lured on to a series of additional payments until, at last, when it develops no more money will be forthcoming from him, he will be assured that his stories are now good enough to be marketed by him. Of course, although it must not be said that all of the products of subscribers to the short-story-writing bureaus are worthless, it seems perfectly fair from what has been learned from the magazine editors to assert that the great majority of their stories are devoid of the qualities that go to make up worthy fiction. And, at that, to say that *all* their stories fall far short of the mark might not be too sweeping an opinion.

The pathetic side of the "Maupassant by Mail" business may be indicated in no surer way than concretely. Three weeks ago, there reached the offices of *McClure's* magazine a letter from a hopeful middle-aged woman who believed she was on the high road to short-story-writing success. In her letter, she said that she had been attracted a year before by an advertisement that promised to teach short-fiction writing for ten dollars, that she had answered the advertisement and had taken the first "course." Thereafter, in the manner that has been cited above, she had been mulcted of additional funds until now, she assured the editor in all innocence, she had been told by the bureau

that she was capable of selling her stories to the magazines at good prices. She stated further that the tuition by mail had taken almost every spare penny she had in the world out of her pocketbook, that she had given up her outside work and, because of the promise of greater remuneration and fame from story writing, had worked away at writing until she now was practically destitute. The manuscript that accompanied her letter was utterly devoid of merit and had to be returned to her. Is there not something pitiful about a case like this? Speaking of the matter, one of the *McClure* editors said: "The cases of persons who, like the writer of this letter, have spent their meagre funds (and not always 'spare' funds at that) in return for promises of great fiction glory and gold, are pathetic. They rush blindly into the net, waste time and effort and money in pursuing something for which they have not the slightest aptitude and of which they have not the slightest actual knowledge, and are made to lose faith not only in the world, but, worse still, in themselves."

Another letter received from a woman by a magazine devoted entirely to fiction reads as follows:

> I have learned short-story writing by mail at the hands of the —— school. I tell you this because they have told me I am the best pupil they have ever had. I spent about eighty dollars to learn. I am sending you a story that they have assured me is splendid and, as it is the first one I have had the courage to send to a magazine, I hope you will take it.

The story, which the present writer was shown, was, in truth, splendid! The only fault with it was that Bret Harte had written it a number of years before. It developed that the bureau of short-story instruction to which the woman had subscribed had sent her, among its "sample short fiction masterpieces," this particular story, that she had studied it as a model so regularly and thoroughly that it had become fixed almost sentence for sentence in her mind and that, when she sat down to write a story of her own, she had merely re-written the original story. The subsequent criticism of the bureau, to the effect that the story was "splendid," only goes to show either that the bureau never even read the manuscript that had been sent to it (probably because the woman had been squeezed as dry of money as was possible) or that the individuals who operated the bureau deliberately encouraged the woman in her plagiarism, although, as facts seemed to indicate, the plagiarism was unconscious and not known as such to her. The case of this woman is cited to show one of the dangers that may result from the "imitation" doctrine of the bureaus. The tenor of most of the letters that are received by the editors from these bureau graduates and the nature of the accompanying manuscripts are echoed in the two examples quoted. One and all, they are interlined with disappointment. One and all, they reveal the first smile of assurance that the returning mail must inevitably convert into a heartache.

Following the financial success of the increased number of "Short-Story-Writing-Taught-By-Mail" institutions, there has come into being within the last year an allied number of analogous "Drama-Writing-Taught-By-Mail" schools. The wave of playwriting that has swept over the country recently and that has been duly chronicled for all to read in the newspapers and magazines has undoubtedly inspired these "schools," just as the greatly increased number of fiction magazines inspired their sister "literary schools." The present writer was handed the prospectus of one of these drama-teaching bureaus recently by a metropolitan theatrical producer. For one dollar(!), the sponsors of the bureau promised to teach any one how to write a play. Need there be any supplementary comment?



"ALL THE WORLD AM SAD AND DREARY
EVERYWHERE I ROAM.
OH! DARKIES, HOW MY HEART GROWS WEARY,
FAR FROM THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

THE SOUTH IN FICTION

Part III—The Trail of the Lower South

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHEN asked the way to a certain local place, the oldest inhabitant said to the stranger: "I can't tell you where it is, sir, but I'll take you there." This is the spirit in which the writer approaches his task of trailing through the Lower South on a literary pilgrimage. Every author describes his favourite locality, knows his particular town, paints the foibles of his special friends. Virginia created a type of literature unmistakably Virginian; the Lower South is spread over a wide area, and is more democratic. In its fiction, it is undergoing a transformation, but the localities are to be fixed definitely, however much the social and economic conditions alter.

In reading a novel, the writer has never paid much attention to its topography, unless topography was its largest asset; if it was in the mountains or in the valley, that was sufficient environment to offset a good story. But every author has claims upon locality; it colours his characterisation, it affects his very manner of expression. Virginia and the Lower South differ in their traditions. This likewise would have appreciable influence upon the manner in which any



"WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANNEE RIVER,
FAR, FAR, AWAY,
THERE'S WHERE MY HEART IS TURNING EVER,
THERE'S WHERE THE OLD FOLKS STAY."

local story was conceived. From the earliest times our authors have been observant, and they have identified themselves with definite places. The local distinctions are nowhere better displayed than in Colonel William Byrd's *History of the Dividing Line,* which in itself is so carefully described that one could well-nigh retrace the old dispute (1728) step by step, catching a breath of North Carolina forest, and noting the rude methods of colonial living. The blend of humour and picturesqueness makes this survey almost fictional in scope.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LOWER SOUTH

In reminiscences, the reader is apt to meet with whole passages which are strictly literal in their experience. Tyrone Power, grandfather of the present actor, travelled into the wilds of Georgia and Alabama in 1832, leaving behind him an agreeable impression of Montgomery, Alabama, and of Columbus, Georgia, where Indians walked the main streets. Maybe such literature is not fiction, but it is the live material from which a story might be drawn. Fanny Kemble, relative of the incomparable Siddons, married a Georgia planter, and went to live in Darien, where her luxuriant descriptions and keen appreciation rose above the horrors of an institution (slavery) she abhorred. In order to give value to a topographical map, the reader should examine "Letters from Alabama" (*circa,* 1838), by the father of Edmund Gosse—a naturalist, who settled in Dallas, and lived there subject to insult from those who regarded him as fresh from the North, and as sympathising with the North. In June, 1838, Mr. Gosse made this entry: "Rode to Cahawba and back, seeing something of central Alabama." Cahawba was the capital of the State until Tuscaloosa took it away, only to be deprived of it by Montgomery. No bit of fiction could be more vivid than Gosse's minute descriptions of a 'possum hunt at midnight.

THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER

The St. John's River receives adequate consideration in Harriet Beecher Stowe's description of her Florida plantation, wherein orange blossom, forests, and bluffs sufficiently mark the locality. This same spot figures in Archibald Clavering

Gunter's *A Florida Enchantment.* The writer takes a personal narrative such as Mrs. Smedes's *A Southern Planter* as a species of fiction told in the first person singular. Thomas Dabney travelled through Alabama and Mississippi to Hinds County, where his Burleigh plantation was situated, and as cotton planter, he was no stranger to the highwayman, Jack Cotton, who would rob those landowners on their way from market who would have surplus cash upon them. Such material is ripe for fiction.

The Lower South is rich in that literature which is more nearly akin to a popular treatise on economics than to fiction. *The Southerner,* by Nicholas Worth, pictures conditions in North Carolina. On its first appearance the newspapers of that section not only furnished a key to the authorship but to the principal characters in the story as well. Every well-known person of the State was lampooned, and not only is one shown the capital and the State University, but the author's hero is sent upon an educational tour through the State.

This reads no more like fiction than Walter H. Page's essays on *The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths,* which deal almost in the same local fashion with the forgotten white man of North Carolina. Unfortunately this series is not concerned with locality that figures in all types of literature coming from the South, especially biographies of political giants of the States, like Yancey of Alabama, and Stephens of Georgia. The Bench and Bar of the Black Belt affords large fiction opportunity.

The first important local writers of fiction in the Lower South are the prolific William Gilmore Simms of South Carolina and John P. Kennedy of Baltimore.



THE JOHNSTON HOUSE, WHICH APPEARS IN MANY OF THE NOVELS OF WILL N. HARBEN



"IN THE TWENTY HOURS' RUN THROUGH ROMANTIC CYPRESS SWAMPS AND IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GREAT TREES." ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER'S "A FLORIDA ENCHANTMENT."

Into the very fibre of these men the environment entered and fired the imagination. Simms was in some respects like Cooper, for "whenever he took his eye off his local subject he wrote like an Englishman." In prose and poetry he touched the whole Lower South. In *Guy Rivers* we have a tale of Georgia in the days when backwoods and outlaws were common. *The Yemassee* was a tale of South Carolina Indians, rivalling Cooper in many of its excellences. In fact, most of Simms's novels dealt with the Gulf States and exhibited his knowledge of South Carolina. Kennedy's *Horse-Shoe Robinson* was based on a real flesh and blood hero, and the many local descriptions are the result of extensive excursions through the country on horseback.

But Simms was first and foremost a romancer, a lover of the history of his State. One could not omit mention of William Craft's *The Raciad,* which avowedly, as a poetic piece of fiction, though in verse, imitates Pope in its incisiveness, and holds to ridicule some of the keenest minds of Charleston. Hence, in order to understand Crafts, one must be as familiar with the old families of Charleston as Mrs. Ravenal was in her history of that city.

THE QUESTION OF LOCALITY

Locality in Southern Literature, as it pertained to the Lower South, is to be studied in two directions: in humour and in folklore. Conditions created a type of humourist too little read to-day, thoroughly rural in scope, and thoroughly human, however vulgar, in situations.

When Judge Baldwin came to Livingston, Alabama, he found the society rudimentary, though his own profession had gained some distinction. The story is told that when he first reached the town, on the first morning, he discovered a snake in his boot, which warned him to be careful thereafter where he slept. There is no doubt, on reading *Flush Times in Alabama*, that most of the characters, most of the incidents, had their counterparts in real happenings at Livingston. "Ovid Boles, Esq.," "whose lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind," was cer-



"THE PONCE DE LEON, WHOSE SPANISH DOMED TOWERS AND SLOPING TILED ROOFS IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF SEVILLE OR VALENCIA ARE EMBOWERED IN ITS GARDENS OF ORANGE AND PALM AND FLOWERING SHRUBS." ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER'S "A FLORIDA ENCHANTMENT."

tainly some citizen of the town, while Baldwin must have drawn on his own experience in the description of the defendant who appeared in a case he tried: "dressed in the old-fashioned gum top-boots and shorts."

Baldwin, travelling southwest, had excellent opportunity to study the scenery of three States. Undoubtedly we obtain a glimpse of Livingston in such a paragraph as:

> The writer pitched his tabernacle on the thither side of the State line of Alabama, in the charming village of P——; one of the loveliest hamlets of the plain, or rather it would be did it not stand on a hill. Gamblers, then a numerous class, included, the village boasted a population of some five hundred souls.

"The American hotel" described, with its gaudy inn-sign shaking in the wind, brings to mind Baldwin's almost nightly séances with his confrères, when they used to sit together after a day in court, and attempt to be literary in their talk. The Lower South was distinguished in its intellectual coteries; Charleston had a group centring around the form of Simms; in Augusta, Georgia, Richard Henry Wilde gathered together a number of intellectuals of his calling.

In Judge Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* there is presented an excellent picture of a primitive community of Georgia Crackers; the author attempted realistic dialect, reflecting the actual manner of the people around him. Each sketch smacks of the soil and contains rustic uncouthness, almost brutality, but the local custom is definite.

GEORGIA TYPES

Other humourists of that section were equally as provincial. Charles Henry Smith, otherwise known as "Bill Arp," the country philosopher, was born in Lawrenceville, Georgia, and his life here gave him foundation for his letters to the Atlanta *Constitution* and for his *Fireside Sketches*. By the sedulous manner in which these humourists avoided the denominational joke, we infer that the rural communities possessed certain social standards that were less violent than Longstreet's description of a gander pulling.

Richard Malcolm Johnson is the literary descendant of these writers. Middle Georgia is nowhere better pictured in its former days than in *Mr. Absalom Billingslea* or in the *Dukesborough Tales*. Here again the Georgia Cracker receives graphic treatment. It is interesting to notice that in biography as conceived by the Southern author, the style was strictly narrative, and in manner may be regarded as fiction. The local touches throughout Johnston's and Browne's *Life of Alexander H. Stephens*, if taken separately, would make remarkable short stories. What is to be noted particularly

in this class of writer—truly a good school of humourists—is the care taken to indicate shades of dialect. Johnston must have observed his neighbours carefully, for he writes with his eye no doubt on particular persons.

It will be noticed that among most of the female characters in these sketches, even of the humbler sort, dialect is less pronounced than among the men.

"THE GOLD BUG"

In another direction the Southern author now began to indicate variations in dialect. Readers will remember that Edgar Allan Poe laid the scenes of *The Gold Bug* on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. In this he made futile attempts to catch the negro inflection, but with ridiculous success. C. C. Jones studied carefully the *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast*, noting in his fables the peculiarities of the swamp regions, where the lingo of the rice fields and of the sea island was marked. These stories are different from those recorded by Joel Chandler Harris, who confined himself to Middle Georgia, describing definite plantation life, and tracing out for himself with note-book and pencil, along the railroad thoroughfares, the origins of superstitious beliefs. One might make a railroad map of his wanderings. Village life and Atlanta society figure in *Gabriel Tolliver*, which is rich in local colour. The Southern writer in the Lower South was more ambitious to represent types than individuals. Uncle Remus and Free Joe possess the qualities of the race, even though Mr. Harris may have known particular darkeys whom he took as models.



LAKE WORTH FROM THE ROYAL PONCIANA. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE FIRING LINE."



THE ROYAL PONCIANA, PALM BEACH. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE FIRING LINE."

"He began to wonder whether the inhabitants of its thousand rooms, aware of the pitiless clarity of this semi-tropical sunlight, shunned it."

Before the modern novelist considered it a fashion to travel to Palm Beach, Florida figured as a background in many novels. Sidney Lanier wrote a guide-book on that State, and turned dry fact into romantic feeling; it was, as Hayne said, "a sort of spiritualised guide-book." Every writer, from Lanier through Archibald Clavering Gunter in *A Florida Enchantment*, deals lovingly with the St. Johns River, but no description can rival that of the Ochlawaha, as it struck Lanier:

This is the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses, and palms and magnolias and mosses and vines; a lane clean to travel, for there is never a speck of dust in it, save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

For sheer narrative description, no reader can pass by the exquisite lines in Lanier on *The Marshes of Glynn*, a



CONVENT AT MOBILE, ALABAMA, ERECTED ON SITE OF OLD CONVENT WHICH IS DESCRIBED IN "INFELICE"

county in Georgia, near the sea-coast town of Brunswick. His narrative poems, which are fictional in quality, such as "Thar's More in the Man than Thar is in the Land," and "Uncle Jim's Baptist Revival Hymn" and "The Power of Prayer; or, The First Steamboat up the Alabama," touch counties that may be definitely located. In fact, Florida and Middle Georgia ring through Lanier's verses as thoroughly as Georgia permeates the verse of Ticknor, and as South Carolina colours the verse of Timrod and Hayne.

THE COUNTRY OF "ST. ELMO"

In Alabama, Mobile became the literary centre in the person of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, whose novels, widely read even now though stilted in style, are verbose in pseudo-learning. It is difficult to trace locality in these books, since particular places are disguised by an overromantic touch. One can hardly recognise her home "Ashland" in the description of Le Bocage, which figures in *St. Elmo*. The background of this story is Lookout Mountain, but Mrs. Wilson undoubtedly had in mind her own home in such feeling nature touches as: "The parlours and sitting-room opened on a long, arched veranda, which extended around two sides of the building. . . . The branches were low and spreading, and even at mid-day the sunshine barely flecked the cool, mossy knolls."

The convent figuring in *Infelice* once occupied the spot now devoted to new buildings. The Catholic touches to the book show Mrs. Wilson's keen familiarity with religious topics, and in characterisation she must have had in mind some of the people—notably "Father" Ryan—who passed along the streets of Mobile, as familiar figures. But though the old convent was burned, the description in *Infelice* is vivid and applicable to the present structures.

Mobilians will recognise the Orphan Asylum figuring in *Beulah,* and the



LE BOCAGE. THE HOME INTO WHICH EDNA EARL WAS ADOPTED. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON'S "ST. ELMO"

"The parlours and sitting-room opened on a long, arched veranda, which extended around two sides of the building. . . . The branches were low and spreading, and even at midday the sunshine barely flecked the cool mossy knolls."

"homestead" in *At the Mercy of Tiberius.* Local colour likewise permeates *Macaria,* for behind "Ashland" the Confederate camps were pitched. Mrs. Wilson had intimate knowledge of Alabama, Georgia and Virginia; she brought her characters North likewise.

As a literary centre, Mobile has given inspiration to T. C. De Leon, the blind author, who has described society in the Lower South as minutely, if not as graphically, as Mrs. Clay-Clopton. His *John Holden, Unionist,* is the typical Southern novel with descriptive touches.



THE COURT HOUSE SQUARE AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA BAMA. NORAH DAVIS'S "THE NORTHERNER."

"The clock in the tower of the court house solemnly struck two, trailing a long echo through the thin air that was presently lost in the strident clamour of the mob which came from the direction of the jail, two blocks away."

Samuel Minturn Peck, the poet, is Alabama's laureate of the present, as Frank Stanton is of Georgia.

Space will not allow more than a casual indication of the old-fashioned novels of Constance Fenimore Woolson laid in Florida, of Frank Goulding's books for boys, *The Young Marooners* and *Marooners' Island,* luxuriant with the colour of the coast of Florida. Once on the trail of locality in the Lower South, we find a plethora of descriptive touches in Jules Verne's *The Blockade Runners,* which deals with Charleston; in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Louisiana,* laid in the mountains of North Carolina; in George Cary Eggleston's historical novels, such as *A Carolina Cavalier.* History in fact makes a story local, if not in definite locality, at least in natural background and incident. In this spirit, John Preston True has covered South Carolina; so has Cyrus Townsend Brady. But in no way have they equalled William Gilmore Simms in the vividness of their treatment. Grace MacGowan Cooke, in *Return,* presented a picture of Georgia in the eighteenth century. There are bare touches of the South in Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror,* and in Charles Felton Pidgin's *Blennerhassett.* These novels, however, are not distinctively local in the sense that Johnston and Harris are local.

WILL N. HARBEN'S NOVELS

Two facts are very evident regarding authorship in the Lower South: first, the class element is being settled, and fiction will soon give an economic position to the negro; second, the Southern writer is spending a great deal of time in the North and is thereby losing a close connection with locality. The democratisation of the South fills the novels of Will N. Harben, who takes Dalton, Georgia, as the scene of most of his work, disguising it under the name of "Darby." The hotel known



THE RESIDENCE OF HIRAM HILLYER. WILL N. HARBEN'S "THE SUBSTITUTE"

as the "Johnston House" figures in many of his stories, and the dances given in *Abner Daniel* and *Mam' Linda* were held in this ante-bellum structure. Here also Pole Baker prevented a riot between the citizens of Darby and a negro regiment.

"Darby," like all Southern towns, has a main street, which in season is choked with cotton wagons. The picture reproduced in this article shows to the left the warehouse where George Buckley, in Mr. Harben's *The Substitute*, was employed and suffered at the hands of robbers. Such a scene as is here represented occurs in *Dixie Hart*, *Ann Boyd*, *The Georgians*, and *Kenneth Galt*. Mr. Harben's colonial home figures in *The Substitute* as the residence of Hiram Hillyer. Like most authors, Mr. Harben has definite types in mind throughout his books.

In Alabama, Norah Davis writes from her local vantage point of Huntsville. The scenes in *The Northerner* are definitely laid in that town, the descriptions naturally, politically, and socially being straight realism. From her desk, Miss Davis looks out upon the Cumberland



THE MAIN STREET AT "DARBY," GEORGIA, DESCRIBED IN MANY OF WILL N. HARBEN'S NOVELS

range. *The World's Warrant* is laid in northern Alabama. The "boom town" is New Decatur, and the plot is taken from real life. Her latest novel, *Wallace Rhodes,* covers the Mississippi-Yazoo Delta, a section made known also in Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi Bubble.*

Locality is dominant in all of the work by Mrs. Corra Harris, author of the *Brasstown Valley Stories,* and *A Circuit Rider's Wife.* The scenes of the former are laid wholly in Georgia, the northern part of the State holding the valley in the mountains. Readers who remember "Poppy Corn" will see in that figure a real personage whose patriarchal relationship to his people first suggested certain characterisation to Mrs. Harris.

The scenes of *A Circuit Rider's Wife* are laid in Middle Georgia, and several of the circuits mentioned are real—such as the Red-wine Circuit. All of the towns and people, however disguised, have real existence. "Celestial Bells" is a fashionable resort near Atlanta.



IN WORSHIP STREET. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."



"ALMOST, ONE WOULD SAY, THE OLD WORLD." OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."

OWEN WISTER'S CHARLESTON

The guide-book to Charleston seems to be Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore.* The plot for his story occurred while the author was at a caterer's in San Francisco, but, transferred to the South, it contains all the poetic charm of life in the aristocratic centre of South Carolina. King's Port, Royal Street, High Walk, the Battery, and the famous Churchyard are graphically and poetically described. This "most wistful town in America" presents countless opportunities for picturesque treatment, and Mr. Wister has done for Charleston what George W. Cable has done for New Orleans, and with as much delicacy and deftness.

J. W. Church has saturated his latest novel, *Deep in the Piney Woods,* with North Carolina atmosphere, while Gus-



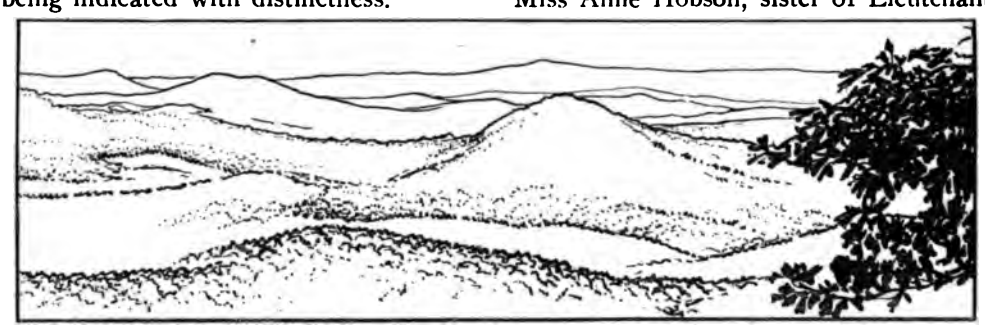
KING'S PORT, THE RETROSPECTIVE. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE"

tave Mertins in *The Storm Signal* had in mind the little village of Brooklyn in Conecuh County, Alabama. In the latter book, there is a mill scene in Covington County. The boundaries being so exactly fixed, Mr. Mertin's natural descriptions are not difficult to locate.

A writer dips into locality as he finds it convenient. George Barr McCutcheon's *Brewster's Millions,* not dependent on environment, yet touches Florida sufficiently to be noted; in Cable's *The Cavalier,* the train stops long enough at Montgomery, Alabama, to record the fact; in Winston Churchill's *The Crisis,* the hero moves through Georgia and South Carolina on General Sherman's staff. This is mere topographical indication, but in *The Crossing,* the early scenes are laid in Charleston, the places being indicated with distinctness.

Readers of *The Firing Line* are familiar with the background of Palm Beach, but Mr. Chambers is so rapid a creator of fiction that one loses sight of the fact that his *In Search of the Unknown* and his *Pasque Florida* deal with locality in southeastern Florida.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., is closely identified sectionally with North and South Carolina. *The Clansman* contains ample description of Piedmont, an ante-bellum summer resort near Charleston, and his hand touches graphically in *The Leopard's Spots,* the hills leading to the Blue Ridge. But in his latest book, *The Root of Evil,* he sends his young North Carolina hero North. From North Carolina also, saturated with village superstition and local description, comes Charles W. Chesnutt's *The Conjure Woman,* while Miss Anne Hobson, sister of Lieutenant



"IN FRONT OF THEM, ACROSS THE DIP OF THE VALLEY, LAY THE LONG, LOW RANGES OF THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, FOLD UPON FOLD, AS THOUGH THE HORIZON WERE RUCKED AT ITS EDGES." NORAH DAVIS'S "THE NORTHERNER."



IN QUIET SOUTH PLACE. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."



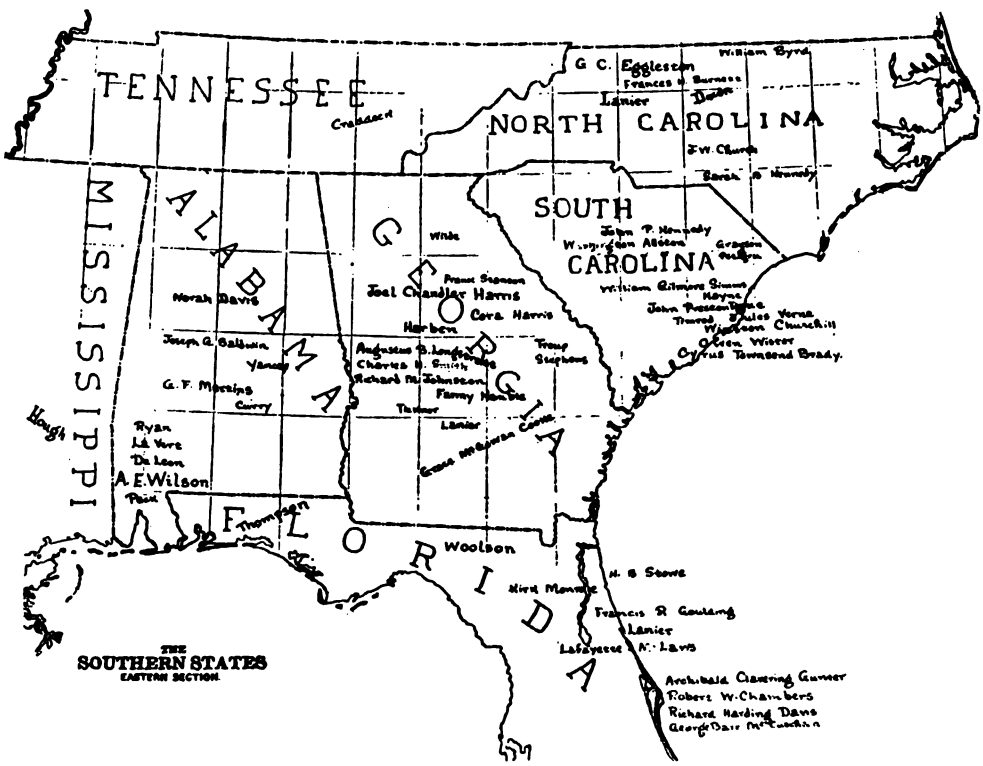
A TOTAL ABSENCE OF OBSCURE GROCERS REPOSING UNDER GIGANTIC OBELISKS. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."



"BENEATH THE DREAMY BRANCHES OF UDOLPHO." OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."

R. P. Hobson, has written some plantation chronicles called *In Old Alabama.*

The Lower South in fiction is far more casual in treatment than Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana in fiction, where there are dominant writers associated with the locality. Those visiting authors who come to the South in strictly social manner get the external setting, but the spirit is superficial and light. The Southern writer who deals with the soil mixes in his fiction some of the tang of the fields. That is its strength. For the local Lower South, save in Florida—made a resort through climate and Northern capital—is barren in special weight unless it is connected with a reminiscent past which is rapidly going, or with the problematic present which is sociologically and economically vital. The literary map of the Lower South is full, the territory covered in varied manner, but the distinctive writer, except Cable, who has special atmosphere, has yet to come in the sense that Mr. Page and Miss Glasgow mean Virginia, while Mr. Fox, Mr. Allen, and Miss Murfree mean the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

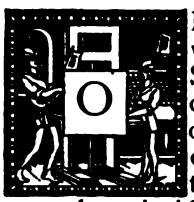


THE TRAIL OF THE LOWER SOUTH

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

IV—Strange Stories of the United States Supreme Court



N February 1, 1910, when the United States Supreme Court solemnly celebrated its one hundred and twentieth birthday by docketing its twenty-two thousandth case, the coincidence was considered remarkable, but not so strange as the fact that when the court convened for the first time, in New York, February 1, 1790, it adjourned for lack of business, after appointing its clerk. To-day, litigants are often doomed to stand in the waiting line for three years before they can be heard. The first Chief Justice, John Jay, after enduring the somnolence of the court for six years, tendered his resignation to Washington with the intimation that the tribunal was a limbo for lawyers, and the governorship of New York was a more ambitious post. The court has been known for the past generation as the "Heaven of Legal Ambition," and recently we have proof of the fact that the governorship of the Empire State, while much more coveted than it was a century ago, is considered below the rank of even an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court—for, when Mr. Hughes stepped out of the Governor's chair to mount to the Bench of the United States Supreme Court, he most emphatically reversed the opinion of the First Chief Justice of the United States, subsequently Governor of New York.

THE COURT'S SOCIAL STANDING

But the far-seeing eyes of President Washington did not underestimate the honour attached to the office, if John Jay did. Social tradition states that, at a Presidential dinner given in the Executive Mansion in New York, Washington announced to the assembly about to be seated at the table—

"The Chief Justice of the United States will sit at my right hand."

The courteous wave of the great man's hand to the seat right of him should have served as an index for the social position of the United States Supreme Court in subsequent years; and thus have spared that dignified body of men from seeming participants in petty strife for social precedence. This they have settled very effectively of recent years, by not attending any functions where their social precedence might be made a matter of controversy. The justices and their wives pay the first calls on the President and his wife, and on the Vice-President and his wife, and acknowledge no other superiors socially.

It is a time-honoured custom that the court call in a body on the President of the United States immediately before convening each fall. And it was seldom that the Chief Executive was not there to meet them. But, when President Roosevelt flew down to the canebrakes of Louisiana to hunt bears just at the time the formal call of the Supreme Court was due, some of the old inhabitants of Washington gasped, and others raised their eyebrows and asked—

"What can you expect of a man who thinks the Constitution is out of date?"

THE JAY TREATY

Despite the fact that President Washington considered the office of Chief Justice one of great honour and dignity, he had a difficult time proving it to others, mainly because he was unfortunate in his selections—or rather the fate that overtook them. When Jay resigned, he appointed John Rutledge, formerly one of the original five associate justices, who had resigned to become Chief Justice of his native State—South Carolina. He was its Patrick Henry—a splendid orator, inheriting from his Celtic parents a poetic temperament mingled with a passionate love of justice; too ardent on many occasions when he lacked the calm

deliberation which is essential in a judge who would be worthy of his power. Loyalty to a person, a party, or a cause, more than once hurt his legal career, and eventually killed it.

His love for France was as intense as his Irish-American hatred for England, and when on the very day that he received Washington's tender of the Chief Justiceship, the exact terms of Jay's treaty with Great Britain were made known in his town, he was wild. The excitement in Charleston was intense; and the leading citizens, many of them of French descent, burned in effigy Jay and his treaty before the very doors of the British Consul, and dragged the flag of Great Britain in the dirt of the streets. This, to signify their contempt for the British and for the Americans who cringed to them! The Charleston *Gazette* called for an indignation meeting to be held July 16, 1795. And, though Rutledge's appointment as Chief Justice of the United States dated from July 1st, he addressed the seething populace, denouncing the treaty as "prostituting the dearest rights of freemen at the feet of royalty!"

Wrath in England was followed by contemptuous remarks that the United States could not at least find a diplomatic man for the office of Chief Justice. Consternation reigned in our executive, legislative, and judicial branches; and many were provoked that Rutledge so far forgot his office. Oliver Ellsworth, who succeeded him, exclaimed on hearing of his impassioned speech to the Carolinians—*"He acted like the devil!"* The majority in Congress thought that, too, and, though Rutledge had held a few sittings, when Congress convened in December his confirmation was voted down. This was a terrible blow to Rutledge, who "had sat at the very cradle of Liberty"—the Stamp Act Congress—and he retired from public life; his mind weakened under the humiliation. Five years later he died, and they buried him in the shadow of old St. Michael's, his grave to become a mecca to those who admired him, and forgave him his legal sin because he was so loyal to our allies—so passionately devoted to his own land.

JAY'S IMMEDIATE SUCCESSORS

Washington next chose William Cushing (another of the original associate justices) for the Chief Justiceship; but, before he could sit on the Bench he was compelled to resign on account of ill health, which was very disappointing to Washington, for Adams had characterised Cushing as "an extremely prudent man." He was also a splendid patriot; for, though he held a seat in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts under the Crown, he forsook it when the Revolution broke out, to become one of the judges of the Superior Court, appointed by Congress. Financial recompense was uncertain; and he often held court with British bayonets bristling all around him. He was refused accommodations at Tory inns; and, to see that he did not starve, his brave wife travelled with him to prepare his meals on the "travelling kitchen," which they carried on the road.

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, finally became the accepted successor of John Jay; and Washington died the year before Ellsworth was compelled to resign on account of ill health. Ellsworth was of a very jolly disposition and a wit, despite his declaration that the secret of his success was that he had "absolutely no imagination and that he could illustrate his points by diagrams, not pictures." He won his first case while a student at Princeton. It was one of the rules that no student should appear on the campus with a hat on his head. Oliver was discovered wearing a cap, and taken before the authorities. He begged permission to defend himself, and it being given, said—

"Gentlemen, I plead not guilty to wearing a hat on the campus. The definition of a hat is that it consists of a crown and a brim; and I wore a cap, which having no brim, cannot be considered a hat in the strict meaning of the term."

Naturally, his logic and wit saved him, and he was excused. He always managed to get out of embarrassing situations adroitly. When he began to practise before the court at Hartford, he was so poor that he had to walk the ten miles which stretched between his home and the town, and he usually whistled, or

worked his mind when he walked. One day a neighbour in a carriage passed him and pertinently asked, "Why walk to town, Ellsworth?"

"Ah, my friend," responded Oliver, "we all must walk at some time in our lives, and I prefer to do so whilst I'm young!"

About a year before General Washington's death, he had the pleasure of seeing his nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington, seated on the United States Supreme Court Bench—which place he held for thirty-one years. He was a small, wiry man, who never seemed to tire; and on some of his circuit trips he held court for sixteen hours at a time. These trips took him over a wide area, and no matter whether he travelled on horseback, coach, or slow-moving boats, he kept his nose close to law books much of the time; for he loved the study of law as much as he liked to expound it—with the result that he injured his eyesight and eventually lost the sight of one eye. But those who knew Judge Washington were wont to declare that he could see more with that one eye than one man in a thousand could with two perfectly good eyes. That one eye was positively uncanny—as if it revolved around his head—for, though he seemed seldom to turn his head, he had such perfect use of that one eye it seemed to take in everything going on about him.

CLAY AND THE JUDICIAL SNUFF-BOX

There was one man who had no fear of that eye, nor was he abashed in the chamber of the elect—that man was Henry Clay. The story is told that one day he was arguing a case before the bench when his eyes fell on the ornate snuff-box which lay open on the arm of Justice Washington's chair, and with the same assurance he would display if the same were proffered to him in less sacred precincts, he stopped his discourse to help himself to the snuff; while the spectators' nerves tingled as if a capital crime was committed in their presence, Henry appeared regaled—nothing more—as he sniffed the golden brown dust up his nostrils; and then addressed the amazed owner:

"I perceive your honour sticks to Scotch!"

As Washington appeared oblivious of this transgression, the officers of the court followed his example; though they may have felt that Mr. Clay should be drawn and quartered for this flippancy in the face of the United States Supreme Court. Justice Washington delivered his opinion privately to a close friend:

"I believe Henry Clay to be the one man in the United States who would have dared to take such a liberty."

Justice Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, who served for thirty-four years (1811-1845), lived up to his surname, and gained the reputation of always having a fresh anecdote, or story, in mind, despite the claim that there is nothing new in that line. The following is one of his, and while it is very old, and has been told thousands of times by legal lights who appreciate its point, and by those who have cherished some choice stories to be told over the wine, it is still very fresh; neither the mould of years nor amendments to the Constitution have affected it in the least:

THE JUSTICES AND THE MADEIRA

Chief Justice Marshall and Justice Story were unable to set up domestic establishments in the city of Washington during the early part of their term of office; and so they did what many statesmen of that day did, when Fate landed them at the straggling village known as The National Capital—they formed a "mess" and took quarters in lodging houses. It was rather sordid, to be sure, but it was the best they could do under the circumstances. Of course, they had to have something substantial to cheer them in that life, and though one hailed from Massachusetts and the other from Virginia, they both agreed on Madeira. Story does not say he proposed it—but we hardly think the Virginian did—that they both eschew Madeira and other intoxicants, excepting when it was raining; then it was excusable to indulge, in order to prevent, or banish, a cold. Agreed! The plan worked well until Washington was visited by one of the longest dry seasons that ever struck that part of the country; but it wasn't much dryer than Marshall, who stood it as long as he could

without complaining, and then one day said to the younger judge:

"Brother Story, won't you please go to the window and see if it is raining."

The air was as dry as Arizona—but Story obeyed, and screwing his head around in every direction, as he poked it out of the window, he reported—

"No rain in sight! Not a cloud!"

"Umph!" said the Great Expounder. "That's in Washington! Well, our jurisdiction extends over a vast territory, and it surely must be raining somewhere in it! Say, Story, let's have some Madeira!"

Chief Justice Marshall served for thirty-four years, and his successor, Roger B. Taney, served twenty-nine years; and their long terms, untouched by stain and ending only with death, gave the position of Chief Justice of the United States a stability, a dignity, that has made many men aspire to it; some of whom would rather have it than the presidency.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY

Roger Brooke Taney, like our present Chief Justice, was a Catholic; but that did not make any difference with President Jackson, who appointed him; and if any of the narrow-minded resented, they took good care not to let "Old Hickory" hear them; for they had vivid proof that he resented any criticisms of his appointments as he would a personal insult. But Roger Brooke Taney did him credit; and, though physically a feeble man, stood like a giant in those brain-wrecking, heart-rending years when the question of slavery was setting almost an entire nation mad. He was a Southerner by birth and breeding. He did not forget *that* when he made the famous decision in the Dred Scott case, nor that it would be charged against him that his decision was made to protect his kinsmen, when he said that under the United States Constitution the negroes had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. No provision was made for them, and therefore they had no rights save what might be accorded them by their masters. For this decision he was cordially hated by the abolitionists; and some there were who would have him removed from his high seat; but he lived to administer the oath of President to Lincoln and to quietly sustain him until 1864, when death came.

He was the idol of the Maryland Bar then, as he is to-day. His bronze statue occupies the place of honour before the State House at Annapolis, and another imposing one is enthroned in Baltimore—where he resided many years—occupying a small park with the old Washington Monument. His remains lie under a simple slab—over which tall grass and timothy nod—in a small Catholic churchyard in Frederick, Maryland. His mother lies beside him; and the touching story is told that, knowing death was near, and after listening to his beloved friends ask which city should have the honour of holding his body when his spirit fled—Baltimore or Annapolis—where his fame was great and a splendid monument would be erected, he replied:

"Lay me beside her whose form I first laid beside—My Mother—in the cemetery at Frederick."

CHASE AND HIS DAUGHTER

Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, voted to have been the handsomest man who ever sat on the United States Supreme Court Bench, and, at the same time, one of the ablest, was noted almost as much for his beautiful, brilliant daughter, Kate, as for his legal ability. She inherited her good looks and her intellect from him, and he was extremely proud of her—as she of him. His ambition for the Presidency was for her sake as much as his own. She was one of the transient belles of Washington, and he wished to see her the First Lady of the Land. He became a candidate for President, but the convention nominated Lincoln. When Lincoln made up his first Cabinet, he appointed Chase Secretary of the Treasury—partly to console him for loss of the greater gift; and then, when Taney died, he gave Chase the highest office he had in his power to give—that of Chief Justice of the United States. Yet, when his daughter Kate heard the good news by a delegation calling on her father, she shook her pretty finger—half in play, half with chagrin—in the faces of the politicians, and exclaimed:

"Ah, I see in this a plot to shelve poor papa, so he wont persist for the Presidency!"

And what this shrewd young woman said that night is a proverb in politics to this day.

WOMEN AND THE SUPREME COURT

In the beginning, it was not dreamed that women would meddle with the affairs of the Supreme Court, much less appear before it; but since Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood made herself famous by practising before it, almost three dozen have obtained the privilege. But not since Mrs. Lockwood argued there in Indian claims (which eventually yielded her fat fees) was so much interest taken in a woman pleader as when, in the winter of 1910, Lyda B. Conley, the only Indian lawyer in the world, appeared before the high tribunal to have it decide whether Congress had the right to sell the old Wyandotte Indian Cemetery in Kansas, where her parents and other ancestors were buried. She is a full-blooded Wyandotte, and very proud of it, and when the promoters came to wreck the cemetery which covered two acres in the heart of Kansas City, she and her brave sister guarded the place with rifles; scornful of the citizens of Kansas City who would allow this spot to be destroyed—for it is, she says, "the only plot in the city which is covered with natural sod, and the grass which grows there was there when Kansas City was an Indian village." When Miss Conley appeared before the Supreme Court, she declared to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who interrogated her, that her reasons for wanting the cemetery to remain untouched were "based primarily on sentimental grounds," though she contended her legal ground was that the Chief of the Wyandotte tribe, who sold the land embracing the cemetery to the promoters, had no right to do so without consulting the relatives of those buried therein.

Justice Holmes was very sympathetic, though her contention would not hold; and suggested that the bodies could be interred elsewhere. Then the Indian woman asked the learned justice—

"What would be left of a body buried in a blanket over fifty years ago?"

There was no reply to this; nor was exception taken by the court, as happened on one occasion when a famous lawyer's argument sounded like an instructive lecture to the tender ears of the leading expounders, causing the Chief Justice to lean forward in his chair and interrupt the advocate—in a smooth tone which acted like a piece of ice slipping down the offender's spine—

"Sir, it is perfectly safe to assume that the Supreme Court of the United States knows something."

THE CASE OF THE COLLAR BUTTON

There is a line over which humour may pass in the impressive chamber, but it must come from the privileged side of the division, namely, the Bench; for he is brave, or bold, indeed, who would joke with the justices, unless he receives unmistakable encouragement to enter the tilt of wits. Not many years ago, the Hon. Charles E. Mitchell, Commissioner of Patents during the first half of Harrison's administration, was arguing an infringement of patent case involving a collar button, when one of the justices solemnly inquired if the mentioned invention was one that "would not drop out of the wearer's shirt, and slide under bed or bureau, thus causing the loser to drop on his knees and——" an eloquent pause —"hunt for it?" The counsel as seriously, some say sorrowfully, disclaimed ever coming in contact with any such wonderful invention as a "cussless collar button." (Though he did not use this exact term in referring to an invention yet to materialise.)

The late Chief Justice Fuller—usually so serious and impassive when on the Bench that his low tone aggravated the lawyers, who frequently did not know whether his decisions were favourable or adverse—cracked a joke in court a couple of years ago, at the expense of his associate, Justice John Marshall Harlan, of Kentucky, the brilliant, well-beloved "dean of the Bench." The occasion was when Livingstone Gifford, a lawyer, was arguing that certain perforated rolls of music were being used by a rival concern which was violating the copyright law. To illustrate his point, he said—

"I will now compare two famous se-

lections, *Molly Cottontail* and *Kentucky Babe*. I will first take up *Molly Cottontail*—" whereupon the hoary Chief Justice leaned forward and asked anxiously —"Don't you think that would be a discrimination against our friend, Justice Harlan, who is from Kentucky?" A ripple of mirth came from those close enough to hear the Chief Justice's pretended stand for precedence.

FULLER AND THE REPORTER

There is no doubt that Chief Justice Fuller was much annoyed in the declining years of his life by the almost weekly reports that he was about to retire from the Bench, which he had no intention of doing, for he, like his predecessors since John Marshall, believed that nothing but death should retire a man who was honourably filling the exalted position of Chief Justice of the United States. A couple of years before his death—which occurred last Independence Day—he was approached by a persistent newspaper man in Chicago, who wished to know if there was any truth in the statement he would retire, and if so when?

"That, sir," replied the Chief Justice with gentle dignity carrying a rebuke to the presumptuous person, "is a matter known only to a higher power than any on this earth."

That, in his quiet way, he was passionately fond of the dignity of his position is not to be doubted for a moment; and, even if it was not an unwritten rule that no member of the Supreme Court should allow himself to be mentioned for the Presidency, his attitude would have been as it was when in 1892 and 1896, respectively, some of his Democratic friends suggested that he allow himself to be mentioned as a candidate—he prayed that they might leave him out of the race; for, while considering that the executive and judiciary branches of our government are co-ordinate, he wished to live up to the old principle—which was his principle, too—that they should not be linked in politics.

THE TILDEN-HAYES CONTROVERSY

Of course, it cannot be claimed that there have not been instances when Presidential politics paved the way to the Supreme Court of the United States; and it is hypocritical for any student of American history to claim that politics have never polluted the sacred atmosphere of the Supreme Court. The Electoral Commission of 1877—to determine whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected for the office of Chief Executive—put a blot on the otherwise fair records of the Supreme Court which not even we who venerate the great tribunal can ignore; though we may hope it will never occur again, even though this nation endures for a million years.*

Article XII of the Constitution explicitly provides for the choosing of the President, in event it is conceded that no one person obtained a majority of votes:

> If no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. . . . And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.

When Congress provided for the Electoral Commission—composed of three Republicans and two Democrats from the United States Senate, and three Democrats and two Republicans from the House of Representatives, and *five judges of the United States Supreme Court*—many defenders of the Constitution stood aghast, at the idea of men who were chosen to expound the Constitution flagrantly violating it, and usurping the power which it delegated to the lower house of Congress alone. The writer knew of one of the finest citizens of the United States who never cast a vote for President subsequent to that which he cast for Hayes in 1876—and he went from Washington to New York, his legal residence, to cast that. Shortly before his death, in 1900, he said that the pride

*The paragraphs about the Tilden-Hayes controversy represent the views of the writer of this article. For obvious reasons, the magazine, editorially, expresses no opinion on the subject.

he had in the nation was so deeply wounded by the manner in which able men seemed to depart brazenly from the lines of the Constitution in electing the nineteenth President of the United States that he could never bear going to the polls again. And, in all probability, there were hundreds who acted likewise, though they held their reason locked in a shamed chamber of their memories.

Among those who openly denounced this method of choosing the President of 1877 was John Bigelow—the renowned journalist and diplomatist—who repeated his sentiments regarding this in an open letter to Judge Choate, published in the New York *Sun*, July 19, 1903. And Henry Watterson is as sensitive on the subject, if not as vehement, as on that day when he arose in the House of Representatives and declared that more than forty thousand Democrats were prepared to march to Washington and insure the inauguration of Mr. Tilden. But, despite all the mutterings of war, Hayes was peacefully inaugurated on Monday, March 5, 1877, taking the oath of office on the eastern portico of the Capitol, in view of thousands of quiet spectators, with the usual amount of troops nearby. Chief Justice Waite, who administered the oath of office, took no part in the Electoral Commission. It is said he flatly refused to do so, having no desire to be written in history as the Great Violator of the Constitution.

Prominent among historical paintings in the Capitol is "The Florida Case Before the Electoral Commission, February 5, 1877," painted from sittings in the Supreme Court chamber by Cordelia Adele Fassatt. It pictures over two hundred and fifty persons—among the number many ladies—who were present on that memorable occasion. Congress paid fifteen thousand dollars for this painting, and as an historical document it is worth the sum. The writer heard several thinking persons remark that they wish it were not in the classical building, at the western front of which sits the bronze figure of the man who defined the Constitution in words that admitted no argument. And yet, this most just man would probably hold that such evidence of the fall from grace might serve to remind the members of the Supreme Court of this and future generations to watch their steps more carefully, for without signs of danger even some of the most erect men are apt to slip when on political ice. John Marshall never believed in ruling out evidence material to a case because it betrayed the weakness of an individual or a party.

THE APPOINTMENT OF HARLAN

One of the most interesting stories told of John Marshall Harlan—who is a worthy namesake of the Great Expounder, and who like him has served about thirty-four years on the United States Supreme Court Bench—is that he was appointed Associate Justice by President Hayes as a reward for his zeal in examining and investigating affairs in sections where votes were disputed. This he did for the love of law and justice, taking his own time and using his own money; and though he aspired to "the Heaven of Legal Ambition"—as all good lawyers have done, and may do—he did not contemplate asking for the vacant chair on the Bench until he learned that—without confiding in him—his law partner, Bristow, was seeking the place. Mr. Harlan went to Washington to learn, from those apt to know, whether there was any truth in the rumour that Bristow was after the vacancy. President Hayes confirmed the fact. Then Mr. Harlan presented his claim—for he had worked much harder than Bristow to elect Hayes. The President was satisfied that Harlan was the man for the place; and his appointment and confirmation soon followed. Thus far may politics approach the sacred precinct of the United States Supreme Court—and no farther.

JUSTICE HARLAN AND THE TOBACCO CASES

Not only as a judge of the Supreme Court, but as a judge of tobacco, Justice Harlan found in the recent arguments in the Tobacco Dissolution suit most absorbing material; for he not only smokes, but chews. Chewing seems to help him in his reflections, for, in a well-bred manner—rivalling the ability which some girls have to chew gum in school and not be detected by the teacher—he enjoys his plug when sitting in court, and few are

cognisant of this departure from strict etiquette. But Justice Harlan doesn't care if the whole world—including Mrs. Carrie Nation—knows that he is very fond of tobacco; and when, last January, W. B. Hornblower spoke in behalf of the "British Tobacco Trust," known as the Imperial Tobacco Company, Mr. Harlan asked him if he could explain, or advance any theory, why it is impossible to get any chewing tobacco which is not unsound, rotten, or adulterated? (He spoke from sad experience of late years.) The counsel was undeniably pleased at being able to answer, and throw the blame on the American companies:

> The Imperial Tobacco Company never manufactured chewing tobacco. My understanding is that the English people do not chew tobacco, and the only demand for it in England is by tourists.

Not only Justice Harlan, but the entire Bench and all in the court chamber, listened attentively another day when McReynolds, one of the attorneys for the United States, gave a vivid description of the evolution of the tobacco trade; from the early days of the Virginia colony—when the majority of planters went crazy over tobacco to the neglect of their corn crops—to the present day, when the Tobacco Trust has the small dealers by the throat. As any one who has studied the subject knows, there is a number of romances wrapped in the history of tobacco; and Mr. McReynolds used the material with such splendid effect, that a listener was moved to remark to De Lancey Nicoll (who opened the argument for the tobacco companies)—"that it was as interesting as a fairy tale!"

"It *is* a fairy tale," sarcastically remarked De Lancey Nicoll.

Shortly before Associate Justice White became Chief Justice, he had occasion to raise his well-modulated voice in the little court room, the better to express his indignation that any one dare stand up in that court and "cast aspersions upon a co-ordinate branch of the Government not contained in the records being considered by the court."

A New York attorney contended that the courts of the District of Columbia had erred in refusing to compel the War Department officials to produce in court for examination the records in the case of Second Lieutenant Winslow Hart Reeves, of the artillery corps, for the purpose of reinstating him in the service. After stating that his client suffered from nervous exhaustion while in the Philippines and should have been retired on three-fourths pay, but was discharged instead—the forgetful attorney proclaimed with fervour that might have delighted Rutledge—

"In this day of imperialism, it seems to be the feeling, even among judges, that the President of the United States can do anything. The time was when an officer would spurn the idea of promotion through his wife's influence. Things have changed now. To be a great soldier you must bow to the sceptre and be a lickspittle."

Just there, Justice White interrupted the lawyer, who had to bow to the Bench and apologise before he was allowed to proceed. (But he seemed pleased at having expressed himself, nevertheless.)

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—who attracts the stranger in the chamber because he is the son of the much-admired and widely-read Autocrat, Philosopher and Poet of the Breakfast Table—on the 6th of March last, had the distinction of rendering the opinion of the court in Virginia's suit against West Virginia to compel the latter to pay her share of the old Virginia State debt as it was accounted January 1, 1861. West Virginia is said to have acknowledged her liability in the Ordinance of Wheeling, at the time when the divorce of West Virginia from Old Virginia took place; the Mother State pledged to the Confederacy and West Virginia to the Union. Ever since the Civil War, which left Virginia very poor, indeed, she has been trying to collect this old debt from West Virginia, who has grown wealthier with the years because of her developed coal fields and oil wells, which were in a virgin state at the time of the great conflict. Virginia finally brought her suit into the United States Supreme Court, where the opinion was recently rendered that West Virginia's proportion of the old debt was $7,182.46, which she must pay. The

court left the matter of interest to the two States to decide by conference. Justice Holmes, who wore the blue in the Civil War, concluded his opinion with this sentiment—

> This case is one which calls for forbearance on both sides. Great States have a temper superior to that of private litigants, and it is to be hoped that enough has been decided for patriotism, the fraternity of the Union and mutual consideration to bring it to an end.

THE DIGNITY OF THE JUSTICES

No matter what are the decisions in the notable cases recently before the United States Supreme Court—The Tobacco Trust and The Standard Oil—they may redound to the benefit of the court; for the great array of legal talent present at the hearings, and the pressure from the public to gain admittance—to which all respectable persons are entitled, if there is room—has proven the necessity for speedy Congressional action toward a new and adequate Temple of Justice. It is a further proof of the delicate lines drawn between this court and politics—or whatever approaches lobbying—that the great justices suffer many physical inconveniences rather than agitate the question of new quarters. For one thing, it is beneath their dignity to sue Congress for anything, especially when Congress should have an eye to their official necessaries, and Congress is certainly aware that the little old Senate chamber, which it vacated for its new chamber over fifty years ago, and turned over to the United States Supreme Court, does not fit the court of this day, any more than the enlarged Congress of this period would fit in the halls it had fifty years ago.

Another reason why the members of the court may hesitate to press their case—even did etiquette permit—they are loath to forsake that chamber, haunted by the spirits of intellectual giants, for a new, magnificent home lacking that unpurchasable atmosphere of historical association and memories that mellow with the years.

MY LADY READS THE "ILIAD"

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

My lady sighs and smiles upon
The open book that she has read;
Fond Homer's heart may still be glad,
For roses bloom where Spartans bled;
And Menelaus' golden head
Has found at last his loved one's breast,
To learn of all the tears she shed
In vagrant love that stood no test.

Of bright Achilles' magic spell,
Of Agamemnon's haughty face,
Of mingling prayer and temple bell
In twilight groves of 'chanted Thrace,
Of Paris wise through love's embrace,
Of Helen, in that ancient rhyme,
My lady reads and smiles to trace
The mockery of passing time.

My lady smiles with brightened eye—
Perchance she knew those days gone by,
And lives again that night she kissed
Some lover 'neath the Ægean sky.

THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART I



NE naturally thinks of *Trilby* and *Ben Hur* as beginning the story of modern book advertising. But neither of these books was, comparatively speaking, advertised at all; their exploitation was—though not unwillingly—thrust upon them. It is curious that Taine's *English Literature* sounds the first note of the modern idea of the advertising campaign. That particular campaign is now over twenty-five years old and it still offers, says Mr. Holt, his best definite evidence of the success of such a policy. The enormous sales of both of the novels that begin the modern era in the book-trade came about through natural publicity, neither inspired nor cultivated.

Trilby was floated by a number of contributing circumstances. The story dealt picturesquely with hypnotism, just then beginning to engage the public imagination. Whistler had claimed that he was caricatured as Joe Sibley and Du Maurier had been forced to cut out the character. The story was printed serially and Du Maurier was supposed to have threatened to sue Harpers on account of some omissions. The book had not been out much over a year before it reached the stage and several different actresses played the name part. Then there were the drawings of the author, which were so distinctive that the characters took definite shape in the public mind. An excellent illustration of this, and also of how largely the book entered at once into the public life, is the fact that it became quite a fad for three men who in size resembled Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee to promenade New York's Fifth Avenue and Broadway, assisting their likeness by their costume. Thus it will readily be recognised that here, in an artless state of nature, existed all those elements of publicity which were to be so cunningly contrived or coaxed at a later period. And those ideas that were not supplied by *Trilby* were furnished to the future professional advertisers by *Ben Hur*. An argument between Ingersoll and Wallace started this book. Unable to answer his opponent, Wallace went home to read his Bible for ammunition, and then began his story. The book was published in 1880 and the sale began to grow steadily only after its second year. Two things happened in the year 1881. Wallace told Garfield the genesis of the story, and the President, much impressed, wrote a letter commending the book to the attention of the public. The letter was widely published, and also the fact that the author had been appointed to Turkey. Though such a book was bound to make its way, its sales became so active at once that these two facts had an unmistakable bearing. It would otherwise have been a long time before it reached even its present selling-figure. Both this and the continued drawing power of the play are among the marvels of the trade.



ALPHONSE AND GASTON IN BOOKLAND

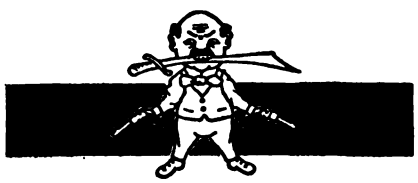
"ROBERT ELSMERE"

The phenomena which attended the appearance of these two books—the first widely selling novels of our age—became the devices of a later generation. But though publishers got for the first time a dim notion of how extensive was the public waiting to be reached, they went on a while longer, content for the most part with dignified and emotionless announcement of their wares. Books like *Mr. Isaacs* and *Looking Backward* were forced to make their way unaided, and they naturally took a long while to do it. No one seemed to comprehend that the enormous popularity which came to them later did not have to be deferred—in the case of the latter book until after the



Consider the Lily of the Field.
Verily, he out-Sols Solomon.
He has Due and Proper Cause.
Is he to be Queen of the May, Mother?
No; but it is his Wedding Day, Tra-la, Tra-loo!
And he Hastes to Church?
Not he.
Why not?
The Matter has Escaped his Mind.
Careless Mind!
He is Very Busy.
Learning his Part?
No; Following a Hot Trail.
Trail of What?
THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
What of his Marriage?
Sh! You'll disturb him.
But the Bride?
Don't Worry. She's Busy, too.
What. Has she also a Copy of the Book?
Just so.
And there will be no Wedding?
Not To-day. Some other day.
When Both have Finished the Story?
Right! Go to the Head.





Aha! A Warrior of Old!
Not at all. It is an Ordinarily Peaceable Citizen.
Why, then, the War-Path Rig?
He is About to Commit Justifiable Homicide on an Intimate Friend.
Why Such Extreme Measures?
The I. F. Butted in on him as he was Reading THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
And Interrupted?
No; the Reader Was Too Deep in the Story
What Harm, then?
Just then the Phone Buzzed, and the Man went—
To Answer the Phone?
No, to Choke Off the Bell.
Then?
The I. F. Seized on the Book.
And Began the Story?
In the Middle. When he Reached the Point where Sherlock Homes Found the Mysterious Footprints—
Footprints of what?
Just then he Heard the Other Man Returning.
And Dropped the Book?
He couldn't. He Borrowed it Very Informally and Fled.
What did the Owner Do?
Observe the Picture Above.
And what Became of the I. F.?
Observe the Picture Below.
He Seems in Terror of his Life.
Worse than That.
What Could be Worse?
The Fear of Being Cut Off in his Prime Before Reaching the Solution of the Mystery!



FOR SHEER CLEVERNESS IT IS DOUBTFUL IF A CERTAIN PAMPHLET, DESIGNED TO EXPLOIT CONAN DOYLE'S "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES," HAS EVER BEEN SURPASSED. IT IS, IN ITS WAY, UNIQUE IN THE ANNALS OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING, AND COPIES OF IT ARE NOW HIGHLY TREASURED. THE TEXT WAS WRITTEN BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



Consider now the Policeman.
Is the Policeman Alarmed?
Bless you, No!
Why, then, so Pompadour an Aspect?
That shows Absorbed Interest.
And the Two Persons Operating upon a Third?
Oh, that's a Mere Detail.
What Manner of Men are They?
They are Thugs.
Will not the Cop Butt in?
Not he.
Why not?
He is Engaged on a More Important Case.
Which is?
The Mystery of THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
How does the Cop figure?
He is assisting SHERLOCK HOLMES.
To do What?
To Catch the Hound.
And will the Obliging Policeman Catch the Hound?
Probably not. But You can.
How so?
By Following his Trail to a Book-Shop and Surrounding Him with $1.25 in Coin of the Realm.



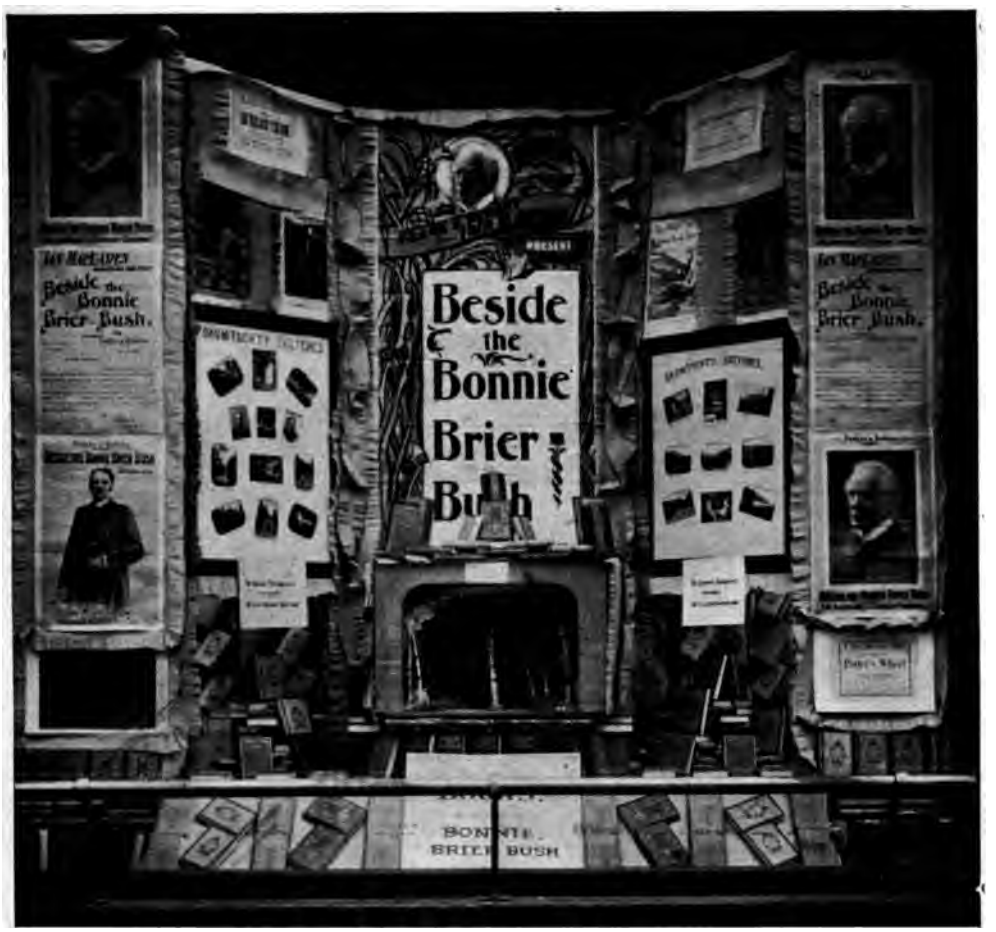
SHERLOCK AND THE FINEST

failure of its original publisher. Then the history of *Robert Elsmere* again stirred in the publishing mind a hazy feeling that something might be done of their own initiative without waiting for things to happen. This book fell so dead that it was given away as a premium with a bar of washing soap, when suddenly Gladstone's published praise of it awakened such a fury of discussion that not to have read *Robert Elsmere* was to be left out of the conversation. Something might be done to start and direct such publicity, every one admitted; but nobody seemed to know just how to go about it. A generation ago, writes the author of *A Publishers' Confession*, the average book was never started out on its journey with over one hundred dollars. Still publishers grew gradually to recognise that they conducted a manufacturing business, and as methods of advertising were changing elsewhere no particular reason existed why theirs should not change also.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AND "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

They began, then, very timidly to apply the ideas of general advertising which they saw all about them. At first no particular phenomena attended their tentative efforts. Good books seemed to succeed without being pushed and poor books went to the wall as before, only dragging a little more money with them. Books like *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Bonnie Brier Bush* sold steadily on their own merits. But it was noticed that the curious name of the former stuck in people's minds and lent itself very well to featuring in type; that the latter was greatly assisted by Dr. Watson's lecture tour through the country and his warm personal following. In both it was to be seen that the two notions of display advertising and the personal publicity element were slowly gaining ground.

The causes of the great awakening of the American reading public about twenty years ago have never been fully investigated. All at once people who apparently had never bought books before became buyers. Very reasonably, those publishers who had increased their advertising thought that was why their sales had increased. Perhaps it was in many instances, but it is doubtful if advertising in general had anything to do with it. More subtle and at the same time more fundamental and natural causes must have been at work. But, at any rate, it made the more adventurous publishers redouble their ventures and the conservative publishers emulate discreetly and from afar what seemed to them at the time extremely sensational advertising. The history of the guarded skirmishes of



THE WINDOW DISPLAY HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN EFFECTIVE FORM OF EXPLOITATION. A DISPLAY OF IAN MACLAREN'S "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

one of our oldest houses has both point and humour for the student of book advertising. They were three years trying to find a man who could adapt the new methods without sacrificing the dignity of the old. Men in other fields of advertising were found hopelessly unliterary, the meaning and quality of a book had no significance to them, they wanted to advertise a book like a bicycle. Then they tried to develop a man of their own, but every one who had grown up with them was saturated with the idea of the impropriety of advertising. They finally selected a promising young man with no advertising or publishing background whatever. They gave him one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and resolved to let him work out the problem without interference. For a year they saw no returns of any sort, but they were good losers and said nothing; at the end of this time it all came back in a flood. But in the interval they squirmed in secret as they beheld this green hand little by little, in spite of the strong ideas of book propriety for which they had selected him, gathering up the ideas of commercial advertising, and changing them over into his own. A black band around an advertisement was the ironical sign of their inward grief for the death of their old ideals; they paled at Plymouth type; the extension of a picture through its border made an earthquake. But when they saw that none of these immoral proceedings produced a cataclysm and that their business had begun to increase, they began to

RUPERT OF HENTZAU

A Sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." With Eight Full-page Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. 12mo, $1.50

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA



A CHARLES DANA GIBSON POSTER FOR "RUPERT OF HENTZAU"

be reconciled and even to contribute new ideas themselves. Other conservative publishers had followed behind every step, and so their advertiser was driven to all sorts of new devices. This campaign took about two years and concerned itself with externals only, the creation of new methods in the presentation of the advertisement itself. The publishers who had lagged behind now began to strike ahead and the period of freak presentation was on. So general it became that the New York *World* made a practice of submitting designs to publishers, supplying them for space rates only. Doubleday, Page ran an advertisement of *The Leopard's Spots* in thirty-six point Post Old Style type transversely along an outside column of a newspaper, thus quadrupling the space. All the other publishers clamoured to follow suit, but the newspapers soon found that such printing annoyed the eye of the reader as well as impaired their dignity, and they had to stop it. Then Doubleday, feeling himself by this time fairly well identified with this size and style of type, advertised a book of Miss Ellen Glasgow's a letter a day until the full name was spelled out.

THE NEW METHOD

Book advertising had now arrived at the point where the notion was firmly entrenched that all which was necessary was to make widely known in a manner which would catch the eye the mere title of the book. Like most new methods in advertising, it met with success at first. It was universally adopted and all novels were exploited in variance of the same way. This period of freak presentation was coincident with a wild increase in the amount of advertising. Some books were getting enormous response, and this naturally led to enormous spending. All the publishers, indeed, began ruefully to realise that they were spending far too much. Consequently they hailed with de-



A "RUBÁIYÁT" WINDOW DISPLAY

light another notion which was just coming in—or rather returning—the notion of publicity for the author: the idea had the best of recommendations—it extended their advertising while it decreased their expenditure.

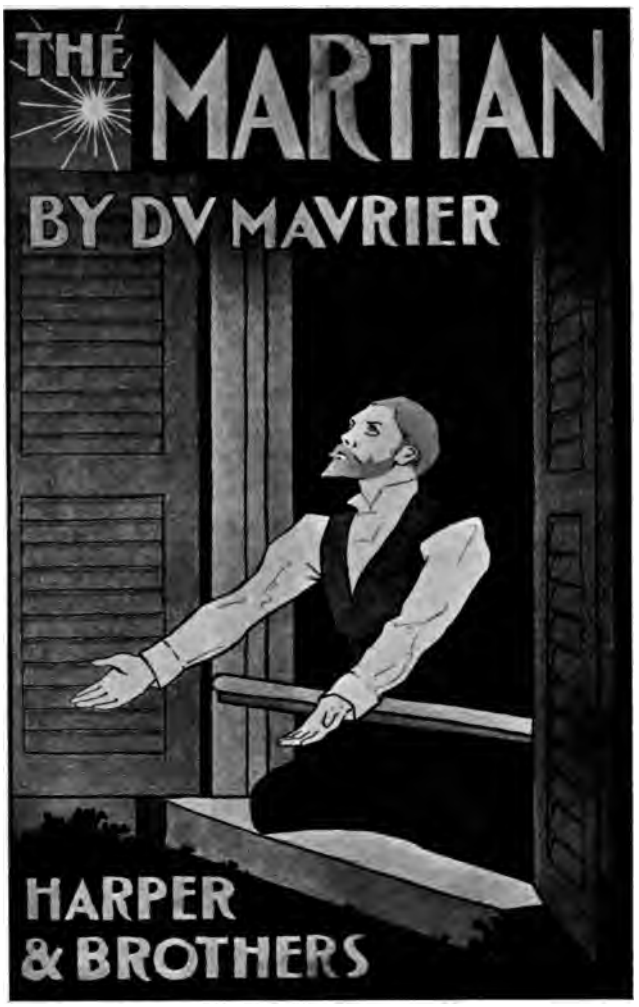
"THE JUNGLE" CAMPAIGN

It was Mr. Marcosson on *The World's Work* who whittled the notion into shape. He thought that if a new book was handled as news it could get the benefit of newspaper publicity free. He tried his hand on *The Clansman*. Reasoning that the book would start most discussion in the South, he wrote an article and syndicated it in all the Southern papers. The idea proved extremely successful in precipitating there a warm welcome for the book. But this was only a mild beginning; his second book was to prove the climax. Having read *The Jungle* in



A CLEVER AND SUCCESSFUL DEVICE FOR EXPLOITING "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"

manuscript, he advised Doubleday, Page to print it, providing they would first verify it and then back it up by substantial articles in *The Review of Reviews*. The firm sent him to Chicago to visit the stockyards, and his experience there corroborated Mr. Sinclair's statements. In a Chicago hotel he hatched his plans, and despatched the proofs to President Roosevelt together with a letter calculated to secure his attention. The President sent for the author, and after his talk called upon Congress for an investigation of the stockyards. In the meantime Mr. Marcosson had sent advance sheets of the book to all the papers, stating that they would be "released" on a certain day. When the President's message was before Congress, he released the book. The consequence was enormous and free publicity all over the country. In a few weeks the stomach of the world—to use Mr. Marcosson's concrete phrase—was turned. But then an untoward event happened—the commission sent to investigate returned a report whitewashing the stockyards. Something must be done at once or the campaign begun in so masterly a



GEORGE DU MAURIER'S "THE MARTIN"

way would fall through. The author was again sent down to the President, and as a result of the interview a second commission was sent. This one confirmed the statements of the book and the President sent another message to Congress. In consequence, the stockyards were cleaned up; sanitary and hygienic regulations and supervision was established; and the world digested its next meal more easily. It is not often that a publisher in seeking to exploit his book at small expense can obtain such far-reaching results. This was the first book which seized fully upon the idea of free publicity in the news columns of the papers. But even for another *Jungle* the trick could not be so easily turned now. Newspapers are more chary of free advertising, even when the topic has unusual timeliness and news value. Furthermore, in the days when the Sunday supplements were building, the journals were as anxious to get copy at small expense as the publishers were to be advertised; and they often exploited a novel by spreading an idea from it over several columns. They were working of course to fill up their space sensationally, but incidentally they largely advertised the books.

The germ of the idea of personal publicity had been fertilising in some of the record-breakers just previous in point of time. *David Harum*, for instance, had received more publicity than paid advertising. Its early sale had been helped by



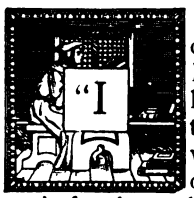
A POSTER USED TO EXPLOIT A BOOK THAT ACHIEVED A SUCCESS AS SWEEPING AS IT WAS UNEXPECTED

the report—apparently unsophisticated—that Kipling had written it; and later the papers were always commenting on the sad fact that the author had not lived to see or even suspect his success. It was, however, *The Jungle* campaign which started publishers pell mell into exploiting the personality of the author by press work. The literary notes furnished to the newspapers were much more carefully written ten years ago than now. They were often inane or slightly offensive from our point of view, but they were interesting and successful until they became overdone. The public is far more interested in hearing that Mr. McCutcheon called in a doctor for the symptoms of a character in *Graustark* and paid him a fee for it, than they are in reading about the mere mechanics of writing. Whether Mrs. Wilcox composes her poems lying down in an ivory satin Mother Hubbard or Phillips wrote his books standing up in a dressing gown does not awaken abiding interest; but a vivid picture was painted on the mind when we read that the author of *Bob, Son of Battle* was paralysed and was forced to hold his paper just above his eyes as he wrote stretched out rigid upon the bed. It made not only a warm human appeal but it had an especial pertinence to the subject of the story. Curiously enough, though the author was finally able to leave his bed, he never wrote again a book so full of the joy and surge of physical strife.

(To be continued)



THE THEORY OF HEROES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



"I WANT a hero, an uncommon want," wrote Byron at the outset of his huge, undisciplined masterpiece; and if every writer of fiction in poetry or in prose emulated Byron's frankness he would have had no occasion to use the adjective "uncommon." There is a general impression that no sort of story can be told successfully without the presence of a hero or a heroine and that it is better, wherever possible, to have both. But there is no clear idea on the part of either author or reader just what constitutes this hero or heroine; we are constantly realising that those whom the novelists have carefully labelled as such are not the true ones. In drama the matter is simpler than in narrative fiction, because drama presupposes some sort of a struggle with Destiny or some human adversary or society at large; and therefore on the stage the word hero still retains its obvious old-fashioned meaning. In modern fiction, however, we find a great variety of stories in which there is no one character that has a leading part, no man or woman who stands out preeminently above the rest—and yet this apparent want of a hero does not seem in the least to detract from the power of these stories. The question naturally arises whether the trouble does not lie with the old-fashioned definition of hero and whether it is not time to revise it.

Let us take, in the first place, a class of stories best illustrated by certain novels of Mr. Henry James, of which *What Maisie Knew* and *The Ambassadors* are conspicuous examples. In these books respectively neither Maisie nor Mr. Strethers fills in any sense the old-fashioned heroic rôle. They serve first of all the inactive part of an eye-piece through which the reader beholds a series of events happening within their focus of vision; and secondly, they themselves are undergoing certain internal mental experiences, certain psychological adventures the nature of which we learn more or less indirectly. In this type of book the leading character exerts little or no influence on the course of events: Maisie, for instance, is merely a sort of human shuttlecock tossed backward and forward without volition and even, the reader suspects, without any definite idea of what it all means. Nevertheless, Maisie is Mr. James's heroine and Mr. Strethers is Mr. James's hero, not because of anything they do, but because they serve as a unit of measure by which to judge of the relative importance of every single little detail in these stories.

This, then, is the new definition that I would suggest for hero or heroine: a unit of measurement. And just as it is possible to use a double standard in science or in business; just as we may survey a field by rods and acres or metres and hectares, or weigh out butter by the pound or the kilo, so also we can and commonly do have both hero and heroine in the same story—and as we shall presently see, this does not always mean two human beings, a man and a woman; it may be and often is, a man on the one side and a big epic idea on the other.

And this brings us to a second class of modern novels which seem at first sight, like *Vanity Fair*, to be novels without a hero. Take, for instance, the whole cycle of the Rougon Macquart novels: how many of them contain any one figure that satisfies our idea of the old-fashioned hero or heroine? Octave Mouret, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the abbé himself in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, Helene in *Une Page d'Amour*, Pauline, in *La Joie de Vivre*, fulfil our demands fairly well. But how about such books as *L'Argent*, *Le Ventre de Paris*, *L'Assommoir*, *La Debacle?* Isn't it perfectly clear not only that we must regard as the real protagonist of these books the symbolic figures of the Bourse, the Halles, the Wine-shop, the God of War, but that we must so regard them because they are the units of measure by which everything included in these huge canvases are to be judged? Or again, take *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In this book the author evidently assumed that Uncle Tom was the hero; her title shows

it, and the reading public has assumed it after her. Yet it is not true that Uncle Tom fulfils the office of hero in the sense of being the key-stone of the book's whole architecture. There are whole episodes, chapters, groups of chapters through which Uncle Tom drops out of sight. His story is not the typical story of a slave's life; it is simply one of many stories equally typical. When we follow Eliza's mad flight across the broken river ice, or lurk with Cassy and Emeline in the gloom of Legree's garret, we are not measuring their fate by the standard of Uncle Tom; we are using as our unit of measurement the tragedy of Slavery as symbolised in the slaves' cabin—the cabin into which they are thrust and out of which they may at any hour be dragged.

Usually, in books of this type, there is the double standard: the big, symbolic idea which we may regard as serving the part of heroine; and secondly, some one predominant human figure who answers more or less adequately as hero. In *Kim*, for instance, there is no question but what the central figure is India; but that does not debar us from regarding Kim himself, the Anglo-Indian waif, as a secondary and smaller unit of measurement, without which our minds would be unable to grasp the bigger dimensions of the book. But now and then we get a story that has no human hero in it, nothing at all but some abstract principle or titanic force. Such a story is Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon*. In that story we have a ship swarming with Chinese coolies; and there comes a storm off the Asiatic coast which is one of those cataclysms of nature that it requires a writer of Conrad's bigness to embody within the narrow limitations of words. Those yellow coolies with their hordes of silver dollars sliding, scrambling, writhing helplessly between decks like any other kind of living merchandise are certainly as far removed from the heroic as anything containing a human soul well could be. There is one thing and only one that fulfils the office of hero in that story: namely, the typhoon itself. It is the typhoon that serves as a unit of measure; and judged by the typhoon's scale, the powers of heaven and earth loom up rather big while a cargo of yellow coolies shrinks to proportions that are prodigiously and grotesquely small.

"The Riding Master"

It would be a great and rare experience if any one month in a year could furnish a group of books all of which offered such interesting problems of construction as those we have been discussing. But the average every-day novel is in this respect sadly conventional. An exception is afforded this month by Dolf Wyllarde's latest novel, *The Riding Master*. Here is a book which, without the obscurity of Henry James, belongs quite distinctly in the same class with *What Maisie Knew* —that is to say, as regards its structural method. The Riding Master of the title is the head of a fashionable London riding-school; and it happens that there come to him, among his other pupils, a certain little group of men and women and children whose lives form a curious series of interlacing triangles. There are many irregularities in the lives of these representatives of high-life English society; some of them are moving over the thin ice of respectability; some have already experienced the unpleasantness of finding the ice cracking beneath them. Their encounters at the riding-school are often startling, dramatic, keenly embarrassing. But all this does not concern the Riding Master. Irregularities of his pupils' lives are not a part of his day's work. He simply looks on, impassive, inscrutable, fulfilling with inexhaustible patience his office of instructor; going round and round, hour after hour, day by day, the cramped circuit of the riding-school; and teaching tirelessly, ceaselessly, both the horses and the riders. He is an interesting figure, this Riding Master; a clean-cut, clean-minded young fellow of the British middle class, precociously grave and mature with a singleness of purpose that would make it impossible for anything smaller than an earthquake or a tidal wave to turn his attention from the droop of a pupil's shoulders or a faulty grip on the reins. If Dolf Wyllarde were a writer of bigger calibre, she would have seen her way to writing this story wholly within the confines of the riding-school; she would have limited our knowledge of events to such as passed immediately beneath the eyes of the Riding Master in the midst of all that harmony of soft browns—the brown of the

tan-bark mellowed by patches of golden sunlight; the brown of the encircling panelling of ancient wood, the brown of the sleek horses whose training one realises was always a keener pleasure than the training of his human pupils. Dolf Wyllarde was unable to do the story in this bigger way—or at least she did not choose to do so. She takes us out of the school time and again, following in the wake of her other characters and giving us the key to situations over which we might otherwise have groped and puzzled helplessly. But this does not alter the fact that the Riding Master is the hero of the book. It is not merely a question how much the Riding Master knows and what he thinks of the little world around him. He is the unit of measurement by which we are allowed to gauge the sordidness, the unworthiness, the unspeakable folly of the men and women who regard him as little better than a paid attendant and whom he would have such good cause to despise.

"Denry, the Audacious"

In between his serious efforts, Mr. Arnold Bennett amuses himself by lightly throwing off whimsical farce comedies of which *Denry the Audacious* is a fair sample. The hero's name, by the way, is briefly explained at the outset by the simple fact that Denry's mother, "a somewhat gloomy woman, thin, with a tongue!" found that she could save a certain amount of time every day by addressing him as Denry instead of Edward Henry. Of plot this volume is very nearly guiltless. In so far as it has any, it belongs to the *picaresco* type. Denry's adventures are practically all of one kind and they might have been expanded and multiplied to fill a dozen volumes or curtailed to the dimensions of a short story. His audacity amounts to this: whenever he finds himself in a position menacing him with failure, social or financial, instead of losing courage, temporising, beating a retreat as sober common sense would dictate, he drives boldly, even brazenly ahead and wrenches a colossal triumph from the very jaws of disaster. A quite simple formula, you see, and one permitting of infinite variations. Add to this the fact that Mr. Bennett has a genuine sense of humour and the ability to make the most out of a paradoxical situation and you have the whole explanation why a book like this which would have been a flat failure at the hands of ninety-nine writers out of a hundred proves in this case to be very good fun indeed.

"The Married Miss Worth"

The Married Miss Worth, by Louise Closser Hale, is a good example not only of a story where the problems of life are measured by a double standard, that of the woman and that of the man; but also of a story where the contrast between these standards forms the very essence of the theme. It is a story of theatrical life and the problem offered is simply this: where a man and a woman, both of them actors, both talented and ambitious, decide to marry, what concessions should they each make for the sake of remaining together in their future work? Of course, it is too much to expect that they can always have the luck to find vacancies for both in the same company offering parts equally important and equally congenial to each of them. There will be times when the wife must content herself with some very secondary rôle, perhaps indeed merely that of understudy; or again it might be the husband who would have to choose between some minor character part in a cast where the wife played the leading rôle and the alternative of remaining behind while she goes upon the road for an indefinite absence of weary months. Is there a difference between the position of the man and that of the woman? Ought she to be willing cheerfully to sacrifice her bigger chances in order that he may have parts worthy of him; and is it reasonable of him flatly to refuse at any time to place himself in a position secondary to hers? That is the problem that Mrs. Hale tries to answer in this new novel of hers; and while we cannot question the truth of the particular human story that she is here presenting, her solution so far as the general proposition goes is open to question. What the author here says is in substance: if a man and a woman who are both artists marry, the woman will find that her true happiness lies in putting aside her own work altogether and contenting herself with the reflected glory of his. She cannot hope, so Mrs. Hale argues, that her husband

will ever be content to let her outshine him; she must at times deliberately sink to mediocrity—and it is less of a sacrifice, she thinks, to give up work altogether than to do any which is not the worthiest. As already said, this attitude rings quite true so far as the particular characters in this book are concerned. The heroine is a very real and convincing piece of work. From start to finish she is everywhere and all the time quite thoroughly alive; and we do not for a moment feel inclined to question that she would have done precisely what we are told that she did: that in the first place she would have broken with her husband, have gone off, full of resentment and hurt pride, in the company in which he had refused to play a subordinate part; and then months later, schooled by loneliness and heartache and a tragic misunderstanding, she should reach the point of such determination to retire from the stage, as to refuse without a pang to play the title rôle in a big and successful play which her husband has written expressly for her. It is a fine and effective story successfully carried to a rather big climax. But we must not take the underlying doctrine too seriously. There have been plenty of instances in all the various arts and professions where husband and wife have toiled side by side without jealousy, each doing the best they could according to their separate talents and each proud of the other's achievements. And this sort of partnership is a pleasant thing to see. Mrs. Hale, unconsciously perhaps, has shown clearly in her book that the true reason why this partnership was a failure was because of a lack of real bigness in the characters of her particular man and woman. And it is not fair to exalt to the dignity of a rule what is really a makeshift for faulty humanity.

"The Professor's Mystery"

The Professor's Mystery, by Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker, offers this peculiarity as regards its hero. It is quite frankly a mystery story in which practically every one concerned knows from the beginning almost all the essential points of the mystery—with the single exception of the hero himself, and of course the reader. We have a young man who in every respect seems to be a desirable person to have around; the sort of young man whom you or I would look upon with distinct favour if he formed the habit of calling frequently upon one of our daughters. But in this particular story the hero's suit is not looked upon with favour; more than that, when visiting at the home of the young woman he has come to care for, he is unceremoniously routed out of bed in the small hours of the morning and curtly told to gather his possessions together and promptly leave not merely the house but the town. The young man, being of a persistent nature as well as very much in earnest, chooses to disregard both this and subsequent efforts to separate him from the girl whom he loves and who, he has reason to believe, loves him. There is something absolutely baffling about the situation, something strange and abnormal in that household externally so matter of fact, so much like the thousand and one other average American households all around the neighbourhood. Not only is he convinced that a mystery exists but furthermore that the people in closest touch with it, the people who think that they understand it, are really very much at sea in some essential, vital detail. And this is the point in which he proposes to help them out in spite of them. And the curious thing about the book, the thing which differentiates it from its general class, is that he, the outsider, the amateur, the one man heavily handicapped by lack of any helping knowledge, actually does get his hand upon the combination of facts that unlocks the puzzle. The story as a whole gives one somewhat the impression that you get when watching a person futilely turning the knob of a big safe. Now if he were the owner of the safe you would expect it to open as a matter of course; if he were an expert burglar he might have more trouble, but his success would not be surprising. But here is a man who is a simple outsider, who does not even have a part of the combination, and yet partly through extreme dexterity of touch, partly through sheer luck, flings the various bolts into line and the door swings open. This is a fair statement, I think, of whatever hold of interest the book possesses; and that it does possess such a hold is undeniable. The one element which one feels inclined to quarrel with is that of an

overcareful style. A high literary finish is of course an admirable thing, other matters being equal. But in a story written frankly for the sake of swift narrative interest, the reader does not want to stop for half a minute in order to admire neat turns of phrase or the pleasant rhythm of sound sequence. As a matter of fact, however, the number of pages in this book in which we feel that the action drags a bit while the authors are luxuriating in sheer good writing are not numerous enough to matter seriously one way or the other. But why, oh why, did they hit upon such a colourless, purposeless, uninspired title as *The Professor's Mystery?* It seems as though they might have reached blindfolded into the unabridged dictionary and grasped the first three words they came to with a better chance of getting a title that really meant something.

"When God Laughs"

When God Laughs, by Jack London, is a volume that does not average as well as some of his earlier collections of short stories; but there are at least two tales in it that refuse to be forgotten. One of these two is "Just Meat," a story of two burglars who have successfully carried out a diamond robbery on a gigantic scale. It happens that a member of a firm of wholesale jewelers has planned to defraud his partner and abscond with the bulk of the stock. To this purpose he has taken to his house secretly a fabulous quantity of gems of all kinds and sizes, intending during the night to escape with them on board a sailing vessel bound for South America. It happens that the burglars break into this house before he has started, capture the jewels and incidentally kill the man. Now the authorities assume that it is the man's partner who has committed the murder and taken the stones. The real burglars are for the time being safe. But as they sit in their room, gazing fascinated at this glittering cascade of wealth, sheer avarice drives them mad and simultaneously each conceives the idea of poisoning the other with strychnine. The story ends with remorseless grimness as the two men writhe in their death struggles in the midst of the useless wealth. The second story is another bit of sombre irony called "Chinago." It is just the story of a Chinaman, one of scores drudging the years away on a plantation on one of the big islands in the Indian Ocean. He does not mind the toil, because the strange mad foreigners who hire him pay wages for a day's work which it would take him a month to earn at home. He has a dream of amassing enough money to have some time a little garden spot of his own and a tranquil haven for his old age. But there happens to come a tragedy. There is a man murdered and some of the coolies, it does not matter which, must pay the penalty. Our Chinaman has had no share in the matter, but it happens that his name is very like that of one of the other Chinamen and that a certain official had been drinking rather deeply at the time he made out the death warrant. And that is the way it happened that this particular Chinaman's dream of a little garden spot was never realised.

"The White Peacock"

The White Peacock, by D. H. Lawrence, is a book rather puzzling to estimate. It is a story of rural England, its characters being farmers and sons of farmers, and its scenes all enacted in the midst of crops and harvests, woods and country lanes. Everywhere we come in close contact with the life of the open, free out-of-doors; everywhere we get the scent of the soil. The tragedy of a rabbit mangled by the steel teeth of a trap, a nest of field-mice dug up and crushed remorselessly, one by one; the sordid wretchedness of a hovel swarming with dirty, quarrelling, half-clad children, mismanaged by a slatternly, overworked drudge of a woman who occasionally relieves her feelings by hitting them over the head with a battered saucepan—such scenes as these are done with a relentless skill that makes them actually hurt as you read them. But the author had no special story to tell; the book cannot be said to arrive anywhere in particular and it leaves us with a resentful feeling that we have been very much depressed in spirit to no purpose at all.

Neighbors Unknown, by Charles G. D. Roberts, needs no further commendation than the statement that it contains a further instalment of that author's familiar and characteristic animal tales.

They cover a wide range of subject and territory, from the tale of a pet cat, stranded, Crusoe-like, all winter long on a summer home island, to the desolation of an Arctic midnight and a polar bear's desperate struggle to sustain life. There is one interesting fact to note about Mr. Roberts's stories. Where they deal with animals and places within his own experience, he lavishes upon them a wealth of detail and colour; but the moment he passes beyond these limits he becomes quite wary of his facts.

"Neighbors Unknown"

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

H. J. Moors's "With Stevenson in Samoa"*

"Since Byron was in Greece," wrote Mr. Gosse to Robert Louis Stevenson, "nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas." One of his Samoan friends, Mr. H. J. Moors, whose name occurs occasionally in the Letters, has given some new incidents and impressions of that life in a little book, *With Stevenson in Samoa,* which is entertaining as a book about Stevenson could hardly fail to be. Mr. Moors throws no new light on the novelist's character—he does not try to make him out something different from the common notion, and therein he displays wisdom and earns gratitude. He does, however, correct the impression some may have gained that the Robert Louis Stevenson of Samoa was a man quite other than the brilliant, gay, reckless, frankly egotistical and altogether charming boy who left London. Perhaps a little too much has been made of those Vailima prayers, those valiant efforts to make as well as write South Sea history, those earnest letters to the *Times.* To the end Stevenson was half a boy, and wholly a bohemian—if the word may be forgiven.

With regard to certain matters of dress and deportment Mr. Moors is explicit. Stevenson had the "barefoot habit," he records, and put on shoes with reluctance for calls or visits of ceremonial. "He used generally to wear a little white yachting cap worth about twenty-five cents. As he was very thin and boyish in appearance, the cap suited him. I never saw him in a stiff shirt, or a stand-up collar in my life. Up at Vailima they all went about in their bare feet, except when expecting guests, and generally looked about half-dressed. When Stevenson came to Apia he still looked only half dressed. He always came down with a soft shirt on and generally white flannel trousers, sometimes with a red sash tied round the waist." He was a judge of fine cookery, and particularly fond of soups, Mr. Moors tells us (and these are the matters of real importance about a man). A native boy who learned to make admirable soups became a source of joy to him. "He was a great cigarette smoker, as all the world knows. The whole family—I except Stevenson's mother—worshiped at the shrine of 'My Lady Nicotine.' They used to consume an enormous amount of cigarettes. 'Three Castles' and 'Capstan' were the favourite brands. (Why do people want to know the favourite brands of a great man's whiskey and tobacco?)." Why, one may retort, should Mr. Moors apologise for telling what all the world wants to know? We may even be thrilled, in spite of patriotic twinges, to learn that Stevenson did not like American tobacco.

That he was a hard worker Mr. Moors bears witness. He worked at all times and places, sometimes rising at four o'clock when the mood was on him. As a farmer and landed proprietor he was not so notable a success. His biographer quotes a characteristic letter:

My Dear Moors: I hope to get down today, but the weather does not yet seem bordered up. We had a hell of a time yesterday;

*With Stevenson in Samoa. By H. J. Moors. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

I wish the man who invented open eaves had been with us—I would have burned him to see to read by.

Yours ever,
R. L. S.

Everybody knows how sensitive he was to praise or blame.

On one occasion he came to me, flourishing a paper wildly in the air. "Moors," he exclaimed, "here is news for you, and the best of news for me!"

I thought he had suddenly inherited a fortune or that something of an extreme value had fallen in his way. "What in heaven's name is it?" I asked.

"This, my friend. For years a certain critic has practically damned my works—said there was nothing really in them—and now this person, whose ability I have always admired despite the fact that I have suffered, has declared: 'Stevenson has at last produced one of the best books of the season, and the claim of his friends seems fully justified, for this work is full of genius.'" His face was all aglow with feverish excitement.

"Who is this wonderful critic, Stevenson, whose praise you so enjoy? And what bitter things has he said of you before?"

"We will drop the severe things. Moors. You would never guess, if I gave you all the morning, who it is who has at last admitted me to be in the front rank of my profession. It is Mrs. Oliphant, my dear sir—Mrs. Oliphant!"

I think it was a review of *The Master of Ballantrae* that he referred to.

Of Stevenson's devotion to the natives and their love for him, particularly of his long fight against the self-constituted European dictators of the Island in behalf of King Mataafa, Mr. Moors writes with enthusiastic admiration. They were both deep in the politics of the island, and saw more than one adventure through together. In spite of his impetuosity, his reckless indignation at injustice, Stevenson, though he had been trained for the law, was in mortal dread of courts, and when, as happened more than once, he had incurred risk of a suit for libel, he was in terror until the danger was past. Luckily there were but two solicitors on the island, and once or twice the two friends warded off danger by the simple expedient of retaining both men of law. Once there was resort to a more subtle device. There was trouble afoot, a man who had served Stevenson was under arrest, and Stevenson believed that he was the real object of the prosecution.

"I know it's me they want to get at," he said somewhat hysterically as he entered Mr. Carruthers's office, "and I know they'll want to call me as a witness. My God, Carruthers, if they put me into the witness box I don't know what I'll be saying if I once start talking."

The solicitor pondered. Then, suddenly, an inspiration came to him. "I have it," he exclaimed. "I know what we'll do. First of all, I'll go up and retain Cooper, so that the other side can't get him, and then—why, man, we'll retain you."

Stevenson looked at him aghast.

Carruthers smiled. "You're a barrister, you know; and you are entitled to practise in our courts. If we retain you they will not then be able to call you as a witness."

"Bravo!" shouted Stevenson, heartily gripping the hand of this sharp-witted lawyer, who needless to say, would have adorned any diplomatic service.

"And there and then a brief was written out and handed across the table to the novelist, retaining him as advocate for the defence; only it was not the ordinary kind of brief by any means—it was very much more brief."

Burton Bancroft.

II

Rudolph Hans Bartsch's "Elisabeth Koett"*

This novel, by an Austrian writer unknown to American readers, is an attempt to study the character and to present the career of a great actress. Elisabeth is the daughter of a janitor in the city of Graz in Styria, and is playing small parts upon the provincial stage when she is discovered by three lovers and connoisseurs of the theatre, Wigram, the librarian and philosopher, Rasmus, the pagan student and tutor, and Baron Gundenau, the aged antiquary. The first helps her to develop her genius by

*Elisabeth Koett. By Rudolph Hans Bartsch. Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

his interpretation of the parts she essays, and the third creates her an opportunity by his influence. It is still a fourth, however, the young business man, Hiller, who gets her an engagement in Vienna, in return for which she becomes his mistress in accordance with a pact previously entered into by them. This step is not regarded from the conventionally moral point of view by the author; for that Elisabeth must have lovers is accepted as a foregone conclusion not only by him, but by her three platonic patrons as well. But the Baron has made her promise that she will take the gowns and other gifts she needs from no man she does not really love. She does not love Hiller, hence her spiritual deterioration through a determination to take a short cut to that fame and success which she craves. At Vienna lover succeeds lover, and her vanity as a woman replaces her pure inspiration as an artist, without, however, affecting the quality of her acting, though it leads her to prefer an inferior class of rôles which enhance her individual importance.

Her worldly success is complete. She is even able to marry Baron Zeibern and so to become one of those great ladies who watch her from the boxes while she imitates them on the stage. But the very ease of these material conquests deprives them of all value and significance. They turn to ashes in her mouth. She becomes one of the women whom Wigram, with anticipatory irony, describes to her in the opening chapters of the book, as "ravening ogres. They experiment with men, start each time with a subtle presentiment, and end in disgust and contempt. Two or three men scarcely suffice for a season. And then these women, who are so empty themselves, raise a great cry of reproach against those whose souls they have found equally void." These Heddas and Noras, he continues, are greater than their sisters "only in that greed for the spiritual man whom the very society in which they live has destroyed and lost. And hence it is that our rich women carry with them that expression of gentle suffering. It is this fact that makes their eyes half-expectant, half-disconsolate, that gives their hands that nervous grasp. They knead a dream. And you have seen their lovely, listening throats, bent forward ever, their quivering lips, and their cheeks which are no longer muscles, but nerves. Our times have produced men who conquer all things, attain all things, enjoy all things, are apt for all uses, but have lost the depth of the immortal secret of life. And thus a new woman has arisen—yourself, Elisabeth, are such an one—to whom no distance is too far upon her quest, who must seek, and seek and seek. The noblest of them find, in the end—their own true selves." So does Elisabeth find both her self and Wigram, too, whom she has long scorned while dwelling among the "ready made" folk of society—but not before she has compassed the death of a youthful poet no less spiritual, to whose worth the vulgarity of her acquired view blinds her. But when, in her regeneration, she throws off the shackles that bind her, and tours the Slavonic provinces in big motor cars with her company as the apostle of the German Race, she produces the play he wrote for her, and finds in it her greatest rôle.

It is a queer book, with many extravagances of thought and speech; but in spite of what will seem to all save Teutons the perverseness of its nihilistic creed of death as the one cleanser of the obscure and murky modern world, it offers what so few English and American novels have to offer, namely, some criticism of life. It is a serious book, and, in its picturesquely imaginative and emotional style of expression, often arresting if not actually beautiful. Moreover, it not merely interprets modern life, but seeks to interpret the literature of the past in its spirit. The pages in which *Macbeth* is subjected to this process are singularly searching and creative. One wonders if this was the spirit in which *Macbeth* was performed at St. Wandrille. It is certainly the one spirit in which any kinship between the romanticism of Shakespeare and the romanticism of Maeterlinck is revealed. "Whispering, breathing upon him, maddening him by the magic of her person—thus she fought for and with him. They embraced so often that in the intimate interchange of speech they seemed a

single being with two souls. She implored, she flattered, she sang, almost, the suggestion of those horrors, and the ecstatic desire, the glowing hope softened the bloody awe of her words. She was more like a spoiled and wilful child who, in ignorant petulance, insists upon evil, than like a heartless criminal." So Elisabeth played Lady Macbeth, with simplicity of manner and complexity of mood, softening her and yet thereby rendering her the more terrible, in short making her a modern woman, a creature of soul and nerves, restored to savagery through civilisation.

Analysis of the other arts is not lacking, and the author in his contemptuous characterisation of the little dilettantes of Austrian poetry, painting, and sculpture, shows a nostalgic longing for the vigorous and manly makers of the Renaissance. He seems to dream of a renewed art wherein modern subtlety of spiritual expression may yet be combined with vigour of conception and execution on the grand scale. *Elisabeth Koett* is, perhaps, an attempt to realise this synthesis in fiction and in a female figure of heroic proportions who shall symbolise modern woman. She is an actress, because, as the author says, while it is the most physical and earthly of the arts, it is the only one in which a woman can attain to genius. But it is easier to emasculate a masterpiece of the past than to create a new one to embody the same perception of the truth, especially when the writer is a realist and seeks to employ as his material the *disjecta membra* of the life about him. From this point of view it is an artistic error to introduce constructive criticism into the pages of such a novel. The creative touch revives Lady Macbeth at the expense of Elisabeth, who seems pale and incomprehensible compared with her interpretation of that part. There is no adequate framework of action to afford a basis for the development of her character, and the capricious impulsiveness with which she acts, however truthfully it may paint the psychological portrait of the "new woman," reduces itself simply to insufficient motivisation when viewed from the artistic standpoint. Nothing really forces her to take a lover, nothing really obliges her to give up her husband, since vanity and disgust are not essentially fatal. Hence the story lacks any deep tragic seriousness or any true force of spiritual regeneration. It is, however, a brilliant bit of writing, and will help the reader to gain a broader view of modern life by revealing to him how general are many of those problems that are apt to be regarded as local and particular. Whatever differences in cultivation may exist between the two cities, Vienna and New York are the same in their fundamental social mechanism, as may be seen by the following comment on the theatrical situation in the former capital; "He (Hiller) observed that it was not the public taste of the great city that dragged down the repertory of its stage. It was the disgraceful competition of theatre with theatre that caused the exploitation of ever lower and lower instincts across the footlights, in order to drag the much-desired masses to the box office. And he also discovered that one could make the sparks of success fly upward easily enough if the fuel used was paper—money." Commercialism is the same corrupting curse in old Austria as in young America, and it may even afford some encouragement to learn that there are forces for evil at work in Austrian politics—forces that arise from complicated race hatreds fomented for purposes of selfish individual aggrandisement—from which ours fortunately must be forever free.

Cleveland Palmer.

III

Léon Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman"*

Judging merely from the point of view of originality, Europeans have always considered two American writers as far above all others, Poe and Whitman. Baudelaire has made of the first a translation which is considered a masterpiece, and which has made of Poe almost a French classic. As to the second's *Leaves of Grass,* they have been occasionally

*Léon Bazalgette, Walt Whitman, L'homme et son œuvre. Paris: Mercure de France, 1908. XI, 510 pp. in 12mo.

The same. Walt Whitman, Feuilles d'Herbe, traduction intégrale d'après l'édition définitive. Two volumes. Paris: Mercure de France, 1909.

praised in France, especially in 1889, by Sarrazin, who devoted to Whitman an enthusiastic essay in his *Renaissance de la Poésie Anglaise;* but to-day another Frenchman, Bazalgette, has undertaken to do for Whitman what Baudelaire has done for Poe, viz., to make, so to speak, a place in the French pantheon for the "American bard." Is this undertaking to be successful? There are reasons for doubt. Whitman, except in a few great poems which can be read easily in a couple of hours, is far below Poe as an artist—at least he has not that sort of artistry which will appeal to the taste of French connoisseurs.

A more enthusiastic admirer of Whitman than Bazalgette you could not find in America. Whitman is the Homer and the Pindar of America. "Through him all at once a whole continent seems to come forward and sing its own youth, and does it through the poems of an individual who seems really cut out of some new human material. Democracy is celebrated in unheard of accents. In listening to this man you almost think that you hear some rhapsod, immense and crude, who had passed unseen from antiquity unto the soil of America, to express the aspirations, the marvellous revelations and the faith of modern Humanity. These frescoes, enormous and swarming, are like the vedic hymns of our age. They are vibrating with the emotion which accompanies the beginning of a new era . . ."; the first edition of his *Leaves of Grass* will perhaps, on account of their "formidable beauty," rest some day "under a glass case in the Hall of Honour of a large museum, not far from Shakespeare's first folio," etc., etc. Indeed, such an admiration would hardly be possible in America; it is only looking from a very great distance that defects and unevennesses remain entirely unseen, and that impression of greatness produced by perspective can appear so pure.

Bazalgette's book is a wonderful biography; it is impossible to read it without being deeply moved. He has made out of all the fragmentary and one-sided works at his disposal an imposing artistic work, harmonious in all its parts, well balanced, admirably written. And he is a sympathetic artist, too, who refuses to confuse science and literature, thinking that his Whitman shall not be so much the real Whitman, as the Whitman as humanity ought to see him; for humanity is not interested in abstract truth and in the meaner sides of great men; people must get their inspiration by the emphasising, on the part of the biographer, of the truly fine sides of the hero's character. How seldom this is understood to-day, we all know; everybody seems much more anxious to show that he knows the bad things and is not fooled, than to show that he knows what is admirable, and that, in case of necessity, he will understand a man's shortcomings. Yes, this biography ought to become classic. This is the opinion of the press all over Europe. "A masterly and definitive biography that has a double value of erudition and of art," says a leading Italian critic; "truly there is no book on Whitman which contains so much Whitmanism," says an Englishman; "beautiful as the gospel of a pagan Messiah," says a Frenchman.

In his treatment of Whitman the poet, Bazalgette has perhaps not been so successful as in his treatment of the man. He was here, one might say, too sympathetic; he was too determined to find everything great and sublime. Without becoming an adverse critic, he could have left out certain phrases and praises; for, whoever knows both literature in general and Whitman in particular will know, on the one hand, that such commonplace and bombastic words like "oceanic," "Adamic," "cosmic," etc., are dangerous to use, and, on the other hand, that really Whitman shares the honour of the "cosmic conscience" with a great many other poets worth reading. I should be inclined to think that Bazalgette has allowed himself to be deceived by Whitman's language and poetical style, and see entirely new thoughts where only unfamiliar images were to be found.

Bazalgette has added to his work on Whitman a complete translation of *Leaves of Grass* in two volumes. Little needs be said about it here. For linguists a comparison of the French and English texts would be highly interesting, but most Americans, of course, will never care to read anything but the original

poems. Let me say, therefore, only that although the work is done at places extremely well, it remains a translation everywhere. *Tradutore, traditore,* as the Italians say. When Bazalgette remains close to the English thought, the rhythm is extremely hard to keep in French; and when, as he does sometimes, he finds particularly lucky rhythmical rendering in French, one must make up one's mind that it will be a free translation. To tell the truth, in our days of cosmopolitanism, such translations are perhaps no longer imperative. A person who cannot read English enough to understand Whitman cannot be a really cultured person.

A. Schinz.

IV

Helen R. Martin's "When Half-Gods Go"*

Mrs. Martin is best known to the reading public as the discoverer, for literary purposes, of the so-called Pennsylvania "Dutch," and no one needs to be reminded to-day of the truth and humour with which, in a series of novels and stories, she has recorded her close and penetrating observation of the traits, both superficial and spiritual, of that peculiar people. In this present book she has left her familiar field, though she has by no means abandoned the theme that has always been her principal preoccupation when, under cover of her concern with "local colour," she studied the dialect, the moral conceptions, and the social usages of the various Lutheran sects. This theme is the sexual relation, the mutual attitude of man and woman in courtship and marriage. It is this that has given a certain seriousness to even her slightest humorous sketches, and has made one read them for more than their power to amuse. Mediæval and theocratic as is the Mennonite conception of man's domination over woman, there is still enough of this conception even outside of those isolated and belated communities, to give her grotesque and often cruel little pictures a wider significance than was perhaps ever intended, and a place in the modern literature that has stirred feministic unrest throughout the world through the revelation of universal sex inequality.

Here, in *When Half-Gods Go,* she has cast aside all the usual aids to her imagination, all her appeal to those who read her books merely for the amusement to be derived from them, and, approaching her theme more directly, has handled it in a more general manner. Nothing of the "Dutch" element is to be found in this singularly sincere and tragic little tale, told in the form of letters, unless some trace of its moral spirit be thought to linger in the almost superhuman submissiveness, under fantastic slight and insult, of Edith. The bride of Robert Newbold, a young musician, she speedily learns the kind of clay of which her weak and foolish husband's feet are constructed. She finds him vain, selfish, and delinquent in all his common duties and she is made to endure the humiliation, during a critical period in her life, of a "Platonic" passion on his part for another woman quite as young and foolish, though not quite so shallow and base, as he. This is "when the half-gods go." The real god arrives slowly but surely, and the whole development of the psychological plot is managed with great intensity and feeling of suspense. In the main, the characterisation, from which the action logically proceeds, is sound and certain. Only in the figure of Dorothea, the interloping "affinity," who lives among abstractions, is there an air of unreality. For the rest, the little group of actors live with an impressive and passionate vitality which not even the rather awkward convention of the letter form can kill or diminish. It may seem an exaggeration to say so, though it is not, and the reader may test the truth of the assertion for himself, but there is in Mrs. Martin's little story something of the imaginative vigour and tragic truth of certain of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, Heywood, for example, who found in domestic relations many of their most powerful and haunting conceptions.

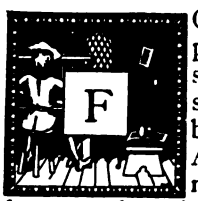
W. A. Bradley.

*When Half-Gods Go. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. New York: The Century Company.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

X—The-Girl-Alone-in-the-City Novels

Editor's Note—*The following article has been compiled by George Jean Nathan from a series of interviews with individuals who, at some previous time in their career, were forced into the position indicated in the title, as well as from numerous conversations with members of the New York Police Department and the charitable societies, organisations pertinently relevant in a consideration of the present question.*



OLLOWING the comparatively recent "white-slave" disclosures, the show windows of the bookshops throughout America became voluminously immoral—or, from another viewpoint, over-moral—for the first time since, several years before, the scarlet-crested Elinor Glyn wave deluged our otherwise peaceful literary land. The question of morals here concerned must be dismissed as not vital to the present chronicle. The sole prefatory fact that interests is the wholesale advent of hysterical tales the theme of which rested on the fearful temptations that awaited the young woman who should come alone and without vast funds to the big city. The big city of the tale is invariably the city of New York. Beyond the city limits of Manhattan the great reading public has undoubtedly accepted as faithful the facts presented in novels of this species, the fact that temptation *does* stalk like a spectre up and down Broadway; the fact that "woe is me" is the heart sob of every penniless young woman who, for one reason or another, finds herself alone in the metropolis; the fact that the novelists have chosen common, every-night cases rather than the one case in a thousand, in ten thousand, for their heroine—or central character, if you are squeamish and prefer the phrase. With short stories the theme has been similarly favourite. What, then, is the dispassionate "inside view" of this much-employed theme? What, then, is the actual position of our women characters of fiction, who come as financially pressed strangers to New York and who, thus coming, are speedily either lured to ruin or at least given an invitation to the presumably ceaseless metropolitan cotillion of Avernus?

The so-termed "white-slave" question has been threshed out sufficiently ere now. From the magazine literature on the subject, the findings—or lack of them—by the grand jury, and the novels of the class represented by Reginald Wright Kauffman's *House of Bondage*, one may learn as much as one's mind is inclined to permit him to learn. Messrs. George Kibbe Turner and Theodore Bingham have written that many finance-less female strangers in the port of New York *have* succumbed to invitations of the form mentioned above; the Rockefeller jury has shaken its head affirmatively and shouted "No"; and the "white-slave" novelists have used red ink melodramatically and freely. Several active members of the police department have suggested that the phrase "white slave" is nothing more than Bowery for "purple slave." To the sophisticated, a "purple slave" is known to be an exceptionally free young woman who wears Wall Street diamonds in place of Grand Street garnets. There is a distinct colour line between the "white slave" and the "purple slave." The line is called Fourteenth Street. In other words, the police seem to believe that it is not as much a case of "slavery" as of personal inclination. And being inclination, they cannot believe that the city as a city is to be charged with the moral descent of either the "white slave," a stranger in its gates, or the "purple slave," an old inhabitant. Mind you, our consideration is only of the strange young woman who finds herself alone in New York and of the direct effect of New York—the city—upon that strange young woman.

The sentimental character of fiction

who finds herself in this state of affairs usually "fights against cold, hunger and solitude until she can endure it no longer. The "no longer" is generally about page 115, and the period after the words usually takes on the form of what Henry Arthur Jones has called a "plausible scoundrel," what a Rupert Hughes heroine calls "the grim reminder of a certain aspect of New York life," what O. Henry termed "a vulture," or what less penetrating writers are pleased to call "a man about town." New York, interpreted through the terms of its fiction, may be said to resemble nothing else quite so closely as the street corners of Hades on club night. To analyse a bit: If a young woman, a pretty young woman (for all young women of fiction who find themselves alone in New York *are* pretty, though usually "in a vague sort of way"), knows no one and has no money to buy food, all she has to do is to go to the nearest police station. The sergeant will put her in touch with the places where she can get food, with the charity societies which will find honest work for her, and, if the case is particularly demanding and urgent, he will turn the applicant over to one of the police matrons. The lady of fiction, being pretty, may be assured of courteous and still officially impersonal attention. If the young woman is simply cold, that is her own fault. No need to remain in the streets. All she has to do is to ring the nearest doorbell. If the first is inhospitable, as some doorbells not only in New York but all over America are, let her try the second. She will soon find one respectable door that will open to her and permit her to warm herself—probably in the kitchen, but warmth remains warmth for a' that. The curious thing about this point is that no persons but New Yorkers believe that such a state of affairs could, can or does exist in New York. As a matter of fact, statistics show that it has been tried time and again by women actually alone and cold and hungry, and warmth and food have never been denied them. The trouble with the lady of the novel is that she usually waits until midnight, when most respectable New Yorkers have gone to bed, before deciding that she needs aid. The second trouble with her is that, instead of ringing the doorbell, she usually chooses to permit a stray man to take her in. The lady of the novel is often "too proud" to beg, but not too proud to become friendly with a man she has never seen before. (Here again, the police assure us, the rascal who approaches the young woman is usually a visiting drummer from Rochester or Syracuse.)

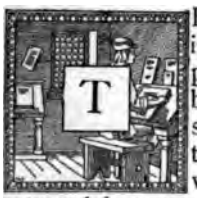
The writer has interviewed two young women who once actually came to New York without sufficient funds and friendless. Their narratives are very nearly one and the same. A brief transcript of one will suffice. "One night I found myself alone on Twenty-third Street without a cent in my pocket and without a friend to whom to appeal for help. I was accosted by a man who said to me: 'You'll have to move on; we don't allow women walking around the streets at night.' I knew him for a so-called plain-clothes man, and although to be sure my sensitive feelings were hurt at his shocking bluntness and the grim suggestiveness contained therein, I couldn't help realising even in my plight that in this way New York silently and indirectly protected good women who found themselves in such a position as I happened to be in. I 'moved on,' but aimlessly. I didn't know anything about the police stations or charity organisations and I hadn't even the sense to ask about them from a passerby or look up addresses in a pay-station telephone book. It wouldn't have cost anything to use the telephone book, at least. (In listening to this story of mine, you are probably curious to know how a woman like myself happened to be placed in this predicament. It is a long story, however, and I shall not tell you. Anyway, it is not vital to the issue.) It soon came 'round to half past ten, and I found myself standing in front of the Casino Theatre on Broadway. I realised time was getting on and I couldn't afford to waste many more minutes if I wanted a bed, instead of the pavement, that night. There was only one thing for me to do and that one thing was to beg for money. Looking backward, I see now how silly and utterly foolish I was. I might have asked a policeman for advice, but, like most other women, I believed policemen were

simply put on earth to make arrests and nothing more. Presently a young man came out of the theatre with a pretty girl on his arm. My wit came to my rescue. I appreciated that it would be perfectly safe—as far as any possible danger to my own morals was concerned—to approach for aid a man in the company of a woman. I went up to the couple, quickly told them my story and found a dollar bill in my hand. I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew I was taken care of for that night and the next morning's breakfast, anyway. I went into the nearest hotel—far too expensive a resting place for me, I appreciated—and asked the clerk where my meagre funds would take me for the night. He sympathised with me and gave me a note to a decent little hotel over in one of the side streets, where I subsequently got a room with breakfast thrown in for the dollar. That left me without money again, but I told my case to the man at the hotel after paying my bill and he allowed me a five-cent rebate. Five cents! Not much, but something. I kept up my courage, swallowed my pride and went out again into the streets. I waited until a woman came along who looked to be 'right.' That word holds its curious meaning in every woman's vocabulary. I asked her politely where a young woman like myself —alone and friendless and without money —could get work, or help, at least. She referred me to an employment bureau, whither I hurried as fast as I could. You may learn this from me from the light of experience: It is not difficult for any person who can speak the English language with fair grace, who has manners, and whose ideals are capable of wearing calico temporarily, to get some sort of position. I did. I was engaged as a second maid that afternoon in a household on the upper West Side. I was to get six dollars a week and board and room. I took the work until I could get back on my feet, and now, as you know, one year and three months later, I am earning twenty-five dollars a week as an assistant wardrobe mistress for a theatrical firm. It is not so terrible, this being penniless and alone in New York, if you keep up your nerve, forget that the First Families of Virginia are the only persons in America—and fight! The trouble with the women who fail and go to their ruin is that they are moral weaklings anyway and would probably fall into the abyss if they came to New York with a thousand dollars in their pocketbooks."

No comment is needed on this story. It reveals at least one phase of the question. But, think as one may, its note of sincerity remains dominant. O. Henry, who more vividly than any other penman pictured the plight of the poor, lonely girl in the city, worked with types rather than with general conditions. He treated of the *one* girl rather than with *all* girls. He disclosed a cabinet photograph of the case and not a panorama. He was careful—and successful. Leonard Merrick has written of the girl, cold and destitute, alone in a great city. Like other fiction writers, however, he has chosen to make the girl regard all men as semi-angels and perfectly willing to help women in distress without thought of reward. The same girl, under different circumstances, in the lap of wealth and luxury, might come a cropper just as quickly. Like her sisters in brocade, the tattered, lonely lady within the city's gates must remember with Souvestre that "Man is an eternal mystery, even to himself. His own person is a house which he never enters, and of which he studies but the outside." In New York or in Little Falls, men are a gamble, not only to the girls of our stories, but to the girls out of fiction as well. Why take chances without due forethought and care? Why cast aside the much-vaunted feminine "intuition"? In the words of a woman connected with one of the greatest charity societies in Manhattan: "The girls who come to New York and find themselves alone and without money or friends usually act like fools. Let them keep their heads for three consecutive hours and all will go well with them. There is no excuse for this much-talked-of going wrong on the part of these presumably helpless creatures. Analyse their cases, and you will discover that, if they have surrendered to the red and gold flag, it has been less a case of cold and hunger than a case of a weak spine and laziness."

WILLIAM JAMES AS MAN OF LETTERS

BY JOHN MACY



HE title chosen here is intended to imply a promise that there shall be no discussion of philosophic problems, but not to promise anything so vain as the waving of the tattered banner of "style" over a multitudinously gifted man. So far as a maker of books identifies himself with a limited subject, he must be judged by the standards special to that subject; and James was a philosopher; he wrote little outside metaphysics and psychology; not to discuss him as philosopher is, it would seem, not to discuss him at all. But when a writer by virtue of his personality stands forth from the technicalities of his subject and captures imaginations that are not wont to dwell in the field where he labours, he becomes a man of letters. And the man of letters survives after the philosopher has been tucked away in museums, universities and other preservative institutions.

It is sometimes the case that the lesser philosopher is the greater man of letters, or that the untechnical aspects or portions of a philosopher's work most broadly secure his immortality. Schopenhauer compels admiration from florid optimists and from idle readers of literature who care nothing for his fundamental theories. Kant, assumed to be a greater philosopher, exhausted every resource of human thought and the German language to discourage people from reading him. It is certainly not Plato's metaphysics, but the portrait of Socrates, the poetic fanciful talk of the master and the young men, which outlive the centuries. If the absolute should open its thin lips and declare all James's philosophy null and void, James would march prospering just the same, overriding with his cavalry charges of living illustration all the inhibitions of philosophy or any creature thereof. "It is high time," he says, "to urge the use of a little imagination in philosophy." He used not little but much. He has the vision, the fertility, the abundance of analogy which he ascribes to Fechner and which he says professorial philosophers usually lack. Systems die, but vision is imperishable. Poets speak with still living voices long after their private beliefs and religions have become dead issues. "Pragmatism" may become a dead issue. But the great expounder of it has embedded its principles in vital matter, less ephemeral, less transitory than the stuff of most books of philosophy. Every theory, every article of faith which James declared, grew out of the soil of life and was fostered by the most opulent and incandescent imagination among Americans of the generation that is now at three score years. There is only one other of James's stature and originality—Mark Twain.

In all departments of life which he touched James was a liberator, a champion of human rights and the privileges of the spirit, a redeemer of his age from stupidity and commonplaceness and intellectual tyranny. With Mark Twain he reclaimed the arid desert which American literature had been since the passing of their fathers' generation. He redeemed philosophy from rigid and jejune abstraction, made it alive for living people, and tried to make living people interesting to philosophy. He was one of a small band who redeemed the "humanistic" departments of Harvard University from the sterility and ineptitude into which they had fallen during the past twenty-five years. The teacher, the philosopher, the man of letters—does he seem to shine the more brilliantly in all three capacities because he had so little competition in his immediate environment?—because great teachers do not live in University communities, because philosophers do not live in the midst of life, and men of letters contemporary with James almost unanimously refused to get born in these United States?

He was a great teacher in a university where (a dozen years ago, surely) great teachers were few. In the non-

scientific departments there was Norton, a survival from a generation whose originality could not be denatured by doses of officialism; there was also one teacher of literature whose merited popularity with his students vainly clamoured in administrative ears for official recognition; and there was the department of philosophy. These were the only men who produced literature, who could do that which they presumed to teach. In his *Talks to Teachers* James says with ironic naïveté that all we need to do is to impregnate our organised education with geniuses. In his sketch of Thomas Davidson, who might have added lustre to Harvard had the authorities willed to receive him into the faculty, James protests against the disposition of university officials to reject men of ability in favour of routine professors. The sections of the Harvard faculty which deal with art and letters, those departments which should have a great civilising influence, which should inspire young men with poetry and beauty and feed their imaginations, have all been benighted in routine, save only the department of philosophy, Santayana, Palmer, Royce, James. It alone is impregnated with genius. Its members write significant books. And without knowing the mysterious details of administration, one may guess that the department of philosophy shines amid the surrounding respectable inefficiencies, in some measure because James had a voice in the making of it, and he believed in men. To a small group of men, and to James especially, is due the spiritual salvation of Harvard (or as much of Harvard as the faculty constitutes) during an administration which was hostile to much that is important in education, an administration the more discouraging because so servilely praised. A true disciple of James should hasten to add that Harvard has not been guilty of any unique local shortcoming, for our master tells us that "most human institutions, by the purely technical and professional manner in which they come to be administered, end by becoming obstacles to the very purposes which their founders had in view."

James's *Talks to Teachers* is one of the few manuals of advice to whose precepts the counsellor has lived up. He treated his pupils as human beings. He assumed them to be intelligent gentlemen, and by this assumption—it is one of the principles of his psychology—he helped them to be so. Their views and interests were to him not juvenile inferiorities to which gowned wisdom graciously condescended; they were equal, democratic human stuff, valuable to the man who sat on the other side of the desk, for he was a real philosopher of the race of Socrates. "In a subject like philosophy," he says, "it is really fatal to lose connection with the open air of human nature, and to think in terms of shop tradition only." He talked to his classes as man to man, urbane, gracious, witty, and withal vastly learned. He unrolled his wisdom without pretension, and without the wrong kind of reservation; to use his own words, he forgot scruples, took the brake off his heart, and let his tongue wag.

The writer remembers one little accident that resulted from his off-hand liberal way of talking philosophy. The subject was a volume of metaphysical theology, a wise but rather dull book, in which the author had mingled together his traditional deity, a good Protestant god with a benevolent beard, and an abstraction as shapeless as a cloud and less substantial, consisting of the Babu words of philosophy. In the thicket of words some of us dutifully resigned ourselves to getting lost and staying lost throughout the course. But after a lecture or two of preliminaries the thicket became alive, vistas opened, not toward the Absolute to which the book was driving, but to all manner of lighted clearings and glades of intelligence. The discourses were unmethodical, colloquial, yet the method of a mind that had already thought out most of the things discussed in the book soon became evident. The papery attributes of the figment in the text-book were peeled off one after another and thrown into the waste basket. One day, with his curious mixture of nonchalance and alertness, James was reducing a word to its meanings, trying to find the heart of it by pulling away some of its connotations. There was no heart in it. One student, who had not quite followed the game and

still mistook the faceless abstraction for the god of his fathers, grew aghast at the process of verbal denudation and cried out, "But I do not see how that takes away my God."

Professor James paused for a puzzled moment and then replied, "It doesn't. Your God stands on his own hind legs." Then he pursued the idea, found often in his books, that the metaphysical Absolute is like an anatomist's mannikin. It can be taken apart and put together; it may be a useful diagram of a living being, but it is itself dead.

Since he permitted himself such homely metaphors (indeed, he took pleasure in a slang trope, politely apologising for its vulgarity), one may say that his philosophy stands on its own hind legs. And he left standing room for other men's convictions. He respected what stands alone and was suspicious of artificial props. Exuberant foe of all ghostly abstractions and of reasons that smack of intellectual hypocrisy, he deferred humbly to the faiths and feelings of men. He was a learner at the feet of life and in that attitude he kept his students. But to represent him so (the words are at fault) savours of a kind of pious solemnity quite foreign to his spirit of animated discursive inquiry. Most often he took his students on holiday explorations, and in the midst of an intellectual picnic he turned poet and prophet and spoke with an eloquence that no uninspired man can counterfeit.

When his discourses take shape in print they retain their *viva voce* informality and gain heightened power from compression and rearrangement. His *Psychology*, however solid a text-book it may be, is really a series of literary essays. If the chapter on Habit were bound in a volume of Stevenson or Emerson, it might surprise us there, but it would not be inharmonious with its surroundings. Other philosophers talk of previous philosophers and of such ancient literature as has become traditional. James refers abundantly to modern poets and essayists, Whitman, Richard Jefferies, Edward Carpenter, Swinburne, Tennyson, Tolstoy, James Thomson, Thackeray, Chesterton and H. G. Wells. Some psychologists throw life into rigid cold shadows cast by an artificial light; James views the world in the sunlight of nature which overflows and streams beyond the shadow-casting facts.

His *Varieties of Religious Experience* is an anthology of poetry and biography. No man can emerge from it with intolerance for anything but intolerance and insincerity. In *Pragmatism* and *The Meaning of Truth* and *A Pluralistic Universe*, where he is fighting an exhilarating and dexterous battle, James is dignified and dead in earnest, yet capable of hearty Meredithian laughter. "My failure," he says, "in making converts to my conception of truth seems . . . almost complete. An ordinary philosopher would feel disheartened, and a common choleric sinner would curse God and die!" Whether one is converted to his conception or not, it is impossible not to be converted to the man. "What we enjoy most in a Huxley or a Clifford," he says, "is not the professor with his learning, but the human personality ready to go in for what it feels to be right in spite of all appearances."

Much of James's work is a war of words, that is, a war of life against words. For this task no man was ever better fitted. They who would "nip" Pragmatism "in the bud" (an operation which one critic regards as the present duty of philosophy) must choose sharp weapons lest the assaulting edges be nicked on the steel they encounter. James outstrips all his rivals in his power over language, language professional and colloquial, diurnal and traditional. If there be reason in the old idea that clarity of statement is proof of truth, he is unassailably true. He has defined himself in his account of Bergson. "If anything can make hard things easy to follow it is a style like Bergson's. A 'straightforward' style, an American reviewer lately called it; failing to see that such straightforwardness means a flexibility of verbal resource that follows the thought without a crease or wrinkle, as elastic underclothing follows the movements of one's body. The lucidity of Bergson's way of putting things . . . seduces you and bribes you in advance to become his disciple. It is a miracle, and he is a real magician." James is straightforward,

rapid, luminous; moreover, he has a humour rare in philosophers, a whimsical, wayward style of sliding round venerable monuments of superstition, a variety and adaptability not only to his argumentative purpose, but to the moods of human beings. The expositor writes at his subject; the man of letters writes at living persons. James strikes like a poet at the middle of your nature and discovers, what only the man of sympathy can give you courage to feel, that the avenues of approach to your centre of intelligence are populous with ideas. No doubt his eloquence is a consolation to his opponents, who will take refuge in the inhuman notion that true wisdom is dull and that beauty is meretricious. But James has himself swept away the classroom fallacy that stupidity of expression is a warrant of philosophic profundity. His chapter on Hegel in *A Pluralistic Universe* is a declaration of independence, one article of which relates to the question of style. "There seems something grotesque and *saugrenu* in the pretension of a style so disobedient to the first rules of sound communication between minds to be the authentic mother-tongue of reason." James is a master of words, and his mastery has fitted him to clear away some towering structures that forbade a free passage to the open country. He has pierced many frowning champions and found them, like the formidable knight of Arthurian legend, to hold but a weak boy inside the shining accoutrement. He knew the core and fringes of terms and was not to be deceived by the fallacies involved in them. He delighted to shake a philosophic word and make it give up its meaning or give up the ghost. Too many words, he thought, gave up nothing but ghosts. He liked to strip a phrase of its ancestral respectability, to wipe off its satellitious splendours, send it into a fight with life, and see it come back bruised and faint. He enjoyed pulling a formulated solemnity from its precarious one-sided attachment to a metaphysical edifice and then scrutinising the fragments. But he is destructive only in the interests of clarity and honesty. The superficial mistook his dexterity and lightness of heart for frivolity. His ready metaphor about the "cash value" of an idea has even been so far debased by a foreign critic as to be used in proof of the commercialism of America! As he cries, "Oh, for the rarity of ordinary secular intelligence!" James destroyed sanctified verbalisms because he distrusted the impositions of mere words. His main interest was not words, but life. To the ordinary inquisitive mind philosophy is a region of spectres and vapours; it is not full of substantial things. James strides out of the misty bog to the shining uplands of human life. He knew the world. He was a man of sound information, a biologist, a reader of contemporary writings and contemporary events. When he spoke of political and moral problems it was not from an academic twilight, but from the highway where he walked with other men.

In our time we are losing respect for ordinate authority. We expect the philosopher to make good. And James called upon himself and his colleagues to give an account of themselves not only as professors, but as men. "Humbug is humbug," he says, "even though it bear the scientific name." That confession is one that the common citizen has been demanding for a long time. We are suspicious of what James calls "the common herd of philosophic scribes." It was time we had a professor whose pages glow with sincerity; it was high time, especially in New England universities, that the grand llamas of learning should be made to realise that they live in our world, that they cannot withdraw to the lofty remoteness of Thibet, however much they may prefer the climate. We are beginning to count the cost of the inefficient church and the inefficient university. We are trying to clear our shoddy and cotton skirts (which inefficient statesmanship sells to us at all-wool prices) from the briars of bewilderment; we are striving to find a way out to things that matter, to make our lives and schools and governments better. In this struggle James was a liberator. He justified his academic tribe. As he jokingly says, he tried to earn his salary as a full professor. He was impatient with the nonsense of his class because he had sympathy for other classes. He did not try to allay, but vigorously stirred the fer-

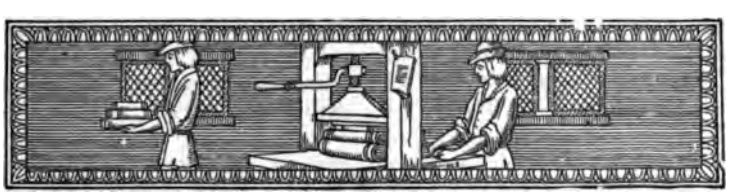
ment of sham-hatred which is boiling over the walls of institutionalism in all parts of the world.

Mark Twain has been twice mentioned in this article, partly for the pleasure of imagining the shock which the association of the two men might give to critical souls, but chiefly because the association is just. They are the two splendid figures in the pitifully small number of American humanists of their generation. They both had heart and humour and eloquence and humanity.*

*It may not be indiscreet to give in a footnote an example of James's wholesouled manner of recognising contemporary idealisms, of his readiness to throw scholarly apparatus overboard and go straight to essential truth. There has been much psychological, and much pseudo-psychological, discussion of Miss Helen Keller. Professor James wrote to her in praise of one of her books. After some lively compliments about her "psychology" and her literary gifts, he said: "The sum of it is that you're a blessing, and I'll kill any one that says you're not!" Lest the reader far from Boston may take this for granted and say, "Of course. She was at Radcliffe, he was a Harvard professor, and Harvard professors must necessarily have been enthusiastic about this wonderful student," I may add that in this James seems to be as much an exception to the temper in official Cambridge as he was an exception to many other significant things.

It is usual to speak of Mark T a "philosopher" in the popular the word. Professional philoso nore that sense. But James di nore it; he valued it and bade leagues relate their philosophies lar meanings, to the experiences mon humanity. Our universitie be wholly useless when a coll fessor, a lecturer upon abstruse p can write as James wrote in 18 preface of his *Talks to Teacher*

The practical consequence of such ophy (the belief that the facts and life need many cognisers to take th the well-known democratic respect f credness of individuality—is, at any outward tolerance of whatever is not tolerant. These phrases are so fan they sound now rather dead in our e they had a passionate inner meaning passionate inner meaning they may quire again if the pretension of our inflict its own inner ideals and insti *et armis* upon Orientals should meet sistance as obdurate as so far it has lant and spirited. Religiously and p ically, our national doctrine of live a may prove to have a far deeper mea our people now seem to imagine it t



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

INTERPRETERS OF LIFE. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Essays on Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Meredith make up this volume, whose author emulates Mr. Huneker in a parade of erudition that swamps the expression of his own opinions with a superabundant citation of authorities. Shallow in its critical content, the volume is slovenly and contorted in style. French and Latin phrases that scarcely ever exceed the range of schoolboy commonplaces are carefully italicised and give an air of pompous pretentiousness to statements of the obvious. Despite—perhaps because of—a certain clever assimilation of contemporary intellectual and artistic currents, the book as a whole expresses the worst tendencies of American literary criticism in its attempt to create a showy structure without an adequate basis of sound scholarship and mature reflection. That M. Maeterlinck should have found the essay on himself the best that has yet been written is inconceivable in view of the admirable articles by André Beaunier and others that exist. Such a judgment could only have been the result of excessive courtesy or amiable aberration—unless, indeed, his familiarity with English, great as it is, is still not sufficient to let him detect the element of vagueness in the generalisations concerning his own work.

ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This book forms a useful compendium of a great—possibly the greatest—school of modern fiction. Its value as a general survey is scarcely lessened by the fact that Professor Phelps does somewhat less than justice to two of the writers of whom he treats—Dostoevski and Chekhov, to follow the rather unfamiliar spelling which he adopts. Praise of the former, especially when it is expressed at the expense of his favourite, Turgenev, seems to irritate him, and his own laudation is not free from an element of qualification and patronage. This does not mean that he does not try to be fair and does not accord high recognition to the author of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov.*" But there seems to be somewhat imperfectly established in his mind the primary principle of really creative criticism, that a writer is to be judged exclusively by his highest achievements in the comparative estimate of his genius with that of other writers. By this standard Dostoevski, in spite of his uneven performance, is incomparably greater than Turgenev for all the latter's greater objectivity and his remarkable level of artistic excellence. Professor Phelps quotes some rather disparaging remarks of Kropotkin's on the subject. But Kropotkin is not primarily a literary critic, and it must be remembered that, in the essays which constitute his *History of Russian Literature,* he was addressing a foreign audience, and that this fact would naturally tend to make him tone down to the tastes and comprehension of his hearers the more characteristically exotic acerbities of the Slavonic genius. Professor Phelps himself admits that Russians generally regard Dostoevski as their greatest novelist, and for any one who can seize and savour the whole gamut of his expression from its Tartar savagery to its psychological subtleties and zest for abstract speculation, he must seem Shakespearian in his inclusive representation of an age and of a race.

DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Paget Toynbee. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This useful little handbook, which was originally published in 1900, now appears in a fourth edition considerably revised and augmented. Brief analyses of Dante's works have been supplied, together with information as to MSS. and critical editions, and bibliographical data of special interest to the English reader, concerning the *Divina Commedia.* Four Appendices have also been added, as follows: "A." Genealogical Table of the Family of Dante; "B." Letter of Frate Ilario to Uguccione della Faggiuola; "C." Extracts from letters from Seymour Kirkup to Gabrielle Rossetti concerning the discovery of the Giotto portrait of Dante in the Bargello, and Kirkup's drawing from it; and "D." Chronological list of early (cent. xiv-xvi) commentaries on the *Divina Commedia,* with titles of printed editions. The sixteen illustrations include one hitherto unpublished of a fine bronze bust of Dante (supposed to be the work of a French artist at the beginning of the seventeenth century), and numerous views of Florence at the present day.

LETTERS TO SEVERAL PERSONS OF HONOUR. By John Donne. The Text Edited, with Notes, by Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr. Portrait. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company. 1910.

A dozen years ago Mr. Edmund Gosse published *The Life and Letters of John Donne.* But it has remained for an American poet and man of letters, Mr. C. E. Merrill, Jr., to present a definitive text of the letters themselves, reprinted now for the first time in their original form. Lovers of Donne—and they would seem to be numerous even in this country, for it was said that when his poems were published in the cheap reprint of "The Muses' Library" there was an unprecedented demand for the volume (had the element of the *scabreux* in certain of the elegies and epithalamia anything to do with this, we wonder?)—will be delighted to have the poet's letters in this handsomely printed volume. The very first, "To the worthiest Lady Mrs. Bridget White," gives a taste of that peculiar imaginative extravagance which permeates the poems with their strangely haunting atmosphere: "Madame, I could make some guesse whether souls that go to heaven retain any memory of us that stay behinde if I knew whether you ever thought of us, since you enjoyed your heaven, which is your self, at home. Your going away hath made *London* a dead carkasse. A Tearm and a Court do a little spice and embalme it, and keep it from putrefaction, but the soul went away in you: and I think the onely reason why the plague is somewhat slackened is because the place is dead already, and no body left worth the killing. Whereso-ever you are, there is *London* enough: and it is a diminishing of you to say so, since you are more than the rest of the world. When you have a desire to work a miracle, you will return hither, and raise the place from the dead, and the dead that are in it: of which I am one, but that a hope that I have a room in your favour keeps me alive," etc. Who but Donne could thus with playful grimness invoke the spirit of the lazar-house in a letter to a lady as a means of turning a far-fetched and courtly compliment?

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER. Vol. IX. (Cambridge English Classics.) The Text Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press. 1910.

With the publication of this volume the work of the editor nears its end. One more issue will complete this excellent edition of the complete works of Shakespeare's most famous contemporaries and rivals. The plays presented are not limited to those written in collaboration by the two, but include those composed separately or by either in collaboration with a third hand. Thus, in this volume appears *Cupid's Revenge,* by John Fletcher alone (according to the title-page of the first—1615—quarto), and also *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* which is credited on the title-page of the early editions to John Fletcher and William Shakespeare, among whose apocryphal baggage it is generally placed. The other plays in the present volume are *The Sea Voyage, Wit at Several Weapons* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn.* Those for whom Shakespeare has completely overshadowed his age will do well to bear in mind what Maeterlinck has said of his discovery of the minor Elizabethan dramatic poets: "I found that these authors, contemporaries of the great Will, his rivals and competitors, were enchanters. I was amazed at this incredible flowering, of an unheard-of freshness; it seemed to me that I had entered a sacred wood, abundant and tufted, in which gushed living springs where I quenched my thirst in deep draughts. I am well aware that Fletcher, Francis Beaumont, John Webster, Heywood, are, compared with Shakespeare, according to the rather unjust expression of Landor, mushrooms growing at the foot of the oak of Arden, but they represent none the less the true romanticism."

GEORGE GASCOIGNE. THE GLASSE OF GOVERNEMENT, THE PRINCELY PLEASURES AT KENELWORTH CASTLE, THE STEELE GLAS, AND OTHER POEMS AND PROSE WORKS. Edited by John W. Cunliffe. (Cambridge English Classics.) Portrait. Cambridge: The University Press. 1910.

This volume completes the present issue of the works of the ruffling Tudor poet. Oddly (and carelessly) enough, there is no mention either in the preface or on the title-page of the previous volume; so that, save by inference, the general reader, unfamiliar with Gascoigne's work, would scarcely suspect its existence. Not that the general reader would be very much interested one way or the other, for the poet's reputation is largely confined to scholars, for whom he is important as a transitional figure between the age of Wyatt and Surrey and the age of Sidney and Spenser. It is interesting to note that the editor, Mr. J. W. Cunliffe, a graduate of Cambridge, is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. He is also one of the contributors on the subject of Gascoigne and other poets of the same period to the monumental Cambridge History of English Literature.

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LIFETIME OF SHAKESPEARE. By Professor Felix E. Schelling. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1910.

By constantly varying the viewpoint there is practically no limit to the number of times the same material may be handled over and over again in literary history and criticism. Professor Schelling's viewpoint in retelling the story of Elizabethan literature is stated succinctly in his preface where he says: "History now chronicles the common man. Literature should chronicle the common book, if we are to have a full understanding of the age. . . . This book offers no apology for its treatment of the works of minor poets, dramatists and pamphleteers where such treatment is demanded for the completeness of the picture." The centre of this picture is, of course, Shakespeare, and the purpose of the book is to show how completely he dominated the Elizabethan age in every department.

THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS. Edited by William Allan Neilson, Ph.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911.

This useful volume which, excluding Shakespeare, presents selected plays by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, covers a field covered by no other work, in one volume, of which we know. Professor Neilson, who is of the Harvard faculty, eschews all elaborate critical apparatus, and for the most part confines himself to necessary reading notes and references at the bottom of the pages. All the texts are edited from the original quartos and folios, and there are good, brief biographical sketches as well as bibliographies.

MARGARET FULLER AND GOETHE. The Development of a Remarkable Personality, Her Religion and Philosophy, and Her Relation to Emerson, J. F. Clarke, and Transcendentalism. By Frederick Augustus Braun. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1910.

Books about the Transcendentalists and their friends and contemporaries still abound, and to trace their literary and philosophical sources remains an absorbing occupation for many by whom their authority continues unquestioned. Professor Braun, who teaches German at the State University of Iowa, signalises the reciprocal indebtedness of the American woman and the German poet and thinker. She owed her thought to him, and he, in part at least, his introduction to American readers to her. While the true Transcendentalists were losing themselves in the mazes of German romanticism—of Fichte and Novalis—she kept her classic sense and scientific vision clear, through her central passion for the great genius of his age. The book is a painstaking and methodical, if not a very inspired, interesting, or even necessary piece of work.

ARTISTIC HOMES. By Mabel Tuke Priestman. With eighty-seven illustrations. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1910.

There is an eternal conflict between the architects and the owners of houses. To this conflict, in which the former stand for art, and the latter for comfort and convenience, is due the large proportion of failures in American domestic architecture. Few of either class rise to the heights of comprehension where both demands may become reconciled. It is in the interest of a more extended reconciliation that Mabel Tuke Priestman, the author of other well-known works on cognate subjects, has written the present volume. Such a work may well aid prospective builders to clarify their ideas and to meet their natural enemies, the architects, on more equal terms. Many different types of houses are here considered, most of them within the range of a limited purse. Attention is also paid to the subject of interior decoration.

THE COMMONSENSE COLLECTOR. A Handbook of Hints on the Collecting and the Housing of Antique Furniture. By Frank Frankfort Moore. With fifty-two illustrations. New York and London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Turning from the human associations of the past, whence has sprung his inspiration as a novelist, Mr. Frankfort Moore, himself a collector, as the wealth of photographs of objects in his own possession amply indicates, takes up the fascinating theme of old furniture. He has a distinct purpose in view. It is to serve as a guide for those persons of moderate means who are "snubbed," as he puts it, by the numerous works that deal only with the most costly masterpieces of the great cabinet-makers. His book "endeavours to show that it is quite possible to get together a houseful of perfectly genuine old furniture at a small expense, and, by the appropriate decoration and arrangement of certain rooms, to produce quite as satisfactory an effect as could be brought about by the adoption of an extravagant scheme." While it may be thought that a trace of the novelist's imagination lingers in this pleasant prospect, the book provides agreeable reading, and will no doubt prove useful in many particulars.

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

The Biddle Press:

Poems. By Edward Hicks Streeter Terry.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The House of Love. By Lucian V. Rule.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Flora's Family. By Marie De Benham.
Poems for the People. By George Sands Johnson.
Texas History in Rhyme. By Lottie H. Hargrove.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Immortal Lure. By Cale Young Rice.

B. W. Huebsch:

Optimos. By Horace Traubel.

J. S. Hyland and Company:

Shamrocks and Roses. By James Hart.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Sonnets. By Ferdinand Earle.
Poems. By Muriel Rice.

Middlebury College:

Vermont. By Wendell Phillips Stafford, Litt.D. Read at the One Hundred and Tenth Commencement of Middlebury College.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Moonlight Sonata, and Other Verses. By M. A. B. Evans.
Baldur the Beautiful. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

A. M. Robertson:

The Soul's Rubaiyat. By Amelia Woodward Truesdell.
California Sunshine and Other Verses. By Grace Hibbard.

Valentine and Anderson, Ltd. (Edinburgh):

Californian Nights' Entertainment. By Charles Elmer Jenney.

The Wessels and Bissell Company:

Poetical Favorites: Yours and Mine. Compiled by Warren Snyder.

Published by Author:

Cupid's Darts. By Earl Darlington Van Deman.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton.

Hodder and Stoughton:

Meredith's Allegory—The Shaving of Shagpat. Interpreted by James McKechnie.

Henry Holt and Company:

Studies in Language and Literature. In Celebration of the Seventieth Birthday of James Morgan Hart. November 2, 1909.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

French Men, Women and Books. A Series of Nineteenth-Century Studies. By Miss Betham-Edwards.

Published by the Author:

The Millennial Essays. By Howard S. Severance.
Youth, not Age, Our Birthright. By H. Louise Burpee.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Brentano's:

The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married and The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet. By Bernard Shaw.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries. By Esther Singleton.

The Egerton Press:

Monsieur D'Or. A Dramatic Fantasy. By John Louis Haney.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Diminutive Dramas. By Maurice Baring.
The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, excluding Shakespeare. Selected Plays by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, Shirley. Edited from the Original Quartos and Folios with Notes, Biographies and Bibliographies by William Allen Neilson, Ph.D.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Adventure. A Romantic Variation on a Homeric Theme. By Henry Bryan Binns.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Old English Instruments of Music. Their History and Character. By Francis W. Galpin, M.A., F.L.S. With an Appendix and a List of Books of Reference.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Art in Northern Italy. By Corrade Ricci.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Memoirs of Prince John De Guelph of Great Britain and Ireland.

Duffield and Company:

The Growth of Napoleon. A Study in Environment. By Norwood Young.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

William Blake. By G. K. Chesterton.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Lighter Side of My Official Life. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit. By Archibald Henderson.

The John Lane Company:

The Fate of Henry of Navarre. A True Account of How He was Slain, with a Description of the Paris of the Time and Some of the Leading Personages. By John Boundelle-Burton.

Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era. By John Fyvie.

Longmans, Green and Company:

William Morris: An Address Delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, at the Annual Meeting of the National Home Reading Union, 28th October, 1910. By J. W. Mackail, M.A., LL.D.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P.

A. M. Robertson:

A Senator of the Fifties, David C. Broderick, of California. By Jeremiah Lynch.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Beginnings of the American Revolution: Based on Contemporary Letters, Diaries and Other Documents. By Ellen Chase. (3 Volumes.)

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Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. By George Barton Cutton, Ph.D.

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FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

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Modern Masterpieces of Short Prose Fiction. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alice Vinton Waite and Edith Mendall Taylor.

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Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Green Curve, and Other Stories. By Ole Luk-Oie.

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Robinetta. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater and Allan McAulay.

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The Vow. By Paul Trent.

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The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Guide to English History for Young Readers. By Henry William Elson.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Life of a Foxhound. By John Mills.

Henry Holt and Company:

Half a Hundred Hero Tales of Ulysses and the Men of Old. Edited by Francis Storr.

NEW EDITIONS

Harper and Brothers:

The Woodlanders.

Two on a Tower.
By Thomas Hardy. (Thin paper edition.)

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Complete Works of Emily Brontë. Edited by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., and Clement Shorter. Volume 1. Poetry.

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The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California. By Theodore H. Hittell.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Paradise in Portugal. By Mark Sale.

Kindergarten at Home. A Kindergarten Course for the Individual Child at Home. By V. M. Hillyer, A.B.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

Marriage and Divorce and the Downfall of the Sacred Union. By Jeanette Laurence.

The Charlton Company:

The Man-Made World, or Our Androcentric Culture. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Home. Its Work and Influence. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Columbia University Press:

The New Criticism. A Lecture. Delivered at Columbia University March 9, 1910. By J. E. Spingarn.

Ginn and Company:

Live Issues in Classical Study. By Karl Pomeroy Harrington.

Government Printing Office:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Showing the Operations, Expenditures and Condition of the Institution for the Year ending June 30, 1909.

Harvard University:

Official Register of Harvard University. Harvard University Catalogue. 1910-1911.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Commonsense Collector. A Handbook of Hints on the Collecting and the Housing of Antique Furniture. By Frank Frankfort Moore.

Henry Holt and Company:

War and Its Alleged Benefits. By J. Novicow.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Soul of the Indian. An Interpretation. By Charles Alexander Eastman.

Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration. 1872. The Alabama Claims. By Frank Warren Hackett.

The John Lane Company:

The Silences of the Moon. By Henry Law Webb.

The Library Shelf:

Practical Graphology, or The Science of Reading Character Through Handwriting. A Text-Book. By Louise Rice.

Little, Brown and Company:

A False Equation. The Problem of the Great Trust. By Melville M. Bigelow.

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The Fine Art of Fishing. By Samuel G. Camp.

How to Live in the Country. By E. P. Powell.

The Progress Company:

Your Forces and How to Use Them. By Christian D. Larson.

The Pathway of Roses. By Christian D. Larson.

Published by Author:

Psychisms Through Anvernetta Greene. 1907. By Anvernetta Greene.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Nationalism. Roosevelt. (Outlook.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.20.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Fugitive Freshman. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Fortunata. Patterson. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Opera Goer's Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls. Williams. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Bisland. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. Medical Chaos and Crime. Barnesby. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Girl Who Lived in the Woods. Cooke. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.20.
4. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Market for Souls. Goodnow. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Publishing Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.

2. For Each Day, a Prayer. Davis. (Dodge.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
2. Midshipman Ralph Osborne at Sea. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $2.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Stone Age in North America. Moorehead. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Comfort. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith. Haultain. (Macmillan.) $3.00.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Be Good to Yourself. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) $1.75.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Crawshaw Brothers. Pier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Young Americans in the British Isles. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. A Woman with a Purpose. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Complete Poems. Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Dixie Hart. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Red Pepper Burns. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Lady. Putnam. (Sturgis & Walton.) $2.50.
2. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Bermuda, Past and Present. Hayward. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Colonel Todhunter of Missouri. Saunders. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Interpreters of Life. Henderson. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Making Life Worth While. Fisher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. What's Wrong With the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. San Celestino. Ayscough. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens. Avary. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. Getting On. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
3. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. Duke. (Barry.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Helene Von Racowitza. Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $3.50.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The American Commonwealth. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Complete Poems. Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Mussons.) $1.25.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.25.
5. The Dop Doctor. Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
6. The Frontiersman. Cady. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. A Soldier's Recollections. McKim. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
3. Where's Master? "Cæsar," the King's Dog. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 50 cents.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Slow Coach. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
3. Fairy Tales of All Nations. Marshall. (Winston.) $2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

JUVENILES

1. Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boy's Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing		1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	197
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	185
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill) $1.25	138
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	116
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown) $1.35	96
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.	77

NOTE.—In the March number of THE BOOKMAN *The Golden Web*, by Anthony Partridge (Little, Brown and Company), price $1.50, should have appeared as number six in the list of best selling books with 58 points instead of *Mary Cary* with 56 points.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIII MAY, 1911 No 3

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Furniss "Thackeray"

While the Dickens Centenary of 1912 is being exploited as no centenary has ever been exploited before, the Thackeray Centenary of 1911 is being almost ignored. In fact, most persons seem to have forgotten that Thackeray's birth took place on July 18, 1811. There is to be published a subscription edition of Thackeray's works with new illustrations by Harry Furniss. A new edition of Thackeray may not be needed, but new pictorial conceptions of his characters certainly are. With a profound respect for Thackeray the novelist, we maintain that Thackeray the artist was a very mediocre personage indeed, and we applaud Dickens's refusal to accept him as the illustrator of *Pickwick*. Only one of Thackeray's novels is adequately illustrated, and that was *Esmond*, for which George Du Maurier made the drawings. Take for example Becky Sharp. It would probably be difficult to find a reader who would hesitate to claim intimate acquaintance with that lady. Yet beyond the baleful green eyes there seems to be no tangible conception of what her appearance was. The crude drawings with which Thackeray illustrated her career from Chiswick Mall to Pumpernickel are not merely flagrant caricatures—different pictures depict different women. In fact, hitherto there has been but one even fairly good portrait of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. That was a water colour made ten or twelve years ago by Mr. Percy Anderson, the English artist and designer, for the guidance of Mrs. Fiske in her first production of *Becky Sharp*.

Auguste Angellier

The French poet and scholar, Auguste Angellier, died at Boulogne on February 28th last in his sixty-third year. The circle of Angellier's readers and lovers embraced the finest minds of France. He was a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the author of a very interesting book on the life and work of Robert Burns. For many years he was professor of English Literature in the University of Lille. Gaston Deschamps, writing recently in *Le Figaro* of Paris, gave Angellier a high



SIR PITT CRAWLEY



JOS SEDLEY



MRS. MAJOR O'DOWD



AMELIA SEDLEY



BECKY SHARP



AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

place among contemporary French poets. Dr. Henry Van Dyke speaks of his poetry as being "of a fine and noble quality, full of distinction and charm, combining a strong romantic feeling with a classical clearness of form." Angellier's three books of verse are entitled *Le Chemin des Saisons, Dans la Lumière Antique*, and *A l'Amie Perdue*. Of the last of these Dr. Van Dyke says, "a remarkable sequence of love sonnets, represents his genius at the best, and is as notable as Rossetti's sonnet sequence *The House of Life*."

Captain Boynton

Horace Smith is the latest author to find an inspiration in the strange career of Captain George B. Boynton. His recently published *The War Maker* is frankly and flatly the story of the life of that adventurous soldier of fortune. Boynton carried to his grave the secret of his true name. It was not Boynton, although it was known that he was born on Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, New York, May 1, 1842, and that his father was a distinguished surgeon, with an estate on Lake Champlain. Boynton was perhaps the last of the great filibusters. He was a tall, bronzed, vigorous, broad-shouldered man, one of the most picturesque and daring of latter-day soldiers of fortune. From Hongkong to Valparaiso the fighting crowd knew him, and from Cape Horn to New York he left a trail of hazardous adventure. Altogether he sailed and fought under eighteen flags. A good deal of him went in the making of Robert Clay, the hero of Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*. Perhaps also there is a touch of Boynton in the Captain Burke of the same book.

"We have here," said Clay gaily, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own or of any country, indeed, which happens to have the most sympathetic Consul-General. . . . The Captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself, so I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions. . . . I wish I could give these boys an idea of how clever you are, Captain.



AMOS KIDDER FISKE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT EPIC OF ISRAEL"



HORACE SMITH CAPTAIN GEORGE B. BOYNTON

The Captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard, and of sending rifles in piano cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa and Mobile and Jamaica ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the Captain," Clay continued gleefully, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the Island of Ceylon."

Another chronicler of Boynton was Guy Boothby, who learned from the filibuster the facts of his novel, *The Beautiful White Devil.* It was with this dashing lady that the Captain had a romance. After escaping death in a score of forms, including a Chinese pirate's cutlass, an assassin's dagger, the fire of a file of soldiers at sunrise, and all the varied lists of actual war, Boynton died prosaically and unromantically in bed in New York City one day last January. His last adventure was in Venezuela, where he was a formidable enemy of President Castro. Boynton's present historian, Horace Smith, has also had a somewhat adven-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. WINIFRED GRAHAM, THE AUTHOR OF "MARY"

turous career. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, edited and ran a weekly newspaper before he was twenty; was a reporter on the Anaconda *Standard* in the stirring Marcus Daly days, when the journalist had to carry a gun with his pencil, and after newspaper experience in Cincinnati became part of the New York *World* staff at Washington. He "covered" the Mount Pelee disaster for a newspaper syndicate and distinguished himself by his courage. He is now writing a book about "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brian, the Captain of the *Three Friends* of Cuban filibustering fame.

Charity

In these columns we have spoken of the association of the letter "C" with the life and work of Mr. Winston Churchill. It touches his home, his club, and every one of his published books, *The Celebrity, Richard Carvel, The Crisis, The Crossing, Coniston, Mr. Crewe's Career* and *A Modern Chronicle*. A few days ago the publishers of Mr. Churchill's books called up this office with the information that with his forthcoming novel the author had broken away entirely from the charmed letter. The title is to be *The Greatest of These*. But, after all, has he, and can Mr. Churchill be becoming subtle?

Bronté "Discoveries"

According to the English papers a certain J. Malham-Dembleby, the author of *The Key to the Bronté Works*, has made some extraordinary discoveries. He finds that Charlotte Bronté was particularly influenced in the construction of her masterpieces. *Wuthering Heights* (*sic*) and *Jane Eyre*, by a little volume entitled *Gleanings in Craven or the Tourist's Guide*, by one Frederic Montagu of Lincoln's Inn, who was descended from the fourth Earl of Sandwich. Literal excerpts from Montagu and Miss Bronté's two works are given to show the peculiar idiosyncrasy running through all. The characters from her novels are the people she met in her new life. Tabitha Aykroyd is Mrs. Dean, Edward Rochester is M. Héger, who is also found in *Villette* as M. Paul. Having found in *Gleanings in Craven* the key to *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre*, Mr. Malham-Dembleby makes the further discovery that no less a person than Eugène Sue—he of the *Wandering Jew* and the *Mysteries of Paris*—had presented the whole history of M. Héger's passion for Charlotte Bronté, and Mme. Héger's jealousy in a work entitled *Miss Mary, ou l'Institutrice*, published in 1850, before the publication of either *The Professor* or *Villette*. Mr. Malham-Dembleby also finds that Helen Burns in *Jane Eyre* was Charlotte Bronté's sister; that her brother Branwell was the original of John Reed, and also of Hinbley Hernshaw; and that when Charlotte Bronté wrote *Wuthering Heights* she portrayed M. Héger therein with all the vindictiveness of a woman "with a riven, outraged heart." Summing up the whole matter we call attention to the fact that the London *Outlook*, in alluding to the book, sees fit to print the following editorial footnote: "We do not take the author's assump-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE, AUTHOR OF "THE CATSPAW"

tion seriously, but direct attention to them as being in the nature of a literary curiosity."

Odds and Ends

The author and his earnings was the subject of an article published in THE BOOKMAN two years ago under the title of "The Author's Full Dinner Pail." From Frank A. Mumby's *The Romance of Bookselling* we are picking, haphazard, odds and ends of information to supplement that paper. For example, Mr. Mumby tells us that Ruskin's profits were considerably greater than many people suppose, yielding an annual income which averaged as much as four thousand pounds during the last fifteen years of his life. In countless deeds of generosity he had given away the two hundred thousand pounds which he inherited from his parents. The publisher Henry Colburn paid two thousand pounds for the copyright of Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England.* After his death it was sold for six thousand nine hundred pounds. In 1853 Routledge and Company offered Bulwer-Lytton twenty thousand pounds for a ten years' right to issue cheap editions of his published works. Smith and Elder refused to give two hundred pounds for the manuscript of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* after all the magazines had rejected the book. The Longmans paid Macaulay a cheque of twenty thousand pounds as his share on account of the profits of the third and fourth volumes of the *History.* Byron made a present of his *Memoirs* to Tom Moore, and for the rights to publish the book John Murray paid Moore's debts, amounting to three thousand pounds, and gave him an additional sixteen hundred pounds. George Smith offered George Eliot ten thousand pounds for the serial and book rights of *Romola.* In 1851 Adam Black bought from Robert Cadell's trustees the copyright of Scott's Waverley novels for twenty-seven thousand pounds. For the first instalments of *Pickwick* Chapman and Hall paid Dickens fourteen pounds a month.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. CAROLINE FULLER, AUTHOR OF "THE BRAMBLE BUSH," A STORY OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY LIFE IN NEW YORK



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. CAROLINE LOCKHART, AUTHOR OF "ME—SMITH"

It is a matter of common knowledge that misunderstandings occasionally come up between publishers and authors in our own days. But we hope that they are more politely and amicably adjusted than



EDNA FERBER, THE AUTHOR OF "DAWN O'HARA"

were some of the misunderstandings of Dryden's time. Dryden, in one of his financial squabbles with Tonson, his publisher, who would not satisfy all his demands for money, is said to have sent him the following lines, with the threatening message: "Tell the dog that he who wrote these lines can write more:"

With leering looks, bull faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowsy pores, that taint the ambient air.

De Lessep's Imbecility

M. Arthur Meyer, the owner and director of *Le Gaulois* of Paris, has just published a volume of memoirs, with a preface written by Emile Faguet of the French Academy, entitled *Ce Que Mes Yeux Ont Vu* (What My Eyes Have Seen). In a chapter devoted to the Panama affair he makes the astonishing statement that the imbecility of Ferdinand De Lesseps in his later years was feigned so as to "spare his country the shame of having dragged before the courts the great Frenchman who had opened up the Suez Canal to the world's commerce, the man whom the Emperor had wished to make Duke of Suez."

M. Meyer relates an amusing anecdote concerning Edmund About, who is probably best known to American readers as the author of *Le Roi des Montagnes*. At a reception at the Tuileries the Emperor Napoleon the Third asked About if he knew Spanish. About, who had been long sighing for an important diplomatic post, answered prudently: "Not yet, sire." But the very next day he went hard to work to learn it, and a few months later he said to the Emperor: "Sire, I can speak Spanish now." Though the sovereign seemed rather surprised About continued, nothing daunted: "I have learned Spanish because your Majesty asked me if I could speak that language." "Ah, yes," answered Napoleon, "I remember now. I had just been reading *Don Quixote* in the original, and had taken great pleasure in it."

There is the old story of Balzac walking the streets of Paris day after day, studying the signs over the shops until



H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, AUTHOR OF "PATSY"



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. HULBERT FOOTNER, AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL"

"Yeddo November"

he stumbled upon "Z. Marcas," the name he needed for the particular character in his projected novel. About the political merits of the controversy between Magistrate Corrigan and Mayor Gaynor in the City of New York, we naturally have nothing to say. But we wish to call attention to certain very extraordinary names which have been mentioned in connection with the affair. There were "Kid Twist" and "Bennie Slyfox." But above all there was a certain alleged crook by the name of "Yeddo November." Could anything be more splendidly sinister? Can a name to surpass it be found in all the pages of Harrison Ainsworth and Eugène Sue?

The Bruce Parkington Plans

We have received some letters calling our attention to the frontispiece of the *Strand* Magazine for April, which purports to be a reverie of Sherlock Holmes. It represents certain episodes in "The Second Stain," "The Speckled Band," "The Solitary Cyclist," "The Dancing Men," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Reigate Puzzle," "The Red-Headed League," "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," "The Norwood Builder," "The Abbey Grange," "The Final Problem" and "The Bruce Partington Plans." Where, and when, ask these letters, did "The Bruce Partington Plans" appear? We are very strongly of the opinion that this story never appeared at all. The only tale involving Sherlock Holmes which was not presented to the American reading public was the "Adventure of the Card Board Box," which belonged to the very earliest series. Dr. Doyle did not wish it included in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and, after all, it was a yarn of very inferior quality. By the way, we wonder how many of our readers who have admired the acting of Mr. Gillette in his dramatisation of Sherlock Holmes or have been mildly thrilled by the more recent stage presentation of *The Speckled Band* recall the fact that *The Sign of the Four* was once dramatised by a Philadelphian, and had a brief run in the American theatres. We reproduce a poster designed to exploit that play.

When it is a matter of a character so widely known as Sherlock Holmes, and an author so conspicuous as Conan Doyle, it is a comparatively easy matter to say whether or not such a story has appeared, and whether it is the work of the author to whom it is ascribed. There are cases, however, which present far greater difficulties. Last month the writer of the article in THE BOOKMAN on "The Best Translations" was recalling Professor Brander Matthews's story about H. C. Bunner's adaptation of certain stories by Guy de Maupassant under the title *Made*





MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK (GEORGETTE LEBLANC)

in France. In a spirit of tricksy humour that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales "with a United States twist" was not derived from the French, but was Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out. Now this is supposed to be very crushing. As a matter of fact it is not fair criticism of the critics. Maupassant's literary work was essentially disordered. After his death a number of tales by him were gathered from various obscure sources and some of them were incorporated in the volume *Le Père Milon.* Professor Matthews unquestionably has a very profound knowledge of the works of Guy de Maupassant, but we think that there are conditions under which he might find himself more than a little puzzled. We wonder if he has ever heard of a certain tale entitled "Notre Ami Rappel."

The Mystery

About the events leading up to the death of Guy de Maupassant in 1893, there has always been a curious mystery. He died in the madhouse of Dr. Blanche to which he was taken after two attempts upon his own life. But why were these attempts made? What made him change his plans and break the promise to his mother that he would spend Christmas Eve with her at Nice? He did not go to Nice, but to the Isles Sainte-Marguerite with two ladies, one of whom had played a considerable part in his life and is understood to have been the original of Madame de Burne of Notre Cœur. Something happened on that journey—something weird and horrible—but what it was no one seems to know. It was the definite beginning of the man's mental and physical débâcle. A week later at Cannes he made the two attempts at suicide.

A new book about de Maupassant has appeared. It was written by François Tassart, who from 1883 to 1893 was the writer's valet. Of the mysterious attempts at suicide he tells us that two o'clock one morning he was awakened by a noise. De Maupassant stood before him; his neck was covered with blood. "I have cut my throat, François," he said. "It is a clear case of madness." The servant called for help, and aided by one of the sailors of the *Bel-Ami,* staunched the bleeding as best he could, till the arrival of a physician. While the doctor took stitches in the wound the patient remained perfectly calm and silent. Stretching out his hand to François and the sailor, he asked their pardon for the trouble he had caused them. After that it was a clear case of madness. Once he woke his valet in the middle of the night. "War is declared!" he cried. "We must depart!" He imagined that Germany and France were fighting again.

François, despite his humble social position, had some decided literary opinions. He did not quite approve of the novels of M. Emile Zola. As he told De Maupassant, he considered that the author of the Rougon-Macquart was entirely too hard on servants. "I have been a servant twenty-five years, Monsieur," he said, "yet I have never heard anything even resembling what Monsieur Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. It is not right that he should fall afoul of poor creatures with no means of defending themselves." De Maupassant smiled at his vehemence. "Believe me, François, that Zola did not wish to attack those good girls of whom you speak so well," he remarked. "He simply wished to show the defective side of that class of society. He wrote very well about it, but, as is always the case with him, he sought sensationalism for the sake of big sales. If he had written about the good side of servants, as you suggest, he would have made no money. Writing as he does, however, all those with unhealthy appetites hurl themselves at his books, and money, which is all he desires, pours in on him. His method is wrong, I think. An artist, if he would really give his measure, must think of nothing but his masterpiece and be absolutely disinterested."

Fort Comme la Mort was a huge success, despite the ending, against which the author's mother argued resolutely. "My master is very happy about it," writes François. "He feels sure that it will sell well on the railroad station book stalls."

But the novel's success brought upon its author an avalanche of youthful writers madly desirous of making his acquaintance. Finally he lost all patience with them. "How they tire me!" he complained. "I'll receive no more of them unless they make special appointments. Nothing would please me better than to be useful to these young fellows, but in most cases whatever I tell them can do them no good. Look at that chap who just went out. All my good advice is wasted on him. He won't do his work and expects to become a novelist. Impossible, impossible! In order to write a novel you must think of it continually, put every character carefully in place, see that everything is well arranged when you are writing the opening pages, otherwise you must always go back and change something. If you do that you get inextricably confused. Writing a book isn't the work of a single day, even for an experienced writer—think of what it should be for a beginner!"

Somewhat Inconsistent

A Napoleonic book that has been receiving high praise is Paul Frémaux's *Les Dernier Jours de l'Empereur*. Arnold Bennett, writing in the *New Age*, calls attention to the inconsistencies of the *Saturday Review*, that amiable periodical having published separate reviews of the English and French versions of M. Frémaux's book.

THE FRENCH VERSION

M. Frémaux's book should be translated into English, as it is a fair and unbiased account of a tragedy of undying interest about which neither Mr. Forsyth nor Lord Rosebery, still less Dr. Holland Rose, has said the last word.

THE ENGLISH VERSION

We do not think there was any need for a new volume on the same subject. M. Frémaux, of course, knows all there is to know in this connection, and it is hard for a specialist not to believe that everybody else wants to learn, . . . Like most partisans he spoils things by over-statement. . . . Sir Hudson Lowe was not a monster. He was merely a good gaoler.

The First Caricature

Napoleon in caricature is one of the most prolific of subjects. Indeed, European political caricature from 1798 until 1815 may be said to have been Napoleon. Although in France this form of pictorial art was rigidly suppressed, Gillray and Rowlandson in England, and a score of artists in Germany and Austria were depicting the great emperor as the most infamous of monsters. The first known caricature of Bonaparte was drawn years before the First Consulate, when the Bourbons still sat upon the throne of France. It is reproduced in Norwood Young's *The Growth of Napoleon*. Young Bonaparte's years at the military academy at Brienne were not happy ones. He was a Corsican, and at that time Corsica was a recently conquered province. The cartoon, which was drawn by a schoolmate, represents the future emperor standing, a severe and determined look upon his face, with both hands on the top of a musket, resting the butt on the ground. A smaller figure behind him, an old man whose nose nearly reaches his chin, is pulling him back by his wig. Napoleon's feet face in two directions—one forward, the other backward. Underneath is written: "Bonaparte rushes to the aid of Paoli to rescue him from the hand of his enemies." These words have been struck through with a pen, which has also been drawn across the face of Napoleon.

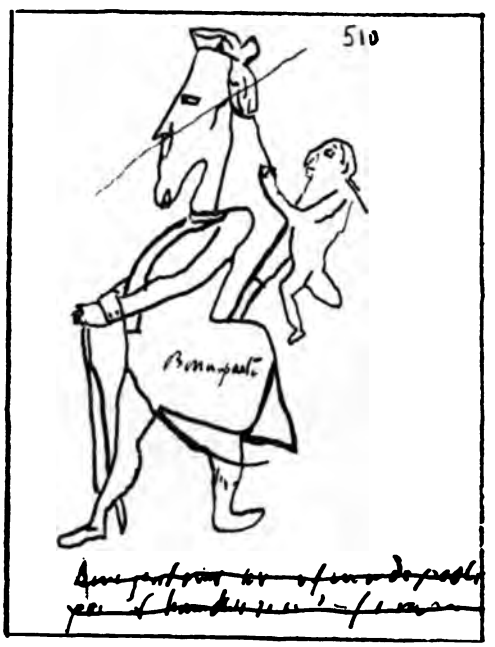
The Real Dora Copperfield

In a recent number of the *British Weekly* Claudius Clear has considerable to say about a book not yet published, entitled *Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell*. Maria Beadnell, who afterward became Mrs. Henry Winter, was the original of Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield* and Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit*. The book, which is edited by Professor Baker of Harvard, is based on a series of unpublished letters by Charles Dickens which found their way into the hands of an American collector, Mr. Bixby. Claudius Clear considers this book a real addition to the literature about Dickens. It cannot be forgotten, and it contains disclosures of significant facts which were not

known even to Forster. The letters verify certain disputed points in *David Copperfield,* and show that in important respects the love affairs of its hero were those of the novelist himself. They also conclusively prove that a good deal of *Little Dorrit* was based on Dickens's own experience. A knowledge of these letters enables one to read *Little Dorrit* in a new light—as a kind of sequel to *David Copperfield.*

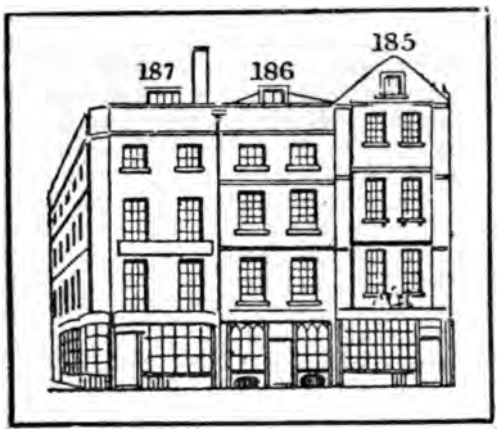
In 1830, when Dickens was eighteen years of age, he made the acquaintance of three sisters, Margaret, Anne, and Maria Beadnell, the daughters of a certain George Beadnell, who had a position in a London banking house. At that time Dickens had given up his work in a law office, had mastered shorthand, and was on the eve of becoming a member of the staff of the *True Sun.* In the Beadnell family he found the pleasant domesticities which were lacking in his own home. Among the young men who frequented the house were two intimate friends of his, David Lloyd and Henry Kolle. Lloyd married Margaret Beadnell in the spring of 1831 and Kolle married the second sister, Anne, two years later. Almost at first sight Dickens fell in love with Maria, and the girl, who was a year the boy's senior, was not reluctant to enter upon a flirtation. Dickens was intelligent, ambitious and, in a certain way, attractive, but he was still groping about to find himself, and his promise and enthusiasm did not constitute eligibility in the worldly sense of the term. Maria Beadnell was a deliberate flirt, and though Dickens fell madly in love with her, she hesitated, sometimes responding, and at other times becoming cold. She regarded the youth's love making with amused tolerance, an attitude that was apparently shared by her family. In the autumn of 1831, when her parents sent Maria to school in Paris, Dickens's love had reached the point of infatuation.

Maria Beadnell had a friend, Mary Ann Leigh, who seems to have been partly in love with Dickens. She did her best to embroil the lovers, and the task was not a difficult one. Maria thought that she could do much better. She did not realise, any more than Dickens's own parents did, what was in the boy. So by 1833 Dickens was turned bitterly away. He was wretched and considered himself ill treated. Maria excused herself by some gossip about Mary Ann Leigh. Dickens declared that he had been entirely misunderstood; that he had endured more than any man had ever endured before, and that his love would be lasting. He put aside all pride, went down on his knees, and begged for a response. Maria returned some of his letters, but kept copies of them. Finally, in 1833, Dickens went away, and the relations between the two were broken off for more than twenty years.



THE FIRST CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON

In 1836, after an engagement of several months, Dickens, who was then beginning to taste the fruits of first success, married Catherine Hogarth. Nine years later Maria Beadnell, who had reached the age of thirty-four, espoused Henry Louis Winter. There was no communication of any kind between her and Dickens for many years. But in 1855 Mrs. Winter wrote. Her letter arrived along with a number of others. Dickens suddenly remembered, opened it,



WHERE "PICKWICK" WAS FIRST PUBLISHED, 186 STRAND, THE ORIGINAL HOME OF CHAPMAN AND HALL

and was delighted. He replied warmly, if not exuberantly. He recalled their old trysting places, his happiness, his misery. He proposed that Mrs. Dickens should call on Maria and arrange a day for a quiet meeting. Later he confessed that whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion and determination belonged to him, he could never be separated from her for whom he would have died with the greatest alacrity. He said that he had never heard the name Maria without starting, and thinking of the deep love he once bestowed upon her. He referred her to *David Copperfield,* and told her that she would see the touches of herself in Dora. He asked her to read the book, and to think, "How dearly that boy must have loved me, and how vividly this man remembers it."

Maria's apparent reply to this was an explanation that she would have married Dickens if it had not been for the opposition of her parents. She speaks of herself as being "toothless, fat, old, and ugly." This Dickens refused to believe. He recalled the old days and her early beauty. Finally, alas! they met. No sooner his eyes fell on the object of his youthful passion than it shivered and broke to pieces, and the Dora of *David Copperfield* became the Flora of *Little Dorrit.* The coldness with which she had treated him was now amply returned. The exuberant letters that she wrote were met by courteous refusals. Her husband failed, and she appealed to her old lover. Dickens declined to be drawn into the responsibility, and suggested that her father ought to help. Mr. Winter entered the ministry, became a curate at Cambridge, and afterward Vicar of Alnmouth, Northumberland, where he died in 1871. Mrs. Winter died in 1886.

The Dickens Stamp

Despite our mild expressions of disapproval in the matter of the Dickens stamps, we have received inquiries as to where they may be obtained. This is information which we very gladly give. What we have said on the subject has not been inspired by any feeling that Dickens should not have such a testimonial to his memory, but because we believe that some thought should be given by American readers to American writers, who have been the greatest sufferers by unjust and inadequate laws of international copyright. The Dickens stamps can be purchased with very little trouble. In addition, as engraved book plates, they seem to be well worth the modest price



THE MODERN PISTOL. "BASE IS THE SLAVE THAT PAYS"



AMERICAN "COPYRIGHT BILL" IN A NEW PART. "DIE VILLAIN"

that is asked for them. If you wish to buy them go to one of the leading booksellers of your home city, and if he has them not himself he will surely be able to tell you where they may be found. If we had space we should be very glad to print a complete list of agencies in the United States. But it would take nearly two pages of the BOOKMAN.

"Punch" and the "Pirates"

A propos of our remarks last month on the subject of British ideas about American literary "piracy" we are reproducing two amiable drawings which originally appeared in the pages of London *Punch*. The first, printed in the issue of May 24, 1890, represents the American publisher as the modern Pistol, trampling the copyright act under foot, and unctuously declaring "base is the Slave that Pays." The second, which appeared in March of the following year, is based on a line in the *Times* newspaper to the effect that "the extinction of literary piracy in America has been decreed."

Old Country Inns

There is no feature of the older England that is more closely associated with literature and art than the old country inns, a subject which seems to be adequately treated, both in text and pictorially, in *Old Country Inns of England,* by Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory, a publication which has just come from the press of Messrs. L. C. Page and Company of Boston. Sir Walter Scott, when staying with Wordsworth, at Grassmere, usually managed to give his host the slip in order to spend an hour or two in the "Swan" beyond the village; just as Addison had fled the splendid state of Holland House for the "Old White Horse" in Kensington Road. The "Bull and Bush," in North End, Hampstead, was a resort frequented by Addison, Dryden, and Steele, and is said to have been once the country home of Hogarth. Fifty years ago George Borrow, Edward Fitzgerald, and Charles Keene, the *Punch* artist, were among those who gathered at the "Bull" at Woodbridge. David Garrick's birthplace was the "Raven" at Hereford; William Cobbett was born at the "Jolly Farmer" at Farnham; and Charles Spurgeon, the famous preacher, at the "Little Wheatsheaf." Thomas Hughes, the author of the immortal Tom Brown at Rugby, once kept the "Black Lion" at Walsingham.

The old country inn has also played an exceedingly conspicuous part in fiction. Charles Reade in *The Cloister and the Hearth* described the variety of characteristics mediæval. In *The White Company,* Conan Doyle drew a delightful picture of the "Pied Merlin" in the New Forest. For the coaching inns one need only turn to pages of Fielding's *Joseph*



THE ANGEL INN, WOOLHAMPTON



YARD OF THE WHITE HORSE, DORKING



THE KING'S ARMS, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD



THE FALSTAFF, CANTERBURY

Andrews and *Tom Jones,* and Dickens's *Pickwick* and for the smaller class of inns to the *Old Curiosity Shop.*

Bertha Von Suttner

We confess that, on seeing the name of Bertha von Suttner on two volumes of *Memoirs,* published by Ginn and Company for the International School of Peace, we were somewhat at a loss to identify the lady, whose portrait, as frontispiece to volume one, presents a strong likeness to Carmen Sylva. However, as we were speedily reminded by a glance through the volumes, it was only six years ago that the Baroness von Suttner received the peace prize instituted by Alfred Nobel in his will—the year before the same prize was awarded to Theodore Roosevelt. Then we began to remember things about her. It was this woman who, in the Eighties, published a book, *Die Waffen Nieder* (*Away with Weapons*), which, on its publication, had much difficulty in finding a publisher, so certain were the editors of its flat failure in a militaristic country. Yet it made nearly as great a sensation in Europe as did *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in this country, and had almost as much to do with the spread of the peace movement as the latter with the spread of anti-slavery sentiment in America. The Baroness had already lived through three wars, that between Austria and Prussia in 1866, the Franco-Prussian in 1870, and the Turko-Russian, in 1877-78—the latter at close quarters, since she was living at the time in the Caucasus and saw the "sotnias" set forth for the scene of battle and return decimated—before she became conscious of a strong anti-militaristic sentiment in herself. In Paris in 1887, where she frequented the Salon of Madame Juliette Adam, and heard much excited talk about the policy of "Revanche" and the imminency of a second war with Prussia, she learned of the existence in London of an "International Peace and Arbitration Association," the aim of which was to bring about, by creating and organising public opinion, the establishment of an international court of appeal which should take the place of armed force in settling disputes between nations.

This was the turning point in Baroness von Suttner's career. She had already made a place for herself among contemporary German writers, and she determined to enlist her literary talent and influence in the cause. "I wanted to be of service to the Peace League, and how could I better do so than by trying to write a book which should propagate its ideas? And I could do it most effectively, I thought, in the form of a story. I should certainly find a larger public for that than for a treatise. . . . I wanted to be able to put into my book not only what I thought but what I felt, felt passionately; I wanted to give expression to the pain which the image of war burned into my soul; I wanted to present life, palpitating life, reality, historical reality; and all this could be done only in a novel, and best in a novel written in the form of an autobiography." This she did after exhaustive researches designed to render the picture more completely photographic. The impression of autobiographic truth was such that it was long thought by many who knew nothing of the author, that she had actually experienced all the tragedy of warfare so graphically and feelingly depicted. Thus the heroine was supposed to have lost two husbands, and when Mr. Felix Moscheles, the painter and the son of the famous musician, called on the Baroness in Venice, he was amazed to be received by a gentleman who began politely: "My wife will be much pleased . . ." "What! How is this," interrupted Moscheles. "Can you be Baron Suttner? So you are not dead? Why, you were shot in Paris!" "Excuse me, no. . . ." And then, of course, ensued the explanation.

Henceforth the Baroness was drawn completely into the propaganda, the detailed account of which, from one Peace Congress to another, fills the larger part of these two volumes. In the course of her activities she met or corresponded with nearly every distinguished writer and publicist of Europe. Not least interesting is her association with Nobel. Her first meeting with the famous inventor of dynamite and manufacturer of war material, was the result of an inci-

dent in her private life. Although of a noble Czech family, the Kinskys, she was left in poor circumstances by the death of her father, and her mother wasted much of their small means in the attempt to restore their fallen fortunes at the gambling tables of such resorts as Homburg and Baden-Baden. There the daughter was able to observe a mingled society, which ranged from celebrated figures of the Second Empire, like Cora Pearl and Léonide Leblanc, and interestingly exotic Georgian and Mingrelian princes and princesses. After the failure of a plan to study music for the lyric stage, she entered the aristocratic family of the von Suttners in Vienna as governess, and proceeded to fall in love with the youngest son, Artur Gundacca, who was seven years her junior and who re-



VAUGHN KESTER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"

"The Prodigal Judge" is a story which is receiving very generous praise and which marks a new departure in the game of book exploitation. A prize of $250 is to be given the writer of the printed review which is selected by the judges. For reasons which should be obvious to our readers, THE BOOKMAN'S review will appear after the prize award is definitely decided.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MARY JOHNSTON AT ABBOTTSFORD

turned her affection with romantic ardour. As there was no question of an alliance between the two families—the lovers were secretly married later—Bertha, who was determined to leave the house, answered an advertisement which read: "A very wealthy, cultured, elderly gentleman living in Paris desires to find a lady, also of mature years, familiar with languages, as secretary and manager of his household." She received a reply, signed with the name of Alfred Nobel, and after an exchange of several letters, she accepted the position and left for Paris. Nobel, who met her at the station, made a very pleasing impression.

He was not indeed an "elderly gentleman," as the advertisement gave us to understand and as we all imagined him, grey-haired and feeble—not at all. Born in 1833, he was then forty-three years old, rather below the medium height, with dark, full beard, with features neither ugly nor handsome; his expression rather gloomy, softened only by kindly blue eyes; in his voice there was a melancholy alternating with a satirical tone. Sad and sarcastic, such was his nature. Was that the reason Byron was his favourite poet. He could chat and tell stories and philosophise so entertainingly that his conversation quite captivated the mind. To talk with him about the world and humanity, about art and life, about the problems of time and eternity, was an intense intellectual enjoyment. He kept aloof from social life: certain forms of shallowness, of falsity, of frivolity, filled him with wrath and disgust. He was full of faith in the abstract ideal of a coming loftier humanity—"when once people come into the world with better developed brains"—but full of distrust of the majority of men of his day, for he had had to make the acquaintance of so many low, selfish, insincere characters. He was distrustful also of himself, and bashful even to the point of timidity. He regarded himself as repulsive; believed that he was incapable of inspiring



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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MRS. INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE, AUTHOR OF "PHOEBE AND ERNEST"

sympathetic feeling; was always afraid that people were merely flattering him because of his enormous wealth. That was doubtless the reason he had never married. His studies, his books, his experiments—those were what filled his life. He was also a writer and poet, but never published any of his poetical works. A philosophical poem a hundred pages long, written in the English language, he gave me to read in manuscript; I found it simply splendid.

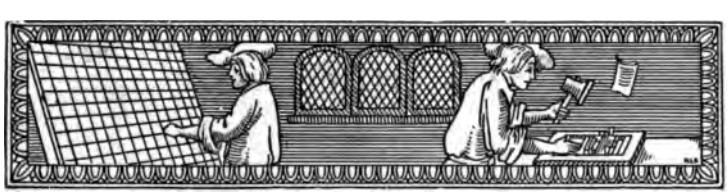
Nobel had his own dream of world-peace, though it was of a different sort than that of which his young secretary formed the conception in after years. "I wish I could produce a substance or a machine," he said to her, "of such frightful efficacy for wholesale devastation that wars should thereby become altogether impossible." This notion of the way in which peace might be procured made him at first sceptical of the peace propaganda by means of congresses and international *ententes* when Baroness von Suttner sought to enlist him in the movement. He was always willing to contribute financial aid, but that he was finally won over to real belief in the cause was due, no doubt, largely, to her persuasive arguments. She was always deeply in his confidence, and as she says she was familiar with his intentions relative to the prizes which he instituted, it is possible that she had a share in the shaping of the bequest for that purpose.



HENRY S. HARRISON, AUTHOR OF "QU'EED"

The Literary Army

In place of the usual polite form which accompanies a returned manuscript that has been submitted to a magazine, in at least four cases out of ten a more definite reason could be summed up in the brief words "sent to the wrong place." It is amazing what little consideration the vast literary army gives to the question of the right market. Not only are thousands of manuscripts being sent each month to magazines which, on account of the policy which should be perfectly understood, could not possibly use them, but articles are being daily forwarded to periodicals that have ceased to exist. For example, the last number of *Appleton's Magazine* was issued in May, 1909—two years ago. Yet the mail of D. Appleton and Company is still flooded with stories, articles, poems, and even novels, addressed to the magazine and offered for publication in it.





Photograph by Clive Holland.

THE GREAT ELIZABETHAN BRIDGE AT WELLBRIDGE. "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"

After their marriage Angel Clare takes Tess to Wellbridge. There is the flour mill in which he has planned to gain his experience.



"THE FIR-SHROUDED HILL TOP." "TWO ON A TOWER"

Photograph by Clive Holland.



Photograph by Clive Holland.

THE HOME OF THOMAS HARDY. "MAX GATE," DORCHESTER

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

IV—E. P. Roe's "Barriers Burned Away"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I



HE other day, in an old notebook, the present scribe came upon the outline of a special article that he once intended to write. There were one or two abortive beginnings and a half page of jottings which must have meant something once upon a time, but which now are quite unintelligible, and scrawled across the top of the page was the exceedingly lugubrious title, "The Death-bed in Fiction." Perhaps it is as well, after all, that the article never was written. "Give us optimism and the sunshine of life," is the cry of magazine editors of to-day, and the subject is one that would certainly be frowned upon by the conventions. But what a marvellous wealth of material it suggests! What a vast field there is for one with patience to explore it thoroughly! Where begin and where stop?

I am alone by the fire, with the curtains drawn against the fading winter landscape, waiting in imagination for those welcome ghostly visitors. What a host of men, women, and children, whose demises have at some time wrung our hearts, will presently come trooping out of the twilight! Little Nell and Paul Dombey steal silent in. Whose is that kindly old countenance with the sweeping moustaches but Colonel "Tom" Newcome's? Since he said "Adsum" when his name was called, and laid aside the burdens of this world, one may be sure that he has not been much troubled by the society of his nephew Barnes. Mrs. Pendennis! We recall a very touching death scene to show music in some Continental watering place. And the Major! We confess to a little momentary surprise, but now we remember that you are by rights one of this company, because somewhere in *The Newcomes* you met your end in a proper spirit of contrition, and your last words were a somewhat belated appreciation of the good qualities of Laura. To you, Mr. Osborne of Russell Square, our welcome cannot be over-cordial. Think of the poor, tottering old man who is coming in behind you, of how once he befriended you, and of your own hard heart. Contrast his death and your own, and remember the wonderful sermon that was preached over that contrast.

The room is filling now. Over in a corner there sits a haggard old woman, the Baroness Bernstein, who was once the beautiful Beatrix Esmond. What a death-bed was hers with that last cry in French revealing the treachery of the Prince and calling upon the cousin whom she had so cruelly flouted! Next there is Jean Valjean, who died of a broken heart when his Cosette left him to become the wife of Marius, and whose material ashes lie buried in a remote corner of the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. The ghost by his side was once old Goriot, whose last mortal agony was embittered by the neglect of the ungrateful daughters for whom he had sacrificed so much. That prematurely old woman, whose countenance bears the unmistakable marks of loathsome disease, was the fascinating Valerie Marneffe, who maintained her rôle to the last, and who on her death-bed expressed a determination of going to "faire le Bon Dieu." It is quite fitting that her nearest companion in this ghostly gathering should be Emma Bovary, in the painting of whose terrible death-bed the genius of Flaubert reached its highest point.

But enough of this fanciful preamble. The point that the writer wishes to make is that if the death-bed in fiction seems to have gone out of date, in the old days it was of paramount importance. Dip into the conventional novel of a generation or two ago and you can no more



E. P. ROE

escape that last pathetic scene than you can escape what is vaguely known as "the love interest." Commonplace as it may have been, it never failed of its appeal. Try to imagine *Uncle Tom's Cabin* without the death of Uncle Tom, or *St. Elmo* without the death of little Felix. In the story which is the subject of this article the death-bed was a decided factor. This must not be forgotten in analysing the book and its enormous popularity. The Chicago fire, from which the tale took its title, was merely an accident and a solution. The love of Dennis Fleet for Christine Ludolph, the strong religious tone of the story, and the deaths of Dennis's father and mother are the basic principles upon which the success of *Barriers Burned Away* was builded.

II

Dennis Fleet, after the death of his father, is confronted with the task of carving out a career for himself, and of materially contributing to the support of his mother and younger sisters. He is about twenty years of age, with strong religious convictions, health, and with an education which his creator considers sound, but without the equipment to do anything definite. It is with profound confidence and belief in the future that he goes to Chicago—the Chicago of the years immediately before the great fire. His early experiences are those of the conventional hero of this particular kind of fiction. He makes an unfortunate choice in the hotel in which he stays at the beginning of his visit, with the result that the one position that suits him, and

is apparently within his grasp, is immediately closed to him. Day after day he walks the streets only to be met by the continual and inevitable rebuff. He falls in with a good Samaritan, in the person of the somewhat disreputable drunkard, Bill Cronk, and by him is shown the way to earn humble but necessary money by shovelling snow. It is this employment that brings him to the "spacious, elegant store" of Mr. Ludolph, a German of ancient but impoverished family, who has come to the United States for the purpose of building up a fortune that will enable him to restore his ancestral estate. By this man Dennis Fleet is employed, first in the capacity of a porter. From the beginning it is obvious that the boy's energy and ability will win him speedy advancement. Mr. Ludolph has an only daughter, and with the advent on the scene of Christine Ludolph, begins the love story of *Barriers Burned Away*.

III

Or ever the knightly days were gone
With the old world to the grave,
When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a Christian slave.

It does not matter in the least that some cynic has pointed out that Babylonian kings and Christian slaves were not exactly contemporaneous. Such a detail cannot mar the beauty of W. E. Henley's lines. In them you have the epitome of *Barriers Burned Away*, as you have the epitome of countless other stories. The four lines sum up completely one of the seven fundamental plots which comprise all fiction. *Barriers Burned Away* is another *Lady of Lyons* with the exception that Dennis Fleet is an honest Claude Melnotte. The romance of Christine Ludolph and Dennis Fleet is the romance of Edna Earl and St. Elmo Murray inverted, or the romance of Jane Eyre and Edward Rochester inverted. Before Christine Ludolph makes her appearance in her father's "Art Building" there arrives a picture which makes a curious impression upon Dennis. It shows a winter scene in Germany, and one of the figures is that of a young girl of great beauty, but with cold scorn and pride in her eyes and lips. The face haunts Dennis Fleet. When, a day or two later, Christine enters, he is startled by the strong resemblance between the girl and the portrait. Christine's first attitude toward Dennis is one of contemptuous indifference. The two are thrown into closer contact when he is called in to help rearrange the "Art Building" under her direction. In this work he displays a singular perception and talent, which leads to his promotion to a position of considerable responsibility. This marks the beginning of his real career. Under the instruction of a dissolute but talented old painter, whose family he has been able to rescue from dire poverty, Fleet takes up the study of art in the hours of the evening and has soon made surprising progress. To Miss Ludolph he has become an object of mild curiosity, but nothing more.

Dennis Fleet's first adventure in what the author refers to as "society" is at once complicated, and humiliating, and astonishing. A musical entertainment is to be given by some of Christine Ludolph's friends, and the young clerk is asked to assist as a kind of general stage manager. Dennis's reception is far from encouraging. A certain Miss Brown, the daughter of a good-natured but not overscrupulous brewer, sees to it that he shall not forget what she considers his place. At the last moment the tenor on whom those in charge of the entertainment have been counting fails them and Dennis shows himself equal to the emergency. A general gloom has settled upon the faces of all when he steps forward and asks if they have the music that the absent tenor was to sing. The quotation that follows is illuminating and characteristic:

"Certainly! Do you suppose it was of the kind that he could extemporise?" said Miss Brown, pertly.

"Will you let me see it? If you are willing, perhaps I can assist you in this matter."

All turned toward him with a look of great surprise.

"What do you think of that from the man who sweeps Mr. Ludolph's store?" asked Miss Brown in a loud whisper.

"I think the fellow is as presuming as he is ignorant," said Mr. Mellen, so plainly that all heard him.

"It is not presuming, sir, to offer a kindness where it is needed," said Dennis, with dignity,

"and my ignorance is not yet proved. The presumption is all on your part."

Mr. Mellen flushed and was about to answer angrily when Miss Winthrop said hastily, but in a kindly tone: "But really, Mr. Fleet, much of our music is new and very difficult."

"But it is written, is it not?" asked Dennis, with a smile.

Christine looked at him in silent wonder. What would he not do next? But she was sorry that he had spoken, for she foresaw only mortification for him.

"Oh, give him the music, by all means," said Miss Brown, expecting to enjoy his blunderous attempt to sing what was far beyond him. "There, I will play the accompaniment. It's not the tune of 'Old Hundred' that you are to sing now, young man, remember."

Dennis glanced over the music, and she began to play a loud, difficult piece.

He turned to Miss Ludolph and said: "I fear that you have given me the wrong music. Miss Brown is playing something not written here."

They exchanged significant glances, and Miss Winthrop said, "Play the right music, Miss Brown."

She struck into the music that Dennis held, but played it so out of time that no one could sing it. Dennis laid down his sheets on the piano and said quietly, though with flushed face: "I did not mean to be obtrusive. You all seemed greatly disappointed at Mr. Archer's absence and the results, and I thought that in view of the emergency it would not be presumption to offer my services. But it seems that I am mistaken."

"No, it is not presumption," said Miss Winthrop. "It was true kindness and courtesy, which has been ill requited. But you see, to be frank, Mr. Fleet, we all fear that you do not realise what you are undertaking."

"Must I of necessity be an ignoramus because, as Miss Brown says, I sweep a store?"

"Let me play the accompaniment," said Christine, with the decided manner that few resisted, and she went correctly through the difficult and brilliant passage. Dennis followed his part with both eye and ear, and then said, "Perhaps I had better sing my part alone first, and then you can correct any mistakes."

There was a flutter of expectation, a wink from Mr. Mellen, and an audible titter from Miss Brown.

"Certainly," said Miss Ludolph, who thought to herself, "If he will make a fool of himself, he may," and she played the brief prelude.

Then prompt at the proper moment, true to time and note, Dennis's rich, powerful tenor voice startled and then entranced them all. He sung the entire passage through with only such mistakes as resulted from his nervousness and embarrassment.

IV

The triumph of the rehearsal is more than repeated at the entertainment itself. Dennis is overwhelmed with compliments and takes away with him the memory of them and the melancholy knowledge that he has fallen hopelessly and desperately in love with Christine Ludolph. For the girl, despite occasional moments of condescending kindness, has not yet changed or at most only very little. She is still cold, and proud, and cynical, and unbelieving—the very daughter of that mother who years before had broken her father's proud heart. In time, however, illness comes and does a little to soften her. She is not ripe yet for love, but she is for ambition, and she too is consumed with a desire to paint. She copies a famous masterpiece which passes the eyes of all save Dennis, who, to her infinite humiliation, detects the deception and points out the difference. The wound caused by his criticism is deep. He has told her that the sphere of true art is beyond her, a verdict that she knows is true. For her, as for him, there is a barrier beyond which she cannot pass.

Out of her mortification and pique she forms a plan. If the power of artistic creation is not within her she will learn it from the outside. She means perfectly to master the human face as it expresses emotions, to paint a picture that will make her famous, and Dennis Fleet is the human victim that she offers on the altar of her ambition. To this end she employs every art of coquetry at her command. Soon Dennis can wear the mask no longer. He tells her of the love that is in his heart, and then awakes to the truth that it is his face and not himself that she wants, and that he has been no more than the human subject under the surgeon's knife. In her moment of triumph she points to the picture and bids

him criticise it if he dare. Dennis's reply is to seize a brush of paint and with one stroke to obliterate the face that has cost them both so much.

The months go by. Dennis Fleet has been at the point of death, and Christine Ludolph has gone on a journey to the East, believing his recovery to be impossible. The voice of conscience has been wakened within her and she passes her days in reckless gaiety in the hope that she may be able to forget. She returns to Chicago and encounters what she first takes to be an apparition. The months of her absence have brought Dennis back to health and strength, and although he has been discharged by Mr. Ludolph, who has come to suspect some understanding between his daughter and his employee, he is established in a studio, has sold a number of pictures, and has with high hopes entered a painting for a great prize. Of course, professional painters will be likely to find the art chapters of the story absurd to the point of ludicrousness. But romance is far from being so hypercritical, and the painting which wins the prize very naturally is signed with the name "Dennis Fleet." As he goes home after the award Dennis sees a brilliant light in the southwest and hears the firebells. It is the beginning of the conflagration that is to burn the barriers away.

V

Twenty-four years ago E. P. Roe wrote in one of the early numbers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* the story of how *Barriers Burned Away* came to be written. In the year 1871 he was pastor of a church at Highland Falls, near West Point, New York. At that time he had never written fiction, nor had he any definite promptings toward authorship. His life was a busy one, and horticulture its chief recreation. Early in October he was asked to preach in a church without a pastor in New York City with the understanding that he would consider a call if the congregation extended it. It was on the night of that Sunday that the burning of Chicago began. On Monday people in New York held their breaths as they read the startling head lines in the morning papers.

"I cannot account for it," wrote Mr. Roe, "but the impulse to go to the stricken city at once seemed to overpower me. The officers of the church in which I had spoken asked me to spend the week with them and visit among the people. I told them I could not. Returning home I packed my valise and started westward. I had no clear purpose, no definite plan, beyond that of seeing humanity at a time when it appealed so powerfully to one's sympathy and interest. I hoped eventually to write about the scenes witnessed; but what or how I should write I did not know, nor was I certain that I could pro-

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GASKELL-MACVITTY-CARPENTER CO. (Inc.)
PRESENT
A Dramatization of E. P. Roe's Novel

"BARRIERS BURNED AWAY"

BY
GEORGE MIDDLETON
Staged under the direction of William Josselyn

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dennis Fleet Joseph Remington
Ethel Fleet, a widow, his mother Edith Harlan
Mr Ludolph, a wealthy art dealer, brother of a German baron Taylor Carroll

Christine, his only daughter Miss Elsie Creecy
Susie Winthrop, her friend Mento A. Everitt
Mr. Meiler, an unscrupulous real estate manipulator Allen Leiber
Berthold Bruder, a broken down German artist W. A. Ormsbee

Mrs. Bruder, his wife Minnie W. Carroll
Bill Cronk, a Knight of the Road Walter Ayres
Mr Cornell, a well known Art Critic Arthur Johnson

ACT I.—At Mrs. Fleet's Farm House near Bankville. "Leaving Home."
ACT II.—Private exhibition room in Ludolph's Art Emporium. "The Barriers"
ACT III.—Christine's Studio. October Seventh. "The Barriers Rise Between"
ACT IV.—At Mrs Fleet's again. November. "Barriers Burned Away."
The action of the play takes place during the year of the great Chicago fire. 1871

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY" APPEARED IN BOOK FORM, THE STORY WAS FOR THE FIRST TIME ADAPTED FOR THE STAGE. WE REPRODUCE THE PLAYBILL OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE

duce anything that people would care to read." The ruins were yet smoking when he arrived, and every hour deepened the impression of the great disaster. Making a partly finished hotel his headquarters, he spent several days, and part of the nights also, picking his way through the debris encumbering the streets, while trying to reproduce in imagination the scenes and events of the conflagration. In this effort he was aided by conversations with all classes of people; and many strange and startling experiences were told him.

Far more interesting than the ruins, however, were the number of citizens already engaged in removing them that

they might build anew and better than before. In no battle has greater courage been displayed than was shown by the plain business men who then faced their great misfortune. With shop, and factory, and home in ashes, they were still rich in that undaunted courage. Mr. Roe hunted up a college classmate, and he showed him where his hundred thousand dollars worth of property had vanished; "But looking into his clear, resolute face, I saw far more than he had lost still remained, and that his richest possession was still locked within his own mind. Brave, genial Joe Lockwood was a type of the manhood that transformed seeming ruin into enduring prosperity. Would that he could have lived to fulfil the rich promise of his many noble qualities."

"I do not remember just how or when it was, but during those few days of my visit the story which resulted began to take a shadowy outline in my mind. On one night especially such creative power as I possess was awakened. I had been wandering a long time alone on the North Side, deeply impressed with the truth that what but a few days before had been a populous region of the city was now utterly destroyed. At last I sat down on the steps of the church, and watched the full moon shine through the shattered marble spire. How long I remained there I did not remember, but I feel that the story had its beginning on those steps." Soon after returning home he began to write.

VI

With the sudden access of religious belief in a work of fiction one has no quarrel. It is in moments of crisis that it comes, but no matter who the convert may be, such a crisis calls above all for directness and simplicity. *Barriers Burned Away*, as a work of fiction, has as many faults as it has pages, and the most glaring and ridiculous of them all will be found in the chapters dealing with the fire and the part that it plays in the conversion of Christine Ludolph. She and her rescuer, who is of course Dennis Fleet, have undergone hours of suffering and privation. They have sought shelter from the flames on the desolate beach of the lake. They are surrounded by frenzied, violent, drunken men and women. Every moment is of vital importance, yet Dennis finds time for the most elaborate of praises and Christine replies:

"It is I who must ask pardon. After your superhuman exertions your very life depended on rest. But I made a wretched watcher—indeed, I have lost confidence in myself in every way. To tell the truth, Mr. Fleet, I was lost in thought, and with your permission I would like to ask you further about two things you said this morning. You asserted that you knew God loved you, and that Christianity would sustain by arguments that no candid mind could resist. What are those arguments, and how can you know such a comforting thing as the love of God?"

This brings a long exposition from him, more questioning from her and more expositions from him. It goes on for pages upon pages. In a spirit of the utmost reverence one may ask if the various tyro in writing of the present day would be guilty of such flagrant violation of reality. Would he be allowed to do so in print?

To revert to the story, the fire brings to Christine and Dennis the solution of every problem. Her father's fortune has been swallowed up by the flames and he himself has perished. The old life, with its pride and scorn and intolerance, are things of the past. "With a little cry of ecstasy, like the note of joy that a weary bird might utter as it flew to its mate, she put her arms around his neck, buried her face on his shoulder, 'No hope for you, Dennis, but perfect certainty, for now every barrier is burned away.'"

VII

In the beginning Mr. Roe could give only scraps of time to the writing of *Barriers Burned Away*, for his mountain parish, though comparatively small, had its many requirements. There was preparation to be made for two sermons and a large Bible class every week, besides all the interruptions incidental to the calling that gives every one a claim to attention. "The story such as it is," wrote Mr. Roe, "was not made nor definitely thought out from the beginning. It simply grew, taking possession of fancy with very little

volition on my part. During walks, travels, odd moments of leisure, at night before I slept, the scenes, incidents, and characters fashioned themselves before my mind. Chapters were written in the cars and on steamboats, wherever I happened to be, when a part of the narrative grew clear to my comprehension.

"The winter of 1871 and 1872 was one of the happiest of my life. It was spent in a cottage near the beginning of what is known as 'Eagle Valley,' in the upper part of the village of Highland Falls. I had a room that looked out upon an ever murmuring brook and a steep mountain side beyond covered with hemlocks. It was just the secluded nook in which to dream and work uninterrupted; and it was only by conscious dreaming, then working, that I got on.

"I had no training whatever for the effort in which I was engaged, and perhaps my best equipment for it was the somewhat careful study of human nature, for which I had enjoyed unusual opportunities in the army and elsewhere. I had no confidence whatever in what I had written and was desirous of the judgment of others. That which is of absorbing interest to the tyro in authorship may be regarded as 'stale, flat and unprofitable' to others. I am glad that even in those callow days I did not think of sending my manuscript to some busy writer, but rather took it to a friend, whom I knew to be as sincere as she was cultivated. Having written eight chapters I was anxious to obtain a fair and impartial opinion as to whether they 'sounded' like a story. Little I cared for the wild snow storm as I walked to her residence, and when I returned in the evening, honestly and justly criticised, but encouraged to go on, the sharp and cutting crystals were unheeded.

"I knew there were decided advantages, especially for beginners, in having a story appear serially, for it would be a long step toward securing a publisher of the narrative in book form. For a number of years I had written letters to the New York *Evangelist*, and had received much kindness from Dr. H. M. Field and Mr. J. H. Dey, the editors of that journal. I felt quite sure that they would give my little fragment of the book a favourable consideration as they could conscientiously, and so, on another stormy winter day, I made known to them my wishes. Dr. Field asked me if I had my manuscript with me. Finding that I had, he said genially, 'Sit down, and read it to us;' and he locked the door of the little sanctum of the old-time office in Beekman Street and again I heard honest yet friendly criticism, and I sat down and read the manuscript to the two arbiters of my fate—Dr. Field and Mr. Dey. Before me in the grate was a glowing fire, and for a while I was in doubt as to whether the story would go into that or into their paper.

"When I had read the eight chapters, Dr. Field asked, if I remember rightly, 'Is that all you have?'

"'Yes.'

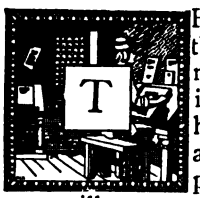
"'Well, leave the manuscript with us,' he said encouragingly, and there was no disapproval in Mr. Dey's kindly face and words."

The author then had little idea how long the story would be. It was supposed that a few more chapters would finish it; but it grew from week to week, from month to month. Sometimes Mr. Roe would make a "spurt" in writing and get well ahead of the journal, and again interruptions and various duties would prevent his touching the work for weeks and the paper would catch up and be close at his very heels. The fashioning of the story in his mind and the task of writing out the pages occupied two years, and just fifty-two instalments appeared in the *Evangelist*.

In book form *Barriers Burned Away* made its first appearance toward the end of 1872. It was an instantaneous success. By the following March thirteen thousand copies of the book had been sold, astonishing figures for those days. Moreover, it proved a work of an abounding vitality. Year in and year out the demand for it has gone on; it is still selling after thirty-eight years, and its total sale, in all editions, may be roughly estimated at not far from a million copies.

THE MYSTERY OF WAGNER

BY W. J. HENDERSON



HE announcement that the long hidden autobiography of Richard Wagner is soon to be published has aroused no small amount of interest and public curiosity. There are still many things in the life and thought of this remarkable man of which his millions of admirers know too little. For many years the well informed have been aware of the existence of the memoirs. It was in 1892 that the publishers of Ferdinand Praeger's *Wagner as I Knew Him* placed the work in the hands of the present writer to be prepared for the press. Praeger was a German, and although he had lived many years in England, his English was not always idiomatic and often somewhat obscure. The duties of the present writer in preparing his book for publication consisted of making certain essential corrections in the language. In this volume Praeger placed this passage:

"In writing of Wagner as I knew him I have touched upon certain subjects and criticised him in a manner which I am aware many of his worshippers might shrink from. But in this I have in no way offended Wagner. He wished to be known as he was. Indeed he has written his own life, which should it please the Wagner heirs, may one day be given to the world to its great gain. I became aware of the existence of this autobiography in the following manner: Wagner and his wife were going out, leaving me alone at Triebschen. Before going Wagner placed in my hands a volume for perusal during his absence. 'It is my autobiography,' he said. 'Only Liszt has a copy; none other has seen it, and it shall not be published until my Siegfried has reached his maturity.'"

Praeger says that he read the manuscript and that his own book in no way contradicted it. But this is not a matter of importance. What became of the copy which Liszt had? Doubtless on the death of that master it was returned to the Wagner family, who, as the world has lately been informed, had other copies placed in secure places. The time of the publication was not prescribed by Wagner, except that it was to be after his son had attained majority. Very wisely the Wagner family decided to wait some years longer, or till all the bitternesses and animosities aroused by the controversies over Wagner's works had died out.

The time is indeed now ripe. Wagner's art is accepted in all countries in which western music is known and battles of opinion are no longer waged over it. All over the world there will be a sympathetic curiosity to know how Wagner in 1873, the time at which this series of memoirs was completed, looked upon his own career. His early autobiography, published in the edition of his prose works, ends with his departure from Paris to Germany in April, 1842.

"For the first time," he writes, "I saw the Rhine. With tears in my eyes, I, poor artist, swore eternal fidelity to my German fatherland." We are told that the actual compilation of the new set of memoirs was made during the years between 1868 and 1873. But of course we are not to expect that they will prove to be merely a diary kept through this period. They are rather a story of Wagner's life and artistic experience up to the year in which the book was completed, and this story should cover his stormiest years of struggle and inner life.

It was in 1872 that Wagner went to Baireuth to live. Events of tremendous significance in his career preceded that move and it is to be supposed that some new light will be thrown upon them by the contents of the long treasured book. For instance, the whole history of Wagner's relations with King Ludwig of Bavaria might well be retold by himself. It is well enough known that the young King was of an ardent and romantic temperament and that long before he met the master he had steeped himself in the art of Wagner to such an extent as to be-

come almost an idolatrous worshipper of the composer. We all know how he sent for Wagner when the master's fortunes were at their lowest ebb and bade him go to Munich, where his artistic ambitions would all be gratified. We also know that it was not long until influences in court circles began to work against Wagner and that in time he was compelled to leave Munich. The great Wagner theatre planned by the King was not built until many years, and many years later the dream was realised in the Prinz Regenten Theatre, where the yearly Wagner festivals are now held in the Bavarian capital. Wagner went to Baireuth and that uncomfortable little town became the Mecca for Wagner pilgrims from all over the world.

Years later in a document which he called his "Final Report" on the preparation of the four dramas of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* for production at Baireuth, Wagner in a comparatively calm and dispassionate manner (for he was a man who habitually used vigorous expressions) referred to the experiences of this time in this style:

"Now that I and my unusual project had been placed in broad daylight, it appeared as if all the ill-will that had lurked before in ambush was determined to make an open attack in full force. Indeed it seemed as though no single interest of all those represented by our press and our society was not stung to the quick by the composition and plan of production of my work. To stay the disgraceful direction taken by this feud in every circle of society, which recklessly assailed alike the protector and the protected, I could but decide to strip the scheme of that majestic character which my patron had accorded it and turn it into a channel less provocative of universal wrath. Indeed I even tried to divert public attention from the whole affair by spending a little hard won rest on the completion of the score of my *Meistersinger*, a work with which I should not appear to be quitting the customary groove of performances at the theatre."

But it is palpable that the whole history of the plots against Wagner at Munich has never been told. We have been informed that the newspapers were used unscrupulously to foment popular excitement and official hostility to Wagner, and that in the end the police administrators represented to the King that the musician's life was in danger. Only in this way, it seemed, could the monarch be induced to ask Wagner to leave Munich. But it is evident that there is behind all this much more than has appeared on the surface. It will be interesting to learn from Wagner's own pen who were his active enemies and why they were so eager to prevent the expenditure of the royal marks on the theatre which was afterward built almost on the spot originally chosen.

Wagner did not lose either the confidence or the support of the King. The young ruler seems to have acted in accordance with what he believed were the best interests of the composer. The later revelations of Glasenapp and Ellis have not made us much wiser in regard to this period than we were in the beginning. Possibly Wagner, writing in the peace and seclusion of his Baireuth home after the battle was over, may have felt that his memoirs, to be published by his own wish twenty years later, might contain the history of the true inwardness of the matter.

It was while Wagner was in Munich, under the protection of King Ludwig, that, in 1864, Hans von Bülow went to the Bavarian capital to prepare for the first performances of *Tristan und Isolde*. Not long after him went his wife and children. It was with the beginning of the acquaintance of the composer with this remarkable woman that her influence in his life began. He was alone in the world. His first wife, an estimable woman, lacked the high mental force which he required in a spouse, and in Cosima von Bülow he found this wanting psychological power.

The question, then, naturally arises, whether the autobiography contains anything which will throw light upon the workings of Wagner's mind at this critical period of his life. It is true that Cosima Wagner is yet living at Baireuth and that we might expect this fact to put an effectual obstacle in the way of publication of the memoirs if they contained any reference to the separation of the von Bülows.

But this is just one of the things about

which no one can be sure till the book is made public, for the extraordinary vanity of Wagner and the still more extraordinary view of him taken by his family renders it entirely within the possibilities that the inmates of the Villa Wahnfried might regard it as of the gravest importance that the master's explanation of the events of the early sixties should be given to the world.

It is hardly likely that the autobiography will throw any new light upon the famous friendship between Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck, and yet it might easily do so, for this affair has never been thoroughly illumined. We have abundant literature on the subject, and above all we possess in the correspondence between the composer and Mrs. Wesendonck, one of the most beautiful and



RICHARD WAGNER—A FRENCH IMPRESSION
From the drawing by F. Gorguet

touching of human documents. But nevertheless there are matters which remain unexplained. The self-constituted advocates of Wagner, such as W. Ashton Ellis, appear to regard it as their solemn duty not to tell merely the cold facts, however unpleasant they may be, but to make out a case for the composer at all costs. He speaks of Wagner and the two Wesendoncks as vessels of silver against which the poor earthen jar, Minna, Wagner's first wife, shattered herself. He refers to the painful scenes which must have been enacted on the hearth of the Wesendonck home, and almost morbidly declines to imagine their precise nature.

But, reading the extant correspondence



RICHARD WAGNER. FROM THE ETCHING BY WILLIAM UNGER

William Unger, who was born in 1837, was a pupil of Josef von Keller in Düsseldorf and of Thater in Munich. He became the foremost champion of reproductive etching in Germany if not in Europe, reproducing the great masterpieces of the galleries of Brunswick, Haarlem, Amsterdam and Vienna.

of Wagner and Mrs. Wesendonck, we can readily comprehend the situation in which the three people found themselves. The attraction between the composer and the woman was, for him at any rate, irresistible. Throughout his life he needed, like a child, a woman upon whom to lean. Mrs. Wesendonck's letters prove that she was a woman of singularly delicate sensibility, of exquisite taste, of high poetic imagination and of fastidious intellectual refinement. Her personal influence over Wagner is not to be questioned for an instant.

But as to whether the relations between her and the composer ever reached conditions justifying the quite unpoetic charges brought against the two people is another matter. It has not been cleared up by the publication of the beautiful letters of the two. Nor has it been cleared up by the lengthy and detailed introduction and epilogue to the volume by Mr. Ellis. For with a caution more discreet than admirable the editor of the English translation of these letters has carefully avoided reference to certain human documents of importance. One of these is a letter which Wagner wrote to Otto Wesendonck in 1865. In it he said: "The incident that separated me from you about six years ago should be evaded; it has upset me and my life enough that you recognise me no longer, and that I esteem myself less and less. All this suffering should have earned your forgiveness, and it would have been beautiful, noble, to have forgiven me; but it is useless to demand the impossible, and I was in the wrong."

While it is plain that such a letter might be construed in a sense quite different from that which appears upon the surface, it is none the less true that most students of the life of Wagner have felt that it was a confession of painful facts. Yet if the new autobiography should contain something throwing further light on the relations between Wagner and Otto Wesendonck, this portion of the book would be devoured with avidity by every reader.

It is one of the interesting and significant things about the art work of Wagner that, while it contains much of his character, it offers little direct self-revelation. The medium through which he published his thoughts, namely the lyric drama, was not favourable to direct personal utterance. The glory of Wagner consists partly in the consummate mastery with which he characterised such widely differing personages. When one thinks of his *Siegfried*, his *Wotan*, his *Mime*, his *Tristan* and his *Hans Sachs*, one feels that here is a musical Shakespeare, capable of embodying all the experiences of humanity. And yet we still would have to consider the profound depths of his *Tannhäuser* and the imaginative comedy of his *Beckmesser*.

In spite of our wonder at the variety and breadth of influence of his characterisation, we realise that in no sense is the man Wagner projected through these creations as Beethoven was through the fifth symphony or Chopin through the ballades and nocturnes. It is this very impersonality of his creations that whets our curiosity about his inner life and makes us incessantly clamour for more details. It is therefore to be hoped that the autobiography will contain some reference to those dark and dreary years in which he was struggling, apparently without hope, for public recognition. Much has been made known to us through the record of the excellent Frau Wille, with whom he tarried for some time at Zurich just before King Ludwig sent for him.

This was one of the bitterest periods in his entire career, and from the article written by Frau Wille we have learned that he was often a prey to the deepest despair. Nevertheless the artistic force within him would not be put to rest and Frau Wille's description of his performances on the piano of some of the music of *Die Meistersinger* is little short of thrilling. It was on this masterpiece of comedy that the composer was labouring in the depths of his hopelessness. His heart was heavy, his worldly vision obscure, but his soul preserved its confidence, and, filled with a sublime faith in his own genius, he worked on day and night. He was convinced that *Die Meistersinger* was great and that no matter what the Norms read in his future it was a solemn duty to complete it.

It will be strange if the autobiography does not contain some pregnant passages relating to this period in his career. It was the darkest hour before the dawn.

It was the distant point of his journey in time. It was a period which must have seared itself deeply into his memory and doubtless many an hour in after years, when the world had begun to smile upon him, he recalled the starless night of the birth of *Die Meistersinger.*

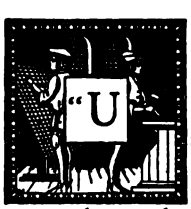
Perhaps, too, there were regrets dwelling with him in those days at Zurich, and it may be that in the autobiography he will say a word about that wonderful quotation from *Tristan und Isolde* in the third act of *Die Meistersinger.* There is something more than a mere dramatic device in Hans Sachs' reference to his acquaintance with the story of Tristan and the utterance of the love theme from that drama by the orchestra at this point. Perhaps this is the one poignant personal utterance of the man Wagner through the mouth of a character in this marvellous comedy.

Special stress has been laid in this cursory paper on strictly personal points in the career of the famous composer because it is upon these points that the world is most in need of enlightenment. The art theories of Wagner have been set forth in his prose writings with a fulness which leaves no possibility of error as to his convictions and his purposes. But it is unquestionable that there are still certain comparatively obscure spots in the story of his life. Some of these might have been illumined long ago, had not the ardent worshippers of the composer used every endeavour to conceal many truths from the art world at large. Wagner's measureless belief in himself leads us to hope that he has not hesitated to speak frankly about every matter with which his biographers have dealt rather as special advocates.

We might with no great difficulty find many other points in regard to which the memoirs could furnish much desired enlightenment, but if they should shed a clear and perfect light on the dark places mentioned in this paper they would prove to be one of the most important of all human documents bearing on the lives of musicians. And because these memoirs were written to cover the period in which Wagner's inner life was most directly affected by the events herein noted we may reasonably expect that they will deal with those events in a final manner.

GUSTAVE DORÉ

BY W. A. BRADLEY



"UN gamin de génie"—it was thus that Théophile Gautier characterised Gustave Doré, and no description could give a better idea of this spoiled child of art and of fortune who, endowed by nature with every great gift in her power to bestow, pursued his wayward course across French art and life in the middle of the nineteenth century. Possessing a superb talent which he had no power and, indeed, little desire to improve or control by a rational effort of study and self-discipline, he carried into his work the impulsiveness and irresponsibility of the boyish pranks which he never outgrew, and sought success as if it were a butterfly, to be captured with a net by means of mere persistence and agility. And he won success, too—won it in a measure and with an ease and rapidity that might have made him the happiest and most contented of men. But the tragedy of Doré's life was that the success which he achieved was never that which he really wanted, and that that which he desired with all his heart always eluded his grasp, and made him, in spite of the temperamental buoyancy that never wholly deserted him, a prematurely saddened and disappointed man, who died at the age of fifty with on his lips the words, "J'ai trop travaillé." It was nothing to him, or next to nothing, that he had

achieved the position of the most celebrated and sought after illustrator of his time. Between the draughtsman and the artist—that is, the painter—there was for him a world of difference, and it was as an artist that he wished to win recognition from his fellow-countrymen. This he never did. England created a furore over his enormous canvases and hailed him as "the painter-preacher," on the strength of his "Christ Leaving the Prætorium" and other pictures displayed in the Doré gallery in Bond Street, or purchased for private collections. But in France the government, the critics, and the public passed him by, and however well grounded in his own self-conceit, he never forgave or rose above this indifference, for which he and his friends found solace only in imputing it to the basest motives of hatred and envy.

How far these imputations were justified it is not necessary to enquire here. An age that accepted Meissonnier, Gerôme, Rosa Bonheur, and Bouguereau as among its great ornaments was not one that judged and condemned by any very exalted artistic standard, and doubtless Doré's paintings, in some instances at least, were as good and as worthy of note as many of the salon successes of the seasons in which they were exhibited. But it is notoriously difficult for a man who has gained a great reputation in one



THE ESCAPE OF DAVID FROM THE WINDOW

field to make a successful début in another. And Doré's fame as an illustrator came so early, and so soon filled the world, that before he knew it, and almost before he had reached manhood, he found himself a slave to that single conception of his talent which forced upon him, as a necessity of living, the decoration of the vast series of literary masterpieces with which his name remains indissolubly associated. The story of Doré's precocious childhood and entrance upon his artistic career has all the fascinations possessed by similar stories of prodigious youth, with, however, an added charm due to unusual traits of boyish attractiveness, as well as to accidental circumstances of environment and early association. He was born in Strasburg in 1833, under the very shadow of the great cathedral, to the influence of which he himself attributed the germination of that Gothic spirit of fantasy which made him create in the very spirit of the mediæval architects and sculptors. Part of his boyhood was also spent in Bourg, where the



LONDON, 1871



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHA PANZA

mountainous country is in the same manner claimed to have had its effect upon the imagination of the artist who loved to render the most grandiose aspects of nature. To what was most picturesque in this double environment Doré began to respond at an early age. From the first he was a dreamer and a lover of beauty, and though he was a natural enough boy in most ways, he had queer traits, such as an extreme physical energy which made him, like the English poet Calverley, prone to express passing moods of emotion in strange gymnastic caprices without consideration of time or place. Akin to this general agility of body was the amazing manual dexterity with which he was born. His art sprang full-armed, as it were, from an almost perfect coordination of hand and brain.

Blanchard Jerrold, who was the son of Douglas Jerrold and who collaborated with Doré in his work on "London," writes in his biography of the artist: "He could not tell you when he began to draw. His old nurse, Françoise, has described him as never without a pencil after his fourth year. As an infant he would crawl out of his crib into his mother's room, and cry, 'Mamam, je ne sais ce que j'ai.' He could not sleep. 'Je veux crayonner,' he would add, and then go back to bed with a pencil in his hand. Abd-el-Kadr was the hero of his childhood. In his fifth year he made drawings of the taking of Constantine and the battle of Mazagran, the vigour and movement in which struck all who saw them with amazement. Pencil and paper came naturally to his baby hands. He would beg his father's friends to cut his pencil for him, and to cut it at both ends, because it would last longer. The desire to give form to his thoughts and observations was irresistible."

II

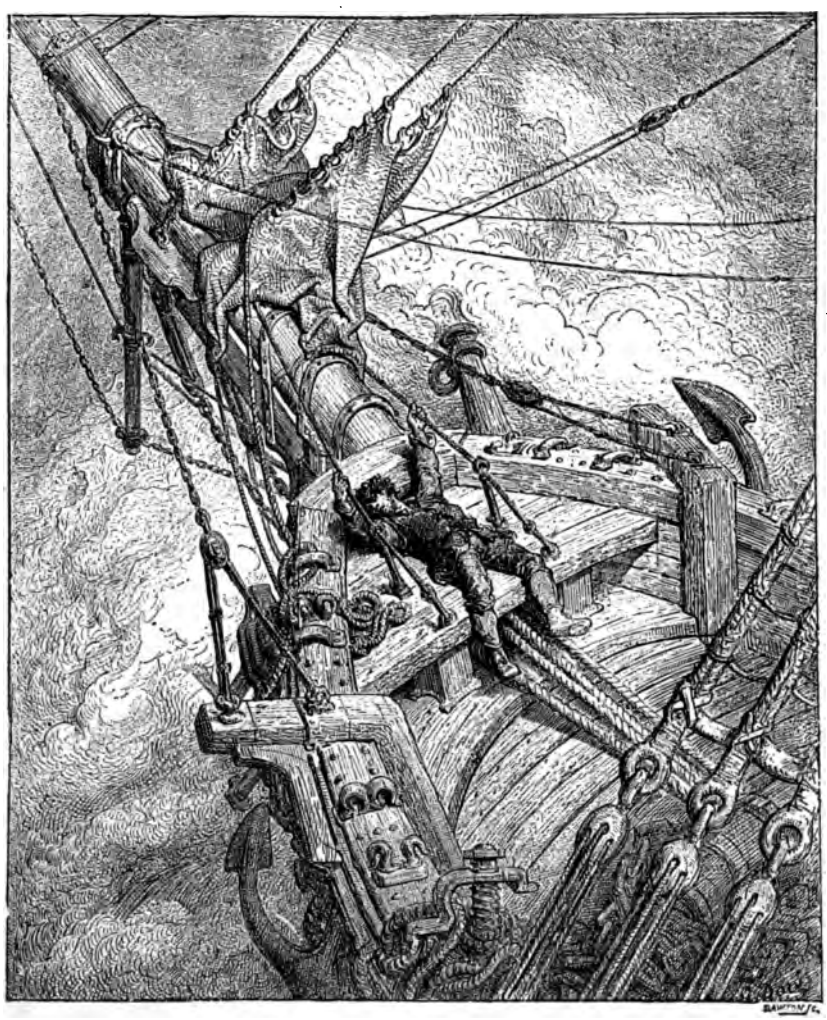
Doré was only eleven when he borrowed some lithographic stones and made drawings. He pictured the peasants of Bourg and Strasbourg and incidents of his school life. Already he began to give evidences of the humour and love of the grotesque which characterised his mature work. His father, who was an officer in the engineers, and who was determined that his son should follow the same profession, did not look with any pleasure



AN ILLUSTRATION MADE BY DORÉ FOR THE WORKS OF RABELAIS

upon these manifestations of a precocious talent, and did all he could to discourage and break the boy's bent. At the schools he attended, and at which he showed himself a bright and manly, if rather mischief-loving youngster, he found greater sympathy among his masters. One of these accepted, in lieu of a translation of a certain Latin passage, a drawing setting forth the incident described in the text with startling truth and completeness, and on another occasion asked him to go to the blackboard and draw a picture of Nero so that the class might get a vivid idea of the Roman emperor.

It was in 1847 that Doré's parents took him with them to Paris. He was so delighted with the capital that he determined to remain there if possible. One day, passing the shop window of Philipon, the proprietor of the *Journal pour Rire,* on the Place de la Bourse, he noticed some caricatures displayed there, and, on returning to the hotel, he made several sketches in a like manner. These he took surreptitiously to Philipon, who was so much delighted with them that he visited the elder Doré and persuaded him to allow his son to devote himself to drawing, and even to sign a contract whereby Gustave was immediately to begin supplying a regular monthly caricature. This was the beginning. The boy, only fourteen years old, and still a student at the



THE ANCIENT MARINER



A CRIPPLE OF PALESTINE. BALZAC'S "CONTES DROLATIQUES"

his hand as a sculptor. It is characteristic of him and an evidence of the trait of megalomania which corrupted his talent, that in each of these fields he sought at the very outset to extend the ordinary scale of execution. His canvases were so large that he had to erect ladders and scaffoldings in his studio to reach them. In water colours he attempted life-size portraits, in etching he made his first plate over a yard wide, and in sculpture he constructed a monumental vase designed to stand in some public place in Paris. In short, he utterly confused bigness with greatness, and this is one secret of his relative failure even in the field in which he won genuine contemporary success. He sought to make illustrated books of a size and on a scale such as had never been seen before. For his *London* he proposed issuing a prospectus which should announce a thousand pictures. Now it is clear that where such quantity is aimed after, quality must almost certainly suffer. Doré used to resent the charge that he worked too rapidly, and it is true that he never intentionally "scamped" his product, but often took infinite pains to make a picture come out right. He did, nevertheless, work with terrible speed. He threw off hundreds of drawings, all with evidences of real imaginative originality and power, but often without sufficient accuracy in the draughtsmanship or depth of observation in the rendering to make them completely satisfactory to any save the most casual and untrained observer. It was not that they lacked finish. They were often overfinished for the amount of matter they contained, and their perfection merely served to accentuate their fundamental poverty. For this reason many of his roughest and earliest sketches are far more interesting than his later, more carefully executed drawings, since they display greater vigour and a better balance between conception and execution. In short, though Doré worked hard, he did not exert himself in the right way. He wore himself out by the pro-



THE LANDLORD OF THE THREE BARBELS



AN ILLUSTRATION MADE BY DORÉ FOR THE WORKS OF RABELAIS

digious amount he produced, while one-half the energy thus wasted would, if put into study and preparation, have enabled him with the other half to reach an altogether higher level of artistic achievement.

The sheer theatricality of much of his work has become increasingly apparent with the flight of time and the growth of a more exacting ideal of art. Doré was a romantic by temperament and by such training as he had, which was exclusively of a literary sort. His associations, both as an illustrator and in society, were largely with poets and men of letters, and he worked in their manner. He was concerned primarily with telling a story, with expressing emotion, and Hugo gave him praise which was strictly just, and which he appreciated, when he wrote of the illustrations for *Les Travailleurs de la Mer,* that they constituted a veritable ***translation*** of that work of fiction. At the same time Doré had a fine decorative and pictorial sense, and his drawings usually have a certain value as compositions, though he is over-rated for his dexterity in the handling of great crowds. It is, however, in the subtler qualities of representation that he is most deficient from our modern point of view. Skilful in rendering the phases of dramatic action—though he grossly exaggerated these, as he did the expression of character and emotion through the bodily forms—he failed signally, for the most part, to suggest individuality and beauty in surfaces and textures, and to give true organic life to inanimate objects, as well as to the creatures of his own imagination. This is most plainly seen in his treatment of the supernatural, to which he was first attracted when as a boy he was taken to see a performance of the opera *Robert le Diable.* His monsters and his angels alike are merely pasteboard and tinsel creations, and in the elemental forces he loved to evoke with grandiosity—water, earth, and air—there is little that is really elemental save as an idea. Essentially imaginative, and yet often extremely realistic, there was between his realism and his fantasy a gap which marks the limitation of his power in the production of supreme reality.

For the rest, the record of Doré's life is the record of his friendships, which were many and long-lived, and which afford an inexhaustible material of anecdotes. Mention has been made of some of his friends, but the chief of all, perhaps, was Théophile Gautier, who was also Doré's staunchest champion among the professional critics, although their ideas on art differed radically. Often their discussions roused both to the highest pitch of violence, and it is recorded that on one occasion Gautier at dinner lifted the soup tureen and was about to hurl it at the head of his friend, when both suddenly realised the absurdity of their anger, and quickly recovered their good humour. Doré's sensitiveness to criticism occasionally imperilled an old-established friendship, and even brought it for a time to an abrupt termination. But a

force of generosity and affection, which forms one of his most charming traits, caused him always to be the first to seek a reconciliation. In fact it is very much more as a man than as an artist that Doré retains a vital attraction for us to-day, although for many thousands his illustrations still constitute a means of approach to great literary masterpieces that would have but little appeal to them otherwise.



FROM AN ILLUSTRATED DANTE. DRAWN AT TEN YEARS OF AGE, ENTITLED "VOYAGE À L'ENFER"

OSCAR WILDE IN PARIS

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

THIS is in no sense an article on Wilde's work, nor is it an estimate or character of the man. The utmost it attempts is to show how intimately Paris was connected with his life, to put into English some anecdotes still told by the Frenchmen who remember him, and, incidentally, to set right an error of fact about the writing of *Salome,* an error into which a statement true in itself has led even the most competent of his English biographers.

Oscar Wilde's relations with Paris divide into three periods—before, during and after his term of imprisonment. He had travelled in France as a boy, grew up with an excellent knowledge of French, wrote *The Sphinx* in Paris in 1874, and in May, ten years later, took his bride to Paris for their honeymoon. He almost became a French man of letters, and when the Censor refused to license Madame Sarah Bernhardt's performance of *Salome* already in rehearsal at the Palace Theatre, he threatened to change his nationality. He was always at home in Paris, and he died there. On the background of that city rather than of London the drama of his life stands out, cleared of side issues, far enough away to be seen by us, with its light-hearted, exuberant beginning, its moment of glory, when he could say with Traherne:

> I was as high and great
> As kings are in their seat:
> All other things were mine,

its catastrophe, which he turned into a momentary renaissance, its defeat and sombre end.

Long before his more general success, Wilde had projected on the screen of notoriety that is observed by the public a flamboyant caricature of himself. He did this partly for his own amusement, partly as a means of expression, partly also as a passport to celebrity. His essay on Wainwright, that startles again and again those who know the story of its author as well as of his subject (the essay called "Pen, Pencil and Poison"), contains a sentence of characterisation that may almost without change be fitted to himself. "Like Disraeli, he determined to startle the town as a dandy, and his beautiful rings, his antique cameo breastpin, and his pale lemon-coloured kid gloves were well known, and indeed were regarded by Hazlitt as being the signs of a new manner in literature, while his rich curly hair, fine eyes, and exquisite white hands gave him the dangerous and delightful distinction of being different from others." Wilde also possessed and emphasised this distinction. He was known for his dress before he was known for his genius, and he waved before a multitude of empty eyes the cap and bells and pulchinello of his always decorative eccentricities. He created a legend of himself and did not leave it behind him when he came to Paris in the years of his success. Stuart Merrill wrote in a French paper: "Certain hansom cabmen even say that they have seen him about the hour of cats and poets walking with an enormous lily in his hand." He was able to add: "Oscar Wilde rejects, as if regretfully, their testimony in replying that legend is often truer than the truth." In 1883, before this time, when he went to Paris after his lecturing tour in America, he carried a jewelled walking stick in imitation of the stick that pleased Balzac by setting the whole town talking of its owner and itself. And in 1891, when André Gide met him, "some compared him to an Asiatic Bacchus, others to a Roman Emperor, others to Apollo himself." Wilde was "the man who walked the streets with a sunflower in his hand," and everybody wanted to see him, if only to look for the sunflower. He was also "the man who smoked cigarettes with gold tips," a luxury of Oriental magnificence in London at that time, and still more remarkable in Paris in those days before the *bureaux de tabac* had begun to sell Muratti's little tin boxes beside the paper packets of the state.

He became known as a talker. André Gide writes of a dinner: "Nous etions quatre, mais Wilde fut le seul qui parla." His talk was the subject of argument. He was accustomed to fit it to his widely varying audiences, and sometimes he miscalculated. There are still legends in Paris that make him a large over-confident man, whose conversation was very disappointing. Some accuse him of lack of taste in his anxiety to startle and amuse. But mistakes were rare with him, and the main tradition is of an entertainer, the charm of whose talk was only equalled by that of his personality.

There are many records of the dinners at which Wilde was supreme. Let me notice one at which he suffered a discomfiture only conspicuous because of its contrast with his usual success. One of Wilde's friends was Jean Moréas, the Greek whose death on March the 30th last year deprived French literature of one of her most interesting poets. They used frequently to dine together and to drink at the Café by the Odéon facing the gardens of the Luxembourg, a café that has since become a *bureau de tabac*. Their youthful admirers used to stand in the street to see the silhouettes of the two masters on the café window. Moréas was the founder of the Ecole Romane, a school of poetry that Anatole France, holding him for its Ronsard, called a New Pléiade. When Wilde was at the height of his glory, Moréas gave a rather ceremonious dinner at which were present, beside himself and Wilde, Raynaud, La Tailhède, and Du Plessys, three of his disciples, and Stuart Merrill, who tells the story. It is in perfect contrast with the dinner of four at which Wilde was the only speaker.

"At dessert, Wilde bent his tall body toward Moréas and asked him to recite some verse. "I never recite," replied Moréas, "but if you would like it, our friend Raynaud will recite us some-

thing. Raynaud stood up, and resting his redoubtable fists on the table announced, "Sonnet to Jean Moréas." He received our applause, and then Wilde again pressed Moréas to recite. "No; but our friend La Tailhède—" In his turn La Tailhède rose, and, his eyeglass fixed, launched in a clear voice: "Ode to Jean Moréas." Wilde grew visibly unquiet at the worship paid to its chief by the Ecole Romane; none the less he continued by courtesy his insistence. "Du Plessys, let us hear your latest verses," commanded the master. Leaping up, Du Plessys trumpeted in vibrant tones: "The Tomb of Jean Moréas." Oscar Wilde, choked, conquered, routed, he who had silence about him in the salons of London, asked for his hat and coat and fled into the night. It was certainly the first time that all the incense round a dinner table had not been reserved for himself."

There is a feeling of amused hostility in that story, read by itself, which is not present in the man who tells it. Stuart Merrill, it is well to remember, not only loved Wilde well enough to laugh at him, but was also the moving spirit in the petition for Wilde's release that was projected in Paris a few years later.

II

At this time Wilde preferred telling stories to talking. They were fairy tales, like that of "The Fisherman and his Soul," or parables, like that of "Narcissus." In 1894 a few of these parables were printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, and all those that André Gide mentions in his little book were so published. I suspect that when Gide heard them they had already been written, and that, wonderfully as he improvised in English, Wilde did not choose to risk the hesitations of new compositions in French. Stuart Merrill, the American-French poet who told the anecdote of the dinner with Moréas's disciples, remembers the sonorous, unhurried movement of these tales and the powerful music of the narrator's voice. André Gide, whose account of them is the best published, is a little too reticent. I have heard that Wilde's narnative was the main thread of a melody whose accompaniment was made bv Gide, then very young and very impressionable, sobbing distractedly into his plate. That is all to the credit of Monsieur Gide, and it is a pity he has not chosen to remember it himself, as it is also sad that Pierre Louys in a wonderful article in *Vers et Prose* should have to remind him of his desperate silence in the presence of Verlaine, when the two young writers of twenty years ago visited the old bandit in the hospital. Théophile Gautier, for the trembling of his knees, had to sit down on the stairs when he was taken to be introduced to Victor Hugo. Such tales are all to the honour of the ashamed.

There are slight disagreements about Wilde's knowledge of French. He did not know the language as well, for example, as Mr. Arthur Symons, of whom Frenchmen say that he can talk for an hour without letting them suspect that he is not one of themselves. Monsieur Gide says that "he knew French admirably, but pretended to have to look for the words for which he intended his audience to wait. He had almost no accent, or at most only what it pleased him to retain, to give a new and strange aspect to his words. He pronounced *scepticisme, skepticisme* on purpose." On the other hand, Monsieur Merrill writes of his speaking French with a fantasy that, pleasant enough in conversation, would have produced a deplorable impression in the theatre. For example, Wilde ended one of his tales with this delightful example of what Du Maurier would almost call *Inglefrank:* "Et puis, alors, le roi il est mouru."

All this should be remembered when we come to the question of the composition of *Salome*. *Salome* among the plays and *The Sphinx* among the poems, as well as much else of Wilde's work, were written in Paris. *The Sphinx*, perhaps written as early as 1874 at the Hotel Voltaire, and published after much revision in 1894, is dedicated to Marcel Schwob, whose proofreading of *Salome* was later to cause the misconception already mentioned. Marcel Schwob was a writer of subtle criticism and unfathomable erudition, whose early death shattered the lamp he was about to light in the darkness of the fifteenth century. He had spent many years in preparing a life of Villon, and

in the knowledge that that book was building about him the vagabond poet seemed almost to have become less mysterious. He seemed at least sure of eventual clarity. With Schwob's death he disappeared again into the dusk. There are tragedies of books as of men, and this is surely one, that the notes of Marcel Schwob, the whole material for his book, so written as to be only legible by himself, must remain a mass of inarticulate paper.

Now, Marcel Schwob, who was a close friend of Wilde, passed the proofs of *Salome* for press, and made only two corrections. This is quite true, but a false deduction has been drawn from it. Correction in proof does not preclude correction in manuscript. *Salome* was written in Paris in French, but not in the French that now stands as the text, not in the French that Marcel Schwob corrected as it went to press. The French of *Salome* is not the language of a Frenchman, but it is better than the French of Wilde, whose fantasy in conversation would have earned harder names in print. It is worth while to inquire into the facts.

The truth, as it is accepted in Paris to-day among the people who could not help knowing at the time, is as follows. Wilde wrote the play in the French he talked, perhaps in French even less careful. He wrote it swiftly and without revision. It was a princess clothed in the fine gold of very simple speech, and in the tattered rags of colloquialism. He took it to Stuart Merrill and asked his help in removing these accidental disfigurements. Merrill corrected the French, eliminating, for example, such expletives as "enfin," with which it was too liberally decorated. Almost all the speeches, he says, began with "enfin." Wilde, in writing his play rapidly in a foreign language, would naturally use any short cut he could find in carrying the body of the tragedy to the paper. "Enfin" is an easy way of getting into a speech. He would use it to get on with his play, knowing that it would not be difficult to obliterate it in revision. But Stuart Merrill, although one of the most delightful of modern French poets, is American by birth. Perhaps it was because of this that Wilde lost confidence in his corrections. He took the play away, and gave it, on Merrill's advice, to Adolph Retté, then a Symbolist and Anarchist, since become a Poet of Nature and a Catholic. Retté went on with the work of revision. The play was probably at this stage when it was read at the Théatre de l'Œuvre (originally the Théatre d'Art) to my very dear friend Paul Fort, the founder of this theatre, where it was eventually to be played. It was not performed at this time, and Wilde came to distrust Retté's criticism as much as Merrill's, and took the play to Pierre Louys, the celebrated author of *Aphrodite,* who, as Merrill says, gave it the last touches of the file. After all this it was published in Paris and London by the "Librairie de l'Art Indépendant" and Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, when, in reading the proofs for press, Marcel Schwob contributed his two corrections. That, so far as I have been able to discover, is the true story of the writing and revision of *Salome.*

III

Salome was published in 1893. The first period, the flamboyant, magnificent period of Wilde's visits to Paris, was nearly at an end. The second period was when he lay in Reading Gaol. The news of his condemnation roused a ferment in Paris. At no time had he more loyal French admirers and friends, although in Paris as in London many who had benefited by his acquaintance did not wait the second crowing of the cock before denying him. There were many whose acquaintance in the sunshine became friendship under the clouds, and they opened a Quixotic and hopeless campaign for his release. Merrill and Deschamps, ignorant of the immutability of our laws, forgetful that the Anglo-Saxons share at least one characteristic with the Orient in their resemblance to the Medes and Persians, drew up a petition on Wilde's behalf:

"(1) In the name of humanity, because public and private witness shows that M. Oscar Wilde is seriously ill;

"(2) In the name of art, because his possible death would deprive letters of works whose value is sufficiently guar-

anteed by the literary past of the author."

The appeal to sign this manifesto brought curious answers. Sardou, the writer of successful vaudevilles, replied, "C'est une boue trop immonde, pour que je m'en mêle, de quelque façon que soit." Alphonse Daudet wished to know in what company he was asked to protest. Zola suggested that it was an attempt at advertisement to which he did not wish to lend his name. The younger men, among whom were many since become famous and then not without renown, were proud to sign.

Those who had known him in Paris could not believe that Wilde was guilty of the offence for which he was condemned. They remembered the man who had told them fairy stories round the dinner table, the man whose courtesy was characteristic even among a courteous people, the man whose kindness many had experienced, the man who could not suffer without disgust the ordinary licentious anecdotes of the smoking-room. The trial with its result seemed a fantastic nightmare. When the indiscretions of his friends convinced them of the truth, they replied immediately with other truths, that Wilde was mad, that there are few men without a private madness of their own, and that there are no laws for men of genius. Henri de Regnier, the poet and novelist, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy, defended him eloquently and in vain. Merrill and Deschamps were indefatigable without success. The Théatre de l'Œuvre put *Salome* upon the stage, Lugne-Poë playing the part of Herod, and Wilde wrote from prison: "It is something that at a time of disgrace and shame I should still be regarded as an artist; I wish I could feel more pleasure, but I seem dead to all emotions except those of anguish or despair. However, please let Lugne-Poë know that I am sensible of the honour he has done me. He is a poet himself." In that time, when English journalists only stopped abusing him to close their lips over his name, when English mothers forbade all mention of the man or the writer, when admiration of his books was become a secret thing, like a half-ashamed religion, if there is any truth in the saying that we are where we are loved, then Oscar Wilde may indeed be said to have been in Paris.

As soon as Wilde left prison, he crossed the Channel to Dieppe, and settled in an inn at the little village of Berneval, where he lived as Sebastian Melmoth. André Gide saw him there, and has preserved a most valuable conversation, in which Wilde stated as directly as in *De Profundis* his conception of what he had to do with his life. "Prison has completely changed me," he said. "I counted on it for that—one must never take up the same existence. My life is like a work of art; an artist never begins the same thing over again —unless he has failed in it." And again, "The public is so terrible that it never knows a man except by the last thing he has done. If I returned to Paris now, they would only see in me the condemned. I do not want to reappear before I have written a play. Until then I must be left in peace."

IV

At Berneval he took a little chalet, and wrote "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." But he could not write his play in spite of the two subjects he had invented in prison. He was loved by every one. The curé offered him a stall in the choir, and he felt adopted by the place. He found that the customs officers were bored, and lent them the novels of Dumas père. On the day of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, he gave a feast to forty children from the school with their master. But these pleasures were like the hallucinatory interests that a man takes in insignificant things when recovering from an operation.

The operation had been serious and successful: a tracheotomy, an opening of the skull, and a removal of the organs of will. For a little while he could pretend to himself that all would be well, that he could write a play and then come to Paris and "be again the King of Life." But his will was gone. He could only talk of his projects, and he came to Paris with his play unwritten.

Various friends tried desperately to give him confidence. Stuart Merrill gave a dinner in his honour, but some of the

guests did not appear, and Wilde was made, perhaps, more miserable by their absence than if the dinner had not taken place. It is hard for a king to become a knight, and Wilde's power of leadership was gone. With him it was always the throne or nothing, and when some who had known him closed their doors on him, he would call on no one for fear of a similar rebuff. Gide and a friend passed him sitting before a café. He ordered drinks for them, and Gide was sitting down in front of him with his back toward the passers by, when Wilde begged him to sit beside him. "Oh! sit here by me. I am so lonely just now." He was without the money to pay for the drinks.

In spite of his poverty, for, in spite of his allowance, he was frequently penniless (Merrill has a pathetic note from him asking for a very little sum "afin de finir ma semaine"), he refused in any way to profit by his condemnation. Fernand Xau offered him a weekly article to write. His messenger imprudently said, "After the noise of your condemnation you are sure of a great success." Wilde straightened himself and replied, "Thank you. My successes before the condemnation are sufficient for me."

He went to Italy, to Switzerland and to the south of France, returning always to Paris. During the Paris Exhibition he used to spend two or three evenings a week in the exhibition grounds. Paul Fort and Madame Fort (the Suzon of the "Ballades"), who were his companions on some of these occasions, speak of him with tears in their eyes. Wilde seemed to them very gentle, not outwardly unhappy, and interested in everything. The depths of the man, they felt, had come much nearer to the surface.

On November 30, 1900, he died. He had been turned out of an hotel a couple of years before because he could not pay his bill, when the landlord of the Hotel d'Alsace, 13 Rue des Beaux Arts, took him in, paid what was owing, and recovered his luggage for him. He made this house his home in Paris until he died, as he put it "beyond his means." His health failed, and he drank and hurried the failure. Mr. Robert Ross nursed him and brought a priest to ease his dissolution. It so happened that neither he nor any other close friend was with Wilde when he died. Paul Fort saw him just before his death and just after. He describes the small, dingy hotel, the passages, and the smell of disinfectants about the room where Wilde lay. He was one of the few who followed Wilde's coffin.

In Paris, where he had moved in glory as a Roman Emperor or a Bacchus of the East, the remains of Wilde headed a pitiful procession. Of those who filled the two cabs of which it was composed, several went about their business before reaching the cemetery. No bell tolled. The church hung no mourning curtains round its entrance, and admitted the body by a small side door. When Wilde came to Paris the boulevards fluttered with his name. When at last he left, his departure was almost unnoticed. A sergent-deville saluted the coffin with magnificence; he did not know whose body it contained.

Oscar Wilde was buried in the cemetery at Bagneux on December 3, 1900. On July 20, 1909, his coffin was removed to Père-Lachaise, where a monument, on which Mr. Jacob Epstein is already working, will eventually be erected over his grave.



BUTTERFLIES

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Freebooters of the sunlight, blue and black,
Glimmering with gold you go your velvet ways
From flower to flower, from weed to weed, and back,
Demanding toll of all the honeyed days;
Nature accommodating all your needs,
As once she did when with unaltered face
She fed the worm as now the fly she feeds.

The worm!—How long since you forgot the worm
Unsightly that you were? the chrysalis
Your life endured; the dark, prenatal term
Of your existence, wherein naught of bliss
Or beauty was. Now out of night returned,
Pinioned and plumed, your life is one long kiss
On summer's languid lips for which you yearned.

This was your dream in darkness, where your dreams
Were all of wings and rainbows, manifold,
Which transformation touched and changed to gleams,
Materialising their ethereal gold,
That burst your prison-house and rose to range
With joy, forgetting all the life of old:
The new accepted as if nothing strange.

Go your glad ways of fragrance and of light,
Following the dream, forevermore that lures,
Beyond the shadow of immortal night
That holds the soul: the dream, through which endures
That which hath led the world for centuries,—
The hope within the heart which still assures
The soul of that which only Heaven sees.

HOW WOMEN PROPOSE

BY EDNA KENTON



AID Jack Tanner, after three and a half acts of resistance at once sincere and simulated: "Ann, I will not marry you. Do you hear? I won't, won't, won't, won't, WON'T marry you." And said Ann Whitefield, after three more pages of discussion interesting to none more than to Tanner: "He (her father) asked me whom I would have as my guardian before he made that will. I chose you!" Then this ensues:

TANNER: The will is yours, then! The trap was laid from the beginning!

ANN (*concentrating all her magic*): From the beginning—from our childhood—for both of us—by the Life Force!

TANNER: I will not marry you. I will not marry you.

ANN: Oh, you will, you will.

TANNER: I tell you no, no, no.

ANN: I tell you yes, yes, yes.

TANNER: No.

ANN (*coaxing—imploring—almost exhausted*): Yes. Before it is too late for repentance. Yes!

TANNER (*struck by an echo from the past*): When did all this happen to me before! Are we two dreaming?

ANN (*losing her courage with an anguish she does not try to conceal*): No. We are awake; and you have said no: that is all.

TANNER (*brutally*): Well?

ANN: Well, I made a mistake; you do not love me.

TANNER (*seizing her in his arms*): It is false; I love you. The Life Force enchants me. I have the whole world in my arms when I clasp you——

ANN: Take care, Jack. If any one comes while we are like this you will have to marry me!

TANNER: If we two stood now on the edge of a precipice I would hold you tight and jump.

ANN (*panting, failing more and more under the strain*): Jack, let me go. I have dared so frightfully—it is lasting longer than I thought. Let me go. I can't bear it.

TANNER: Nor I. Let it kill us.

It would be interesting to know precisely the weight of influence that Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman* has had over the increasing feministic tendency in fiction to propose, boldly and most baldly, marriage to the chosen man. One observes with interest that it is the men novelists who are leading the way in giving women of fiction their chance to do openly what for countless generations they have done tacitly, within a narrow radius prescribed, it is true, but contriving nevertheless to keep alive the sacred fire of their own right to choose their men—a fire that has flickered but faintly and all but died out in some of the darkest periods of the world's androcentric history. It occurs to one to wonder just here how much influence Mr. Lester Ward's interesting gynococentric theory may have been exerting over the minds of students of men and women ever since it was propounded in 1888, and how far it has been influencing the treatment of women in fiction. Time was, we know, when only the boldly bad adventuress was the avowed hunter of the Most Eligible who was in mad pursuit of the violet-like heroine who was in a veritable panic of retreat, and the precept established for women, an androcentric precept by the way, was: "Stay beside the mossy stone; wither and die unseen if need be, but never shamelessly attempt purposely to attract the eye of man. He must be the seeker; thou the sought!"

Now of course this is utter nonsense, and the men and women who say they believe it is good either in theory or practice are either deliberately deceiving others or are themselves unconsciously tricked. It would be worth while to study the mental processes of some one of eight out of any ten conventional married women set to the novel task of being utterly honest on this question with herself for one naked hour. The crimes she must admit; the lies and the finesse; the gullery and cozenage and jockeying and chicanery she must own to if she goes honest step by step through her friendships with men, through the courtships so conducted in their advances and retreats as to make both the trapped and the trapper sure that each is the other! That crucial moment when the die is cast, the relieved sigh drawn, and the game ended—which precipitated it, the man or the woman! Which one would not take for granted; which one forced the spoken word: "Well, if you care for me, what are you afraid of! If you really care, why don't you ask me? Oh, dearest, now that you've made me say yes, I'm so frightened!" And like Ann the Superman, she all but faints under her own forever unadmitted daring, and after her supreme moment of unashamedness, puts on again the trappings of her presumed nunnery. The mind of the victim as he holds his conqueror in a grasp more or less firm according to his nerve and love has never been successfully probed, we think. Being brought up to play the game of life, as women are not, he is apt to accept philosophically the all but inevitable consequences of playing the game with women, even to its unfairnesses. But if men and women were to be honest with themselves for an hour! Yet it would take a generation of development to acquire the habit.

Now this is a digression from fiction, which does not always represent life, into life itself, to show this: that science and sociology and so-called modern women whose minds in relation to men are still too greatly of the prehistoric type, are slowly changing the attitude toward each other both of men and women, and are forcing upon them the truth that if a woman is to be the equal of the female bee or spider, she is to choose rather than be chosen; at least that a woman's choosing is as imperative and as honourable as the man's. Women have been forced to feel so ashamed of their emotions and desires and impulses for so many hundreds of years, that any and all of their pet trickeries and deliberate deceits as well as a too crude use of their new freedoms should be judged gently and laid at the door, not of the present emancipative movement, but of their past enslavement. For freedom is never dangerous. It is the combining of a too small amount of freedom with false fetishes that causes dangerous explosions. It is the imperfectly freed woman, still hampered by ghosts of the past, who, doubtful of her right to exercise her own judgment when it is opposed to that of some code or dominating mind, is apt to waver in her first steps alone, and, frightened and uncertain, to fall. Then she and her small world—above all her small world!—are apt, like the creeping child whom she has too much resembled throughout her adult life, to blame freedom for her fall instead of her own untried limbs, or the particular bump in the particular path she chose.

And since sociology has entered in rather a lively fashion into fiction of late, novelists interested in living women are bound to deal with them as they are, and not with long accepted types. When writers begin to write the truth in novels —which will not be generally done until people will read truth, of course—some of the most cherished ideals of the bourgeois home are bound to crash into dust, and, shorn of the trickeries with which it has bedisoned itself so long, our bourgeois civilisation will seem a degree worse than savagery, in so far as children playing with taboos and believing in fetishes are only pathetic where the older generation so playing and believing is hopeless.

Well, the novelists are beginning to make, not their adventuresses but their heroines, propose. Brave little Brontë, in *Jane Eyre,* came as near it as the older generation of writers dared to come, when she made Jane galvanise the ascetic clergyman into something akin to emotion by boldly choosing to seek another man. Jane was an epochal heroine, not so much because she loved a rake, as because she triumphantly and proudly loved him. Yet Jane did not propose, even at the end where, with the blinded man, she might have properly followed any queen's example, and put the question. But she forced it, word by word from Rochester's stubborn lips, and we are rather inclined to blame Miss Brontë rather than Miss Eyre for the latter's failure to antedate Ann Veronica.

Of course Mr. Wells's *Ann Veronica* chose her man for herself. Equally, of course, she proposed to him. She would have stopped his proposal in full sweep had he forestalled her, and with her hand upon his parted lips, have uttered the words herself. She would not have been Ann Veronica if she had not proposed and Mr. Wells knew this. But it is interesting to note—and it is true that when women go far they go farther—that Ann Veronica, once set upon her proposal to Capes, persists in the face of an atmosphere so foggy as to have caused the most inexperienced male sailor on that uncharted sea to set right about face and wait in port for brighter weather. This is how Ann proposes in a laboratory—fitting spot!—vacant except for herself and Capes:

"I've broken my engagement," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, and found her heart thumping in her neck. He moved slightly, and she went on, with a slight catching of her breath. "It's a bother and disturbance, but you see—" She had to go through with it now, because she could think of nothing but her preconceived words. Her voice was weak and flat. "I've fallen in love."

He never helped her by a sound. "I—didn't love the man I was engaged to."

She met his eyes for a moment and could not interpret their expression. They struck her as cold and indifferent. Her heart failed

her and her resolution became water. She remained standing stiffly, unable even to move. At last his voice came to relieve her tension.

"I thought you weren't keeping up to the mark. You—it's jolly of you to confide in me. Still—" Then with incredible and obviously deliberate stupidity, and a voice as flat as her own, he asked, "Who is the man?"

Her spirit raged within her at the dumbness, the paralysis that had fallen upon her. A fever of shame ran through her. Horrible doubts assailed her. She sat down awkwardly on one of the little stools by her table and covered her face with her hands.

"Can't you *see* how things are?" she said.

Then one Miss Klegg came noisily in. But afterward Ann Veronica and Capes took a walk and she was told many things of a man's life and ways, all of which inflamed her the more.

"The thing I feel most disposed to say, Miss Stanley," he began at last, "is that this is very sudden."

"It's been coming on since I first came into the laboratory."

"What do you want?" he asked bluntly.

"You!" said Ann Veronica.

"Why did you tell me? I thought—I thought we were going to be friends. Why on earth did you *tell* me?"

"I couldn't help it. It was an impulse. I *had* to. I was sick of the make believe. I don't care. I'm glad I did. I wanted you to know. And now you know. And the fences are down for good. You can't look me in the eyes and say you don't care for me."

"I've told you," he said.

"Very well," said Ann, with an air of concluding the discussion. "Rules are for every day. This is not every day. This is something above all rules."

"For you."

"Not for you?"

"No. No. I'm going to stick to the rules. You've placed me in a very exceptional position, Miss Stanley." The note of his own voice exasperated him. "Oh damn!" he said.

"I've had a biological training. I'm a hard young woman. I don't deal in Higher Things, or Lower, for the matter of that. I don't classify. Flesh and flowers are all alike to me."

"It will spoil your life."

"It will make it. I want you. It isn't because you're good, but because I may be rotten bad. I'm making a mess of my life—unless you come in and take it. I know what I am doing better than you."

Like brothers in distress John Tanner and Capes both said damn! Both of them protested they were being put in exceptional positions and so they were. Capes particularly, being a married man, undivorced, a biological professor, with a young woman student so intelligently in love with him, thanks to his scientific training of her, that she not only recognised an impulse when she felt it, but had sense enough to name it, and the vocabulary to phrase the situation. Their solution was not conventional, but its aftermath was as moral and unmodern as only a modern woman can make the ending to an unconventional beginning.

In *White Magic,* David Graham Phillips, in trying presumably to make his heroine brave and unashamed, succeeds only in making her shockingly crude. Here are some samples of her love making. After eight days of acquaintance with the artist Wade, Beatrice answers, to his, "You're trying to lead me on—why?" "Because we love each other." And when Wade says, "What will you think of yourself? What will I think of you?" Beatrice replies, "Why, that I love you!"

On the next morning she protests: "How can we be friends if you fuss and fume! Really I didn't do anything out of the ordinary—I simply proposed to you."

To her mother she says, "I might as well tell you at the outset that I mean to marry him— I want HIM. And I'm going to get him at any cost. I asked Mr. Wade to marry me. He refused. He is still refusing. You don't understand me at all, mother. Haven't you ever wanted anything so intensely, so—so fiercely, that you would take it on any terms—would do anything to get it?"

Wade, as one way out, said to her: "I've about decided to go away—to go back to Paris." Beatrice replies promptly, "Maybe we can cross together. Mother and I are going soon," and later she says, "It was only right I should speak first. You see, when the girl is poor and marrying her is going to put the man to great expense—it'd be downright impertinent for her to say such a thing."

When they are about to part, he says coolly, "Good by, Rix." "Is that all—won't you—" He bent and kissed her hair at the temple. Suddenly she flung her arms about his neck, kissed him passionately, her embrace tight. In the last chapter, when he rushed to the boat and she realises her triumph she gazes at him with estatic, incredulous eyes. "Have I *really* got you!" she asks, and he, a truly Phillipesque hero, says gravely, "That will depend on you."

Mr. Chambers's *Iole* is pure comedy with delightful ladies that never were on land or sea proposing. The seven sisters who romp in pink pajamas and jest in Arabic have just been taken to a city full of men. Said the lover of Lissa, whom she has just met, after some remarkable speech of hers:

"I think you'd better let your father pick out your novels for you."

"I don't want to," she said rebelliously. "I want *you* to."

He took a closer hold on the hidden hand. "I wish you—I wish I could choose—everything for you," he said unsteadily.

"I wish so, too. You are exactly the sort of man I like," said Lissa.

Then the cataclysm! Later Lissa says, and not much later—"Oh there can be no doubt about it, I am dreadfully in love—and so quickly too. I suppose it's because I am in such splendid health, don't you?"

Aphrodite meets her young man in a Fifth Avenue bus, and this is what happens an hour later in the park.

"Do you really find me so attractive?" she asked, looking him directly in the eyes. "You must answer me quickly; see how dark it is growing. I must go. Tell me, do you like me?"

"I never cared so much for—for any woman——"

She dimpled with delight and lay back, regarding him under level, unembarrassed brows.

"That is very pleasant," she said. "I've often wished that a man—of your kind—would say that to me. I do wish we could be together a great deal, because you do like me so much already, and I truly do find you agreeable. Say it to me again—how much you like me."

"I—I—there is no woman—none that I ever saw—so interesting. I mean more than that."

"Say it, then—I shall believe you. I know how I feel toward you. And every time you speak to me I feel more so. Do you suppose you and I are going to fall in love with one another?"

"I've done it already." His voice shook and failed.

Her eyes wandered over him thoughtfully. "So *that* is love—I didn't know—I am perfectly delighted that you love me. Shall we marry some day, do you think? I will be to you everything you wish, in every way, always, ever, and forever and ever. Will you marry me?"

"Will *you?*"

"Yes."

There is one quaint similarity in all these proposals of fair ladies that raises a question which only a world-wide committee of men who have been honourably proposed to can settle: Do women invariably, when they propose, say, "I love you, will you marry me?" For it is the consensus of opinion among women who know—women novelists do not always remain faithful to the truth as they know it!—that not one man in ten thousand has ever said to his first or his ultimate choice, "I love you. Will you marry me?" More is understood than is expressed by men or women. More men have proposed formally in fiction than ever will propose formally out of it. Women know this, and it is rather apt to be the case that a woman's earth-old training in finesse and trickery of herself and of men is not going to desert her in the moment when she "proposes." In other words, she is more than apt to follow the man, as the man the woman, and let the formality of the thing round off into an estatic murmur and a mutual clutching of beloved throats: that is, if she possesses what all but the mentally unsexed of her sex have, intuitive knowledge of men and moments! It must be admitted that a woman, with her natural inclination to clinch a good thing beyond chance of retreat, will probably say, after the ecstasy, "When shall we be married?" but that is another question.

Therefore, we feel honourable doubt in the face of the unanimity with which these men novelists imprint such banal words upon the lips of their proposing heroines. Granting that each novelist of

them has been so literally proposed to once or even twice by women the case is still not proved. This new creature in fiction is already becoming a type, fast woven and dyed. Like the woman adventurer, the woman detective, we are about to be furnished with the woman proposer, acting up to unnecessarily strong rules.

For an example of a woman proposing marriage with infinite finesse, let us run through a page from the *House of Mirth*. May not a woman know how a woman might propose marriage! It may be said that Rosedale had already signified matrimonial intentions to Lily and had been repulsed. This little scene comes after Lily's troubles are well advanced, and when she is well-nigh desperate. They have gone for a walk together, and she breaks into a perfectly general rhapsody of Rosedale's with:

"I *do* believe what you say, Mr. Rosedale, and I am ready to marry you whenever you wish."

Rosedale, reddening to the roots of his glossy hair, received this announcement with a recoil which carried him to his feet, where he halted before her in an attitude of almost comic discomfiture.

"For I suppose that is what you do wish," she continued in the same quiet tone. "And though I was unable to consent when you spoke to me in this way before, I am ready, now that I know you so much better, to trust my happiness to your hands."

Rosedale gave a short laugh, and drew out a gold cigarette case, in which, with plump, jewelled fingers, he groped for a gold-tipped cigarette. Selecting one, he paused to contemplate it a moment before saying: "My dear Miss Lily, I'm sorry if there's been any little misapprehension between us, but you made me feel my suit was so hopeless that I had really no intention of renewing it."

Lily's blood tingled with the grossness of the rebuff; but she checked the first leap of her anger, and said in a tone of gentle dignity: "I have no one but myself to blame if I gave you the impression that my decision was final."

Her word byplay was always too quick for him, and this reply held him in puzzled silence while she extended her hand and added: "Before we bid each other good-bye I want at least to thank you for having once thought of me as you did."

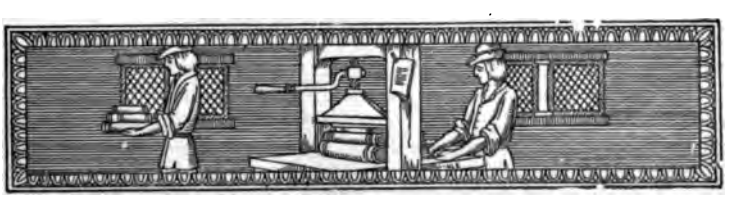
"Why do you talk of saying good-bye? Ain't we going to be good friends all the same?" he urged, without releasing her hand.

She drew it away quietly. "What is your idea of being good friends?" she returned with a slight smile. "Making love to me without asking me to marry you?"

"Well, that's about the size of it, I suppose. I can't help making love to you—I don't see how any man could; but I don't mean to ask you to marry me as long as I can keep out of it."

She continued to smile. "I like your frankness, but I'm afraid our friendship can hardly continue on those terms." She turned away as though to mark that its final term had in fact been reached, and he followed her for a few steps with a baffled sense of her having after all kept the game in her own hands.

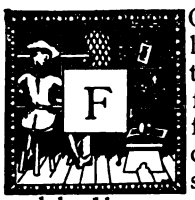
So much for women proposing in fiction. It is a new field, and one that will widen considerably during the next hundred years or so. It is a trite truth that in life women do most of the wooing, even though it be in tacit invitation, for that man is a fool and his fellows call him one who walks, uninvited, into a love scene with a woman who has not made it clear that she feels the attraction that he feels. Proposal scenes in fiction will ring truer when they are written down after the manner in which they occur, and not to accord with the wide-eyed dreamings of the maidens who have yet to hear, often disappointedly, a real one. And in these true love scenes the star will very often be the lady, verbally as well as tacitly.



STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

V—Strange Stories of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps



OR over a century Maryland had been famous throughout our nation for its terrapin, oysters, fried chicken, beaten biscuit, and, of course, its statesmen, courtly men and lovely women; but it is only within the past four years that it leaped into the light of international fame as the site of more diplomatic *hold ups* than any other place on the face of the earth at any time since diplomacy superseded persuasion by clubs and spears.

The real Washingtonian, who makes no bids for social recognition, and who is often pitied because he has no vote in local or national affairs, gets plenty of compensation in the rôle of audience to a great many plays, national and international, which stir up the actors to the verge of frenzy.

No comedy ever conceived in an Indiana playwright's brain could surpass that of "The Ambassadors *vs.* The Maryland Marshall—and The Mayor." (Title not copyrighted.) This was originally enacted at various intervals, with slight diversions, on the smooth Conduit Road which runs picturesquely along for fifteen miles from Washington to the Great Falls of the Potomac. It is a wonder how this genuine international comedy ever escaped the vigilance of playwrights and managers, who are tousling what hair they have in frantic efforts to find new plots—especially such as will be "pleasing to both sides of the Atlantic."

And it would cost so little to set it up, too! The real hero is mounted on a bicycle, clothed in a blue bicycle suit, adorned simply with one deputy sheriff's badge. His other properties are a self-cocking revolver and a speedometer attachment. His name is Collins, and his chief business in life is to guard the road from speeding automobilists, seeing that they do not exceed the six-miles-per-hour law. In the spring of 1907 he held up the Italian Ambassador, who had as his guest at the time the famous Duke of Abruzzi; and as Ambassador Des Planches—who was also the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps at the time—complained to the State Department it was most mortifying to have a common sheriff hold him up and reprove him when he was taking a little whiz with the cousin of the King of Italy! The Secretary of State, then Mr. Root, personally regretted the incident, and Washington officials began to try to make Mr. Collins and the young Mayor of Glen Echo deal gently with speeding diplomats.

The sturdy Marylanders stood by their law books. They had the international law regarding the sacredness of foreign diplomats down to a period, but they said in effect:

"We wouldn't know a diplomat from a groceryman, if he were whizzing along so fast we could not even see the number on his machine; and we are going to arrest, or at least hold up, every speeder on this road. If he proves he is a diplomat or an attaché of the corps, of course we'll let him go, for we cannot arrest or fine him. But unless he can prove this to us he must suffer the way of all common transgressors!"

And thereupon members of the German Embassy, Austro-Hungary, and others were apprehended so swiftly that the play moved on merrily. The scenes shift to the State Department, to the office of the Attorney General and to the War Department, because some one declared that the Conduit Road, built by the Federal Government, came under its jurisdiction. Bonaparte of Baltimore, the Attorney General, received a few disrespectful raps from the young Mayor, who, like some Baltimoreans, has small use for "the Peacock of Park Avenue,"

as Bonaparte has been called. Then came in the irate Washington citizen to ask *why* members of the Diplomatic Corps could not respect the law of our land? The excitement grew, and Washington held its sides, so to speak, at the splendid comedy. Finally,after the brave Mayor of Glen Echo backs his Marshall to the last spoke of his bicycle and defies the whole crowd, enter the most polished of the diplomats, disclaiming that the Diplomatic Corps had any intention of infringing our laws; that diplomats are not chosen for their violating propensities—and Peace and Order reign, and all is quiet along the Conduit—indefinitely!

CHILDREN OF PRIVILEGE

Washington's younger set, in that section of the city where foreign embassies and legations are located, have had many wordy wars at home and on the streets because the children of the diplomats are accorded more freedom than they in outdoor sports; because these little foreigners are not bound by American laws. Many children attached to the diplomatic families attend the public schools, and though it is generally accepted that the public school is a great leveller of position, that rule does not apply in Washington.

An incident occurred a few years ago in the vicinity of the Chinese Legation, which commands a fine coasting sight. This hill was disputed territory by white and negro children, and so many stone, stick and snowball battles took place between the races that the police intervened, with the result that coasting by Washingtonians on that particular hill was forbidden. Enter the Yellow Usurpers in the person of the children attached to the Chinese Legation. Imagine the emotions of the whites and blacks who are standing longingly by (yet silently joyful at thought of the "Chinks getting nabbed by the police"), only to see the police smile on the whizzing Orientals, and "never touch them!"

One indignant young American, like a ruffled eagle, ran home to his father, who is employed in one of the Government departments:

"Say, Dad, *ain't* this country going to the dogs when a real American is arrested for coasting and Yellow Kids smiled on!"

The finest of the historic houses of Lafayette Square is that on the northwest corner, originally built for Daniel Webster, who, however, found it too grand for his circumstances and moved to simpler quarters. The mansion then passed into the ownership of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, Washington's earliest philanthropist and founder of its fine Art Gallery. Mr. Corcoran sympathised with the Confederacy, and, fearing that his beautiful home would be confiscated like Lee's *Arlington,* he rented the building to the French Legation—and this made it immune, for international law forbids invasion of legation property, regarding it as "foreign soil." This was a shrewd move on Mr. Corcoran's part, and not long after the war was over he returned to his own. But he was always so generous to the national capital that no one held this action against him.

Marquis de Montholon, the French Minister during the last year of the Civil War, entertained very highly in this mansion, and helped to enliven Washington society to such an extent that old members of it talk feelingly of him to this day. At the close of the war he gave a brilliant ball, made bright by the uniforms of the heroes of the Union Army —among them General Grant—and of the French officers from the ship stationed at Annapolis. Of course all the beautiful women of the capital and neighbouring cities were there.

Not far from this house is that occupied by the British Legation when Lord Lytton was an attaché. It is said that here he composed *Lucile.* This statement is much disputed for want of absolute proof.

THE SUICIDE OF PARADOL

Napoleon III during eighteen years had sent at least eight Ministers to represent him in the United States, but for various reasons each and every one failed to do so. His throne was tottering when he almost beseeched the brilliant Prévost Paradol to accept the mission. Paradol had been elected to the French Academy

at the age of forty, and was considered one of the most able political writers in France. Though for years he had been hostile to the Empire, he consented to accept the post on the Emperor's assurance that he could carry with him the guarantee that peace would be established in Europe. Prévost had scarcely presented his credentials and his peace message when news of the war with Germany was received at Washington, and that the days of the Empire were numbered. The distracted Minister committed suicide, and, naturally, the deed was attributed to the fact that he considered himself disgraced by accepting the office and word from a falling monarch. But forty years afterward, when some letters of his written during his residence in the United States were brought to the light of publicity, his faithful defenders, who always claimed that his mind must have been unbalanced at the time of his rash act, triumphantly pointed out that in the last letters he penned he claimed to be suffering intensely from the extreme midsummer atmosphere of Washington, and could not bring himself to endure the iced drinks which its other inhabitants used to mitigate the heat; and this, they claim, is positive proof that the courageous patriot was insane from heat at the time he took his life—that life of which the French scholars were justly proud.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF FOX

The first Minister to represent Queen Victoria at Washington is also believed to have committed suicide. That he was most eccentric there is no disputing, if Washington's social history, founded largely on gossip, is true. In a large house facing Washington Circle, he led a single and singular life, caring nothing for the society of ladies, but prone to giving large stag parties to men of convivial taste, without any regard to social precedence or political affiliation. He liked "good fellows" who could sit at a game of cards as steadily and as thirsty as any poker crowd chronicled in a Wild West story; and, as he found many such in our national capital during the late forties, night was as day in his great house, and it was long past high noon when breakfast was served at the British Legation. After breakfast, if weather permitted, Mr. Henry Stephen Fox, ignoring for the nonce any diplomatic correspondence which might claim his attention, wandered out into the fine garden to admire and often personally attend the many beautiful flowers and shrubs growing there; for, somewhere in that strange, stormy soul of his had been planted a seed of sentiment, and it grew into a fine passion for flowers, chief among them roses—and the roses which grew in the legation garden were the talk of the city. They say he never sent flowers to the ladies, but with his own hands often pulled blossoms to give to the poor children who, frequently barefooted, passed his garden on their way to and from the wharves not far distant. And so consistent is Fate at times, it was decreed that in years later this estate should become the property of St. Ann's Infant Asylum; and foundlings took their airing in the old garden which the eccentric British Minister loved.

Mr. Fox did not keep a coach to uphold the dignity of his station—for he seldom went where he required it—so he depended upon local livery stables when obliged to have a conveyance. When Count Bodisco, the Russian Minister, gave a grand ball in honour of his marriage to Miss Williams, Mr. Fox knew he was obliged to attend, else incur the displeasure of two nations; for this prominent Russian noble was to marry one of Washington's fairest and richest daughters. But he found that he had procrastinated too long in engaging a coach—none was available in all Washington or Georgetown, for everybody who was anybody was going to the grand fête. Ash carts, express wagons, and other carriers of vulgar products he might have for the asking; but as unconventional as he was, he did not press such into service. But he did what shocked Washington more: he hired a hearse to carry him to the scene of gayety. Some say he rode with the driver; but, of course, tradition loves to believe that he rode inside it, stretched out as much at rest as if lying in his coffin! What wonder then, when his death occurred under mysterious circumstances, that the rumour went abroad that

he died by his own hands—those hands which caressed equally well flowers, poor children, and cards.

MAY AND DECEMBER

Whenever an international marriage occurs in Washington, the old social recorders begin to talk and write of Count Bodisco and Miss Williams, of Georgetown (now part of Washington), with a zest which never seems to lose its delight—for romance never dies. There is an enchanting, crooked thoroughfare along Rock Creek which bears the century-old name of "Lovers' Lane." Here the story of this international love affair has been related as often as other lovers' tales, and if the old trees and rocks along this charmed route could speak they would tell of thousands of such which have been breathed in their vicinity. This lane was part of the estate of Brooke Williams, Senior, a gentleman who owned considerable land along Rock Creek, especially where it purled through the most exclusive portion of Georgetown. Along the retreat of Lovers' Lane the elderly Russian Minister paid court to Miss Harriett Beall Williams whenever he was permitted to be alone in her company. And though he was credited with sixty years and she with but sixteen, she listened to him with favour; for, strange as it may seem to many, she actually loved him.

Their wedding was the most brilliant held in the young capital up to that date. So far as conditions permitted, it was a court wedding; the entire Diplomatic Corps attended in full dress, and President Van Buren—who was accused by his enemies of assuming the airs of royalty, if not actually donning the purple and ermine—was there, as courtly a man as any in the foreign set; though his sombre citizen suit was in keeping with the dress of the other American statesmen who honoured the occasion by their presence; notable among them, Webster, Clay and Buchanan. Henry Clay—whom some have declared too lovable to ever become President—was chosen to give the bride away; and James Buchanan walked in solid dignity beside one of the pretty young bridesmaids. The most wonderful feature of this romance is that the couple who pledged their union before that brilliant company kept their vows better than the average couple having equality of age, station, and country; for they lived in perfect amity until, a dozen years after the bridal ceremony, the death of the aged lover took place. The widow soon married a young man, but she put charming emphasis on the fact that it was only because she was obeying the dying request of the dear old Baron whom she loved so dearly.

American wives of foreign diplomats have helped smooth international intercourse ever since the early days of our nation, and there is a well-grounded assumption that the government which has a likely diplomat married to an American is apt to be lucky in its relations with Washington. This faith is usually rewarded; but, of course, so long as women are indiscreet or capable of rousing jealousy, the wanton, "green-eyed monster" is bound to wreck some of the most flowery diplomatic roads. This was true of Lady Erskine, who was married to Lord Erskine shortly before he was appointed to succeed Minister Merry, whose wife also roused trouble in Washington. Lady Erskine was a Miss Frances Cadwalader, daughter of General John Cadwalader of Philadelphia, and when she came to Washington bearing a title and much personal charm, she was open to the criticism of some of the ladies, who prided themselves on the fact that they were American wives of American husbands; though, truth to be told, they were those who pestered poor Thomas Jefferson to establish *levees* and turn the White House into a "Republican Court." All of which President Jefferson emphatically declined to do, though he was one of the most hospitable hosts that ever sat in the Executive Mansion; his hospitality taking the form of dinners and keeping open house for every one who willed to come, just as he did on his Virginia plantation. "Jeffersonian simplicity" is a term which should never be applied to his table or his sideboard.

JEFFERSON AND THE SOCIAL CODE

It was Jefferson's indifference to the establishment of a social code which led to so many social wars, domestic and international, at the capital during his

term of office. He came to the White House a widower, and though his two married daughters visited him at the Executive Mansion a few times there was no established First Lady of the Land. The honours of this position fell to Mrs. James Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, and the witty, sociable "Mistress Dolly" was nothing loath to assume the rôle. She was a greatly admired woman, who tried to be friendly with every one who came in her path; and if the secret of diplomacy lies in the art of knowing *how not to make enemies*, then Mistress Dolly deserves to be called the most diplomatic woman who ever moved in Washington society. For all of her virtues, she was the cause of an international social war between this country and Great Britain. President Jefferson gave a state dinner, to which were invited his Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps. As usual, he did not bother about assigning the places at his table, but all those who pretended to know something of court etiquette naturally thought that Mr. Jefferson would take in to dinner Mrs. Merry, wife of the British Minister and the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. He offered his arm to Mrs. Madison, and she sat in the seat of honour, much to the chagrin of the British Minister and his wife, who made so much of the affair that the Minister was recalled.

THE QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE

The majority of heartburnings over precedence at Washington have originated in the Diplomatic Corps, and no doubt many an appetite has suddenly vanished when the spleen of invited dinner guests has been stirred because of places assigned them. Of course, all this seems puerile to the average American citizen; but it is as natural as the push for the front places at a village gathering, and the only way to prevent such disturbances (as some of our most wise and very democratic men have seen) is to have an official code of precedence. Mr. John W. Foster, when he became Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet—after filling many diplomatic posts abroad—endeavoured to arrange a social code for Washington, which has been followed pretty closely by succeeding administrations, though circumstances admit of many modifications. This code places the Vice-President next to the President; next come the Foreign Ambassadors, between whom and the Foreign Envoys Plenipotentiary is wedged the Secretary of State. After these diplomats comes the Chief Justice of the United States, and this is the rock on which the Ship of State has struck more than once when attempting to navigate the social sea. Some contend that the Chief Justice should follow the Vice-President; others that Mr. Foster's code is the correct one; while some perfect peacemakers try to placate all parties by saying soothingly to such as have injured feelings to be ministered to and seek social salve:

"Remember that these foreign diplomats are our guests; and as such we should accord them the courtesy of coming next to the Vice-President, who is the heir-apparent of the nation."

This term "heir-apparent" came into use in our social language at the time when the pompous Sir Julian Pauncefote (later Lord Pauncefote) claimed that as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps he was entitled to take precedence over the Vice-President. But he was politely set right on that point, even when he declared he demanded it as the personal representative of the Queen of Great Britain, who, if she were to visit the United States, certainly would take precedence over the Vice-President, who, after all, is merely a figurehead, and presides over the United States Senate, the members of which are ranked below all members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court. Back came the answer: "The Vice-President is *our heir apparent*, and no one can stand between him and the Chief Executive."

For a time Washington society was rife with rumours that the British Ambassador would ask for his recall, or that our Government should ask it for him; but Lord Pauncefote managed to endure our society, and we to accept him, until "Death, the Great Leveller," claimed him in the spring of 1903.

There are times when Fate seems to have grim humour in its moves; and surely such was evident when it decreed that Lord Pauncefote should lie cold and

unhonoured in the British Embassy while the President, his official family, the Diplomatic Corps, and the cream of Washington society in general—not forgetting to mention distinguished visitors from France—were gloriously celebrating the unveiling of the statue of our adopted hero—Rochambeau—erected in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House. When the brilliant and happy ceremonies were concluded, and not until then, did the President and other distinguished officials turn their carriages toward the British Embassy to offer condolence to the family of the dead Ambassador. The writer was a witness of the ceremonies, and of President Roosevelt's bowing and smiling right and left to the throngs which lined the sidewalks along the square, and heard some of the remarks made regarding the general air of festivity prevailing in the city when "Poor Lord Pauncefote, who thought so much of precedence, was lying dead." And one young woman, who rather admired the dignity which hedges the British Embassy, exclaimed on seeing the expansive, expressive grin on the President's face as he was setting out on his solemn mission:

"It's enough to rouse to life any stone lion representing British dignity!"

She was gently reminded that President Roosevelt was then taken up with the greetings of American citizens, but, no doubt, all traces of his dynamic smile would be removed before he entered the *porte cochère* of the British Embassy.

AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION

Marquis de Villalobar, a personal friend of King Alphonso, and credited with having brought about the match between the young King and the Princess Victoria Eugene, when he was in the diplomatic service of Spain at London, was rewarded by the United States mission about two years ago. He was a bachelor, a scholarly gentleman, and very much admired by Washington society. But troubles beset him from the beginning of his mission here. In the summer of 1909 he accepted an invitation from the Chamber of Commerce of Toledo, Ohio, to attend the ceremonies of celebrating the foundation of that town by the Spanish. He accepted. So did the Mexican Ambassador, Señor de la Barra. But the latter withdrew his acceptance when the Chamber of Commerce asked him if he would not yield his place of precedence to the representative of the King of Spain. The Mexican Ambassador courteously declined to do this because his rank of ambassador did not permit him to yield place to a minister. But, he said, inasmuch as he had high regard for the King of Spain, and his mother, who had befriended him in his younger days, he would remain away so that the Spanish Minister might have the place of honour. This gave rise to the rumour that there was another international social war on, but it was denied by both the Mexican Ambassador and the Spanish Minister. For these thorough diplomats had no quarrel because of the diplomatic code. Soon the gallant Spanish Minister was called home by Alphonso, and rumour has it that when the United States will accept Spain's offer to send an Ambassador, the Marquis may come in that capacity, for then he will not be humiliated by being placed in rank below men from much newer countries. Uncle Sam does not care for ambassadorships. They are expensive and often useless, and he is becoming very deaf when the cry for more Ambassadors goes up. He says he has troubles enough now—what with nearly every South American Republic crying for ambassadorial recognition in order that they may be equal to Mexico and Brazil. As for Turkey, he explains, he would never have consented to an Ambassador there if the etiquette of its government did not forbid any one below the rank of Ambassador an audience with the Sultan.

THE MOVE ON MEXICO

When President Taft ordered our troops to the border of Mexico, newspaper men, secret agents, and even some of the fair spies of society tried to get some expression on the move from various members of the Diplomatic Corps. But they are getting very wise in the first lesson of diplomacy—to hold their opinions to themselves. They remember Señor de Lome, the Spanish Minister at Washington, whose indiscreet letter was inter-

cepted on its way to Madrid, carrying in it his opinion that President McKinley was a "spineless politician," who would merely continue his policy of inactivity. He learned his mistake, and it was not long before he was packing his effects and going home, disgraced for his breach of diplomacy.

Followers of the tariff may recall how distressed that able Ambassador from France, M. Jules Jusserand, became during the autumn following the tariff of 1909 by the frequent newspaper reports that he expressed himself for France as being highly dissatisfied with the Payne-Aldrich tariff revision. He did nothing of the kind, for he is too much of a gentleman—let alone a diplomat—to criticise a country when in it. And perhaps he recalled the sad fate of the British Minister, Sackville-West, who was the victim of a political trap during the closing year of Cleveland's first administration. He received a letter from an imitation Englishman, purporting to be then a naturalised American citizen with a vote to cast, asking him for whom, Harrison or Cleveland, a loyal British subject—at heart—should cast his vote in the coming election. The Minister advised Mr. Cleveland as the better man, inasmuch as he was opposed to a protective tariff, and with aid of a Democratic Congress he could aid materially in reducing duties on British articles. The letter was published broadcast by the Republicans, and they got the bulk of the Irish-American votes. Cleveland was defeated, and Sackville-West sailed back to England a sadder but wiser man. He had been used as a tool by American politicians.

THE WILY WU

The best diplomat, so many think, which has been in Washington for many years was Wu Ting-Fang, who on two occasions represented China. He is picturesque, witty, and infinitely wise. He interviews his interviewers; and, though three reporters might corner him at one time, he could talk to all three and yet escape their traps. Yet he was the best "diplomatic copy" they had. He was versed in everything new, as he appears to be in everything old. He questioned and experimented in everything from spiritualism to vegetarianism; dived into the subject of submarine boats, and soared into the flight of aeroplanes; attended school commencements and shadbakes; lectured the women on their dress, and the men on their manners; gave his opinion on "Merry Widow" hats; and the woman who would dare to be a merry widow in public.

He might say of himself, as Henry Clay did, "No man has better friends or more bitter enemies than I." His positive character made mediums impossible. He said he first began to attack the customs of Americans because they thought they could poke all the fun at a Chinaman. They found out differently. He has a serpent's tongue when he chooses to use it. At an informal gathering a bold Member of Congress, thinking to quizz him, asked:

"Dr. Wu, why do you Chinamen wear those silly pigtails?"

"Why do you wear moustaches?"

"Oh," and the Member tried to parry at this, "*I* wear one because I have an impossible mouth."

"So I observe," calmly retorted the Minister from China.

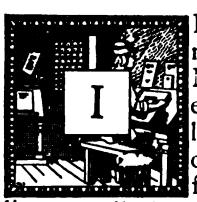
Yet, for all his biting comments, he was known as one of the most gentle and unassuming men to many who approached him in the proper way. Shortly before his departure for China last year he said that he intended to live to be two thousand years old by being temperate in thought and food. If having an interest in life keeps one young, then indeed Dr. Wu may achieve a wonderful age, for he is the most intensely interested man that ever lived.

During the early period of Oriental representation at Washington a number of ignorant Americans looked upon the Ministers from China, Japan, and Korea, respectively, as deserving of less respect than the poorest negro at the national capital; and the conduct of such was sufficient to make well-mannered Americans blush with shame. They rang the doorbells of the legations and demanded to be "shown through" with the same assurance they might stalk into the National Museum—or more, for in all public buildings in Washington they would at least have to be respectful, wipe their muddy

feet at the door, and check their parcels. The writer, about a dozen years ago, was told by the Secretary of the Korean Legation, which occupied a handsome mansion on Dupont Circle, that women laden with shopping parcels often forced their way into the afternoon receptions held there, and did not seem to be the least disconcerted because they were not in proper dress, much less that they were uninvited. He also explained that the reason why little which was Korean in furniture or decoration met the eyes was that American women, some of whom passed for ladies, have taken so many "Korean souvenirs" that in order to remove temptation the Minister had all Korean effects packed in huge chests and stored until they could be opened in the *Land of Morning Calm.* The Korean Legation ceased with the passing of Korea's independence, but there are many good Americans who tasted of their genuine hospitality at Washington and who know their splendid qualities who sincerely regret that perhaps never again will they be known in Washington.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PRIZE STORY CONTEST

BY ONE WHO READ THE MANUSCRIPTS



I HAVE been helping to read fifteen thousand MSS. that flooded the editorial office of a popular magazine which recently offered big prizes for short stories—and I live to tell the tale! It was an anonymous competition, conducted with the most scrupulous sense of fairness. We were looking for great stories, not great names, and I think we found a few. It is worth wading through thousands of impossible offerings to find the one hidden gem; and it is this hope of discovery that keeps the manuscript reader's enthusiasm alive. A sense of humour is a valuable asset, too; for curious little incidents are forever occurring in a competition of this kind which throw a strong light on a certain side of human nature and lighten the day's hard drudgery.

The unknown writer is always declaring that the editor is his enemy. I found, in reading for these particular editors, that they were anything but the foes of unrecognised talent; and I had not been in the office an hour before I was told to keep a sharp lookout for promising new authors; to put any MSS. aside that contained the shadow of an idea, since later on these budding writers would have a special encouraging letter sent to them in place of the necessary form epistle that is sent to the rank and file.

It goes without saying that hundreds of MSS. entered in a big prize contest are hopeless from the first sentence; yet even these stories received a thorough examination, in the hope that at least an idea would be found. Indeed, if any error was made at all, it was on the side of too careful consideration. We became obsessed with the thought that we would pass something by.

The announcement of the contest, with its alluring prizes, had not been printed a day before a vast number of questions flooded the office. The mail was tremendous; and while the majority of these letters were absurd, and often even illiterate, each received a kind and immediate reply. Many successful story-writers are poor letter-writers!

Here is a good specimen of the inane questions:

DEAR SIR: You say all MSS. must be typewritten. Now, there ain't no typewriters within twenty-five miles of my farm, but our Bessie knows a corking story based on a real true incident, and she'll write it up for you people if she can send it in her own pen-

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names used in this article are of course not the real names.

writing. Will that be O. K.? And is this size paper the right size for her to copy it on? Answer right away.

Two days had passed since the announcement's appearance, when a "story" of two hundred and forty-eight words arrived, ignorantly written in pencil on a bit of brown paper, entitled *My Ride with Mama*, and accompanied by this startling communication:

Send the $7,000 by *regstered male*, as need it to rase morgage.

MRS. J. H. SCHULTZ

Then a woman, who wrote as if she ought to know better, sent this:

I write to ask a number of questions regarding your contest. First: Can I submit a story? Second: Will it make any difference if my brother does the typewriting?

For once the editor's sense of humour got the better of his manners, and he replied:

It won't make any difference to us, but will probably make a lot of difference to brother.

It must be remembered that this was an anonymous competition, the anonymity being a factor for the benefit of the unknown writer; yet there came floods of letters signed by these same unknown writers, who revealed the titles of their stories—which happily the editors forgot at once.

The telephone rang incessantly, with no effort on the speaker's part to hide his identity. But of course there was no possibility of remembering a contributor's name one minute after the receiver was hung up. In the meantime, the MSS. were pouring in. Although it had been plainly stipulated that no stories over five thousand words would be considered, a doctor in Colorado (why do so many doctors, lawyers and clergymen try to write fiction?) sent in seven novels, badly written but beautifully typewritten, not one of which was less than one hundred thousand words in length. The sealed envelope, containing the writer's real name and address, was forgotten in hundreds of instances; and other important details were utterly ignored.

At least seventy budding authors wished to know before they posted their masterpieces what the phrase "nom de plume" meant; and six of them spelled it "non de plune"! Not only did novels come to this short-story contest, but poems galore, in every known and unknown variety of metre. And plays were offered in profusion, one of which began:

SCENE: A winter day in January.

Of the titles selected, a careful estimate showed that the one in highest favour was *The Awakening*, with *A Little Child Shall Lead Them* a close second. Titles like *The Subjugation of Polly*, *The Recrudescence of Billy*, *The Winning of Marjory*—the thoroughly bromidic titles—were very popular. As for themes, stories of shipwrecks and other appalling disasters were often seized upon as especially worthy of telling. No doubt many of these tales were true, which made them seem, in the minds of the tellers, particularly desirable. Then there were the so-called imaginative tales of haunted houses, demented women who carved their husbands and families into bits; and stories of nurses and keepers who had frightful experiences with lunatics who were trying to escape from asylums. Poor disappointed contributors, whose horrible (I use the adjective in a double sense) stories had to go back, I wish you well! You tried to tell the tale of action, at any rate; and that type of fiction is so much more appreciated by the tired manuscript reader than the deadly nothing-doing sort of yarn! O you disciples of the school of Henry James! My heart is not warm for you at all, for you gave me so many barren hours.

There were hundreds of stories (I was about to say thousands) which began thus, with a heavenly bit of description:

As the last rays of the setting sun tinged the world with scarlet beauty, or The dying sun had just sunk behind the beautiful hills when Alice Marchmont, accompanied by her favourite greyhound, walked slowly forth upon the veranda of her gorgeous old Southern home in Virginia.

This also was a beginning in much favour:

As Hilda Demorest sat before the dying embers, dreaming of the sad past and of all her crushed hopes, while the twilight shadows wrapped her round about . . .

But these are the joy-givers, and their writers may do better some day. I object only to the sad imitators of Henry James, who were sandwiched in between them. I could read with some measure of delight, too, a legend which had come down to the writer from his Grandpa Cropsey on his maternal side; a legend, say, of a horseback ride through a desolate Florida swamp, and the meeting with a headless horseman in the mysterious dusk, and with the naïve finish: "'True, Hubert? You must not ask me that. Grandma Cropsey is dead now,' brushing away a tear, 'and she saw me the night I came home and told her of my wild adventure. She nursed me through my long illness, and says I repeated the story again and again as I have told it to you to-night.'" Or I could delight in the story of a bear-hunt, crudely told, and ending with the statement that the narrator and his hearers were actually sitting on the skin of the bear described, for "Grandpa Ellis had had it made into a parlour rug."

Then there were the delightful people who coyly mentioned the name of the magazine offering the prize, somewhat after this fashion:

Ella Benson stepped from the train at the Grand Central Station, a copy of *The Cryptic Magazine* under her arm.

The editor would be certain to appreciate that little touch. He did, O unknown friend, and he now, through me, thanks you.

Before the contest was quite finished (it had been open for at least five months) a band of nurses in a near-by city sent this round-robin post-card to the editorial office:

DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned, wish to try for that big prize, but we are busy with our hospital duties and won't have time to write our stories unless you postpone the date of closing. Do so and oblige,

Yours truly,

Here followed eight signatures.

And one little woman sent in her story, immaculately pen-written, from an obscure village in the far West, and enclosed one dollar to pay for having it typed in the editorial rooms. Needless to say, her MS. was read with great care, and the money returned to her with the statement that if all MSS. had been so neatly prepared, the labours of the readers would have been much easier.

Editors like such correspondents. But they abhor such a thoughtless trouble-maker as, say, Miss Lizzie Burnside, of Kansas, who, after forwarding her story, sends, weeks afterward, a list of "Errata," somewhat after this fashion:

On page 1, paragraph 2, fourth line, read "were" for "was." On page 5, line 7, insert "forth" after "drew." On page 7, line 8, sentence should read, "He went *up* the stairs" instead of "*down* the stairs."

Of course the whole editorial force hastened to hunt up Miss Lizzie's MS., to correct such hideous errors before giving the story to the judges for a final verdict!

Just before the date of closing, a telegram from Toronto came to the editors. They had been wondering why they had been feeling so uneasy during the last days of the competition; but their fears were set at rest when they opened the night message, which read as follows:

Severe illness, ptomaine poisoning, prevents mailing story until last moment. It will go in post-office before midnight of January 1st.

It was signed by a lady of whom the editors had never by any chance heard.

Next day came another night message from the South, which also dispelled any further fears the editors might have had that a fine story would not come into the office:

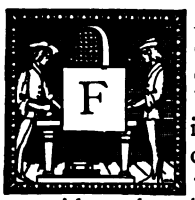
Have tragic story based on real incident in my husband's life, but no time for typewriting. Powerful plot. Shall I send it? Answer immediately.

But these charming correspondents and would-be contributors, how they did lighten the days' burdens! Heaven bless them, wherever they are. As I said before, it is only the sad imitators of the Henry James school who weary the tired manuscript reader and make his path one of thorns rather than roses. And I would go through it all again gladly.

THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN THREE PARTS—PART II



FREE publicity had hardly extended its tempting draught to the publishers before a new and greater intoxicant appeared. The conservative members of the profession called this new idea advertising a book like a bar of soap—its progenitors called it the application to the book business of the modern methods of other manufacturing concerns. In a word, however, it was selling a book by sheer advertising. This, too, as it had never been done before, succeeded greatly for a time. The principle that underlies it is sound enough; namely, that most people read with the eye rather than with the mind and if they only see a thing often enough they will become interested. The formulators of this new idea went in for large space and big pictures and colossal type. For half a dozen years they published books selected for their supposed salability, and their intention was to let everybody in the country know about them.

The first book to be exploited under the new scheme was *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. It was largely advertised by means of several ingenious plates in the magazines. One was an ancient castle, each stone from foundation to turret numbered with a month and the amount of the sale. Another was a set of portraits of writers with whom the author might be compared—Shakespeare, Pepys, Scott, Dumas, Hope—and finally the author himself. A third was an interesting medallion formed of old prints of the historical characters in the book. Such advertising had never been seen before and it caught the public eye at once. For a long time the authorship of the book was kept a secret, and the pressure to find it out was stimulated by the publishers. The book was displayed in department stores in great piles. This fashion spread like wildfire, and stacks of books became a common sight. All sorts of sensational rumours as to enormous royalties the author was receiving began to run around. Finally came the idea of putting the book on the stage through the initial interest of Miss Marlowe, and soon the dramatising of novels became a specialty. The next story selected for the plunge was *Alice of Old Vincennes*. In this campaign a specialty was made of the newspapers. The review of the Chicago *Times-Herald* attracted wide attention. "More original than *Richard Carvel;* more vital than *Janice Meredith;* more cohesive than *To Have and To Hold:* more dramatic, spontaneous, and artistic than any of its rivals—such is Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes.*" The book responded so well to the country-wide reproduction of this review that one of the jobbing houses re-ordered ten thousand copies after it had been out two months. *The Mississippi Bubble* followed, with a special design used in all the advertisements. This was a bubble enclosing a conventional fleur-de-lis with the title printed upon the petals; and as time went on, the increased sale was indicated by the size of the bubbles—the first, second, third, and fourth weeks. The new idea always believed in letting the public know that a book was progressing. It ingeniously seized upon every contemporary idea or event for advertising, cleverly utilised the Alphonse-Gaston idea of *The American;* Mont Pelee blowing its head off just then, it was pictured as belching forth the bubble and the fleur-de-lis with the caption, "a magnificent literary eruption." Bubbles girdled the globe and rose triumphant upon roaring seas. Much was made of the historical background of the book and the life of John Law was published as an appendix. With the next book, *Hearts Courageous*,

naturally the heart design was used. The little red emblems were scattered like confetti all over the country, and department store girls wore their hearts upon their sleeves. *The Main Chance* was brought out just after the trouble in Havana when the slogan was "Remember the *Maine*." Naturally this was too good an opportunity to lose, and the phrase was changed to "Remember the Main Chance." "Don't Miss the Main Chance" plastered the bill boards in New York; and this was probably the first book to take advantage of this form of advertising. Another phrase which had just come in was used in a following novel—"Something doing all the time in *The Bishop's Carriage*." In each new book were put the coloured bubbles and hearts of the old as bookmarks. All kinds of devices appropriate and suggestive were used. A circular staircase and a man in the lower berth of a sleeping car recalled the respective titles at once; in fact, so many of the titles of this school are capable of instant visualisation that they would seem to have been selected for that purpose. The street dodger was given a new form. With the new popular edition of *Knighthood*, a man dressed in armour paraded the streets on horseback, but he was stopped by the authorities, as he had no parade license. The man on the box was more successful; his appearance was only eccentric, not illegal. *The House of a Thousand Candles* had of course many illustrations suggested by the title. Its most distinctive pictorial design was a candelabrum with an actor in each flame, and, printed above, his comment on the book.

The effects of these campaigns were far reaching. Publishers that had at first depreciated these methods adopted them when they saw the large sales. Only a few publishers kept their heads in the frenzied period of 1902-1904, which saw the height of big advertising. And even those who remained comparatively conservative greatly increased their expenditure. One long established house started out to spend twenty-five thousand dollars and spent seventy-five. The fact is significant in two directions—for the year before the first figure would have been considered excessive. There remained only one more step to take in the general illustration of advertising which had now become universal. This was made by a new publisher, who was introducing a new writer. With this combination of circumstances something new had to be achieved to attract the public attention. It proved to be an extension of the idea that advertisements should be intended primarily for the eye. In the press work—an ingenious and novel campaign—black pictures fairly jumped out of the newspaper at you. Soon a wave of grotesque cut-work deluged the country, and most of the other firms—except a few like Holt, and Macmillan, for instance—were swept away by it.

The extensive use of cuts, however, did not stay in long, and nowadays this form has been largely given up. The poster business, too, which had begun growing at the same time and which the publishers had taken from the magazines, is also dying out. There was a far more important result of the stampede. When everybody all of a sudden plunged into all forms of advertising, it was in the air that publishing houses had in the past neglected all the means of publicity. And a large proportion of newspapers began to start book departments. Their unavowed purpose was to allure publishers' advertisements. At one time there were at least half a dozen newspaper magazines like the Saturday *Times* Supplement. Publishers began to talk circulation, a matter which had never entered their heads before. Advertising agents proceeded to make up lists of papers offering so much circulation over so much territory at so much a line. This had never happened before in the publishing business. Up to this time it is safe to say one would never have found a publishers' announcement outside mediums of the large cities. Now towns of fifty thousand received their advertisements. This idea was carried to an extreme and soon better counsels prevailed as in the other cases. When the publishers waked up from their "awakening," they began to cut off these smaller mediums, it is true; but their announcements were never again restricted to just the five cities and never will be, even though the great bulk of their advertising appro-

priation is still spent there. This was one permanent result of the era of intoxication.

Another was, from the very nature of the thing itself, inevitable. Never since those days, when the idea was new, have large increases in sales been due to large increases in advertising. Publishers since then have been decreasing their output in this direction, seeking the limit of safe advertising. The relation of expenditure to business is only a fraction of what it was five years ago, but it will never be so low again as it was before the great advertising drunk.

A third change is less obviously the result of the stampede, but is, nevertheless, intimately connected with it. People in



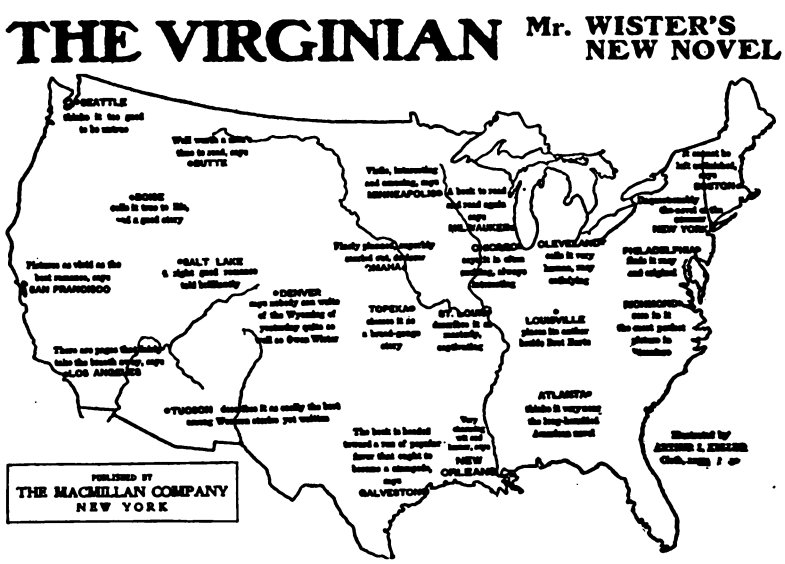
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY CONSIDERS THIS TO BE THE CRUDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISEMENT THEY HAVE EVER USED

time grew weary of the rattle and bang of the most widely advertised books, and they began to seek others. That habit once formed was never departed from. There are very few big sellers nowadays, but there are many more moderately successful books. This by no means indicates any falling off in the reading public, because the sale has marched ahead in steady proportion to the population and even faster—a fact which shows the wide spread of education. The earlier enormous sales running into several hundred thousands indicates, rather, that readers suddenly awoke to a vast appetite for fiction and, having neither taste nor initiative, they followed in droves the books most widely exploited. The same public has now learned to discriminate. The magazine trade has also increased, so this public has not—as has been said—forsaken books for magazines. Indeed, this is just the period when the magazines are undergoing the enormous expansion which the books underwent ten years ago. The effect of this wonderful change from the few to the many is naturally indicated by the disappearance of big advertising campaigns on one book. A publisher has almost no novels selling over fifty thousand but many selling thirty. He could afford to waste money following the sales of a big seller, but not to waste ten dollars on a book which sells twenty thousand.

The net result, then, of ten years of reckless money-spending has been a slight increase in the advertising mediums, a large increase in the distribution of all books and particularly fiction, together with a corresponding increase in the publishers' business, and a lively understanding by publishers generally as to the nature and usefulness of advertising. One principle they all have firmly in mind—books cannot permanently create their market by advertising. It cost them a great many thousand dollars to understand this. All advertising can do is to assist those books that have the possibility of sale to realise that possibility. The problem is how much they can afford to help it come into its own. When a commodity is advertised the house is advertised; but the advertising of a firm's name does not sell a book, and each book is a new thing. Hence, one dollar spent which is more than necessary is thrown away; it advertises nothing.

The eternal question of book advertising is how to jolt the reader's mind in a dignified manner—how to combine propriety with impropriety. The prosaic announcement is no longer satisfactory. The praise of the publisher is suspicious. Exaggeration is a mistake. The overpraise of critics reacts upon itself and prepares the reader for disappointment. One publisher of long experience says that advertising is mainly valuable not with the reader at all but with the retailer, who redoubles his energies when

he feels that the publisher is strongly backing a book. Yet the "Confessions of a Best Seller" in the *Atlantic* says that stories of a romantic nature absolutely depend on persistent and ingenious advertising. One publisher says that there are three hundred born boosters of books in America and one must try to get at them. And the many contradictions in theory are as nothing to the contradictions in practice. Though the age of large experiments is past, everybody differs on methods.



THE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES USED TO EXPLOIT "THE VIRGINIAN"

The one trustworthy opinion which will emerge from the following survey of the various ways books have been exploited in the last twenty years is "You never can tell." What has succeeded with one has failed with another. But the fundamental idea still persists—to do the old thing (for there would seem now to remain no new ones) at the right time. Be not the last by whom the new is tried and be the first to cast the old aside, is the only valuable pointer in book advertising.

TIMELY HAPPENINGS

Is the sale of a book helped by some timely happening which puts the subject in the public mind? The answer—like that to most advertising questions—is, yes and no. Although it is the established custom of publishers, books issued with any expectation of timeliness have generally disappointed. The Lincoln centenary and the Hudson-Fulton celebration did little toward selling the books put on the market for that special purpose; when Admiral Dewey returned, there were several biographies written which are doubtless still on the shelves; the many hunting books hurried into print at the time of the ex-President's African trip had probably only a mild success. On the other hand, an unanticipated timeliness often reaps golden profits. A book on the Philippines had just been published when the war broke out, and it sold right and left; the Dreyfus case caused noticeable response in the sale of Zola's novels; the coal strike and the President's interference sold many extra copies of *The Anthracite Coal Communities*, which had been on the market for some time; the Government's case against the railroads sent MacPherson's three railroad books flying through several large editions—a most unusual record for books of that description; the

Messina earthquake figured at once in Macmillan's advertisements of an old novel of Marion Crawford's and sold an appreciable number. The clue to this apparently random matter of timeliness is furnished by the history of Mr. Franklin Matthews's *With the Battle Fleet.* The author on his way around the world with the ironclads wrote papers for the New York *Sun,* and when he reached San Francisco secured a publisher for the papers in book form. The book sold well at home, and the return of the fleet revived new interest in it, but its fate during the voyage is significant. A large consignment met the squadron somewhere in the East and proved totally inadequate to the demand; the publishers issued a second enormous consignment for delivery at Hampton Roads when the ships came back, but by this time the demand had evaporated. What the sailors had at first seized upon with eagerness had now become an old story. It is so with timely books in general—the public interest is easily surfeited. People will not buy books on subjects which the newspapers have just exploited, for they naturally feel that the papers—which are so excellent in their range—have practically exhausted the topic. *The Story of the Battle of Manila,* by Admiral Dewey, was published quickly to take advantage of the event; but it was not quick enough, for the newspapers and the magazines had satisfied the interest and the book was a failure. Mr. Brisbane when he edited the Sunday *World* during the Chicago Exposition recognised this limit to public response. He began an advertisement for the next number with the statement that it would contain less about the World's Fair than any other paper ever published, and a relieved public promptly deserted all the other Sunday editions. So thoroughly were people kept informed of Mr. Roosevelt's doings in Africa, that it is a question if his book was very successful. Sometimes it happens, however, that the newspapers are unable to satisfy an emergency demand. *A Ken of Kipling* was hastily thrown on the market when he was supposed to be dying at the Grenoble in New York City. Though it was padded with old newspaper stories, about fifty per cent. of which were false, the book sold rather well at a time when even cab drivers were running in for the daily bulletin. The day after Graham Phillips was killed, the news-stands were crowded with his novels and the libraries recorded a tremendous call. To such a happening, however, the regular book-selling trade rarely responds. *The Title Market* is, perhaps, one of the ideal cases of unintended timeliness. Mrs. Post had written several books of a quiet literary nature which had not particularly sold, but this novel figured extremely well in the year's lists. Two subjects that it touched upon were much in the public mind. The child-labour question was just then being thoroughly ventilated; and her American hero had gone down to Sicily and introduced a system of extracting sulphur from the mines by machinery, thus doing away with the frightful amount of woman and child labour which the book vividly described. The affair of Miss Elkins and the Duke of the Abruzzi was occupying much space in the papers; and her heroine focussed attention upon the interest of titled foreigners in American dollars. Mrs. Post had lived in Italy, and the consequence was that five or six hundred newspapers printed her views on what would be the social status of Miss Elkins if she married the Duke.

TESTIMONIALS

It was Walt Whitman who first in America recognised the advertising value of the testimonial when he printed on the cover of the second edition of *Leaves of Grass* a sentence from Emerson's letter to him, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Publishers' opinions about testimonials are conflicting, yet their practice seems the same. They all publish testimonials from people of literary importance, though they admit that these often have a reactionary effect in antagonising local critics and in occasioning close scrutiny for books which might not otherwise receive critical analysis; they all say that the testimony of public people is valueless unless it carries conviction by pointing out some specific quality; yet waves of seemingly pointless testimonial have time and again struck book-advertising and probably will con-

NEARLY 1,500,000 COPIES

of Robert W. Chambers' books have been sold. His readers are now numbered literally by the millions. He never forgets to tell a story. He never forgets to have a background of truth. He never forgets the bright, happy love that wins in the end—that makes our world go round.

THE DANGER MARK

is Mr. Chambers' new novel, just published. Its theme is the best of love stories which grows ever stronger through difficulties created by inheritance, by wealth, and by the cynical customs of our American society. As a story, interesting from beginning to end, there has been nothing like it published.



Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

100,000 copies is the first edition. This extraordinary quantity has been found necessary to supply the demand on Sept. 17th—the day of publication. Mr. Chambers' "The Firing Line" has already sold over 250,000 copies; his "The Younger Set" nearly 200,000; his "The Fighting Chance" 200,000; and now comes

THE DANGER MARK

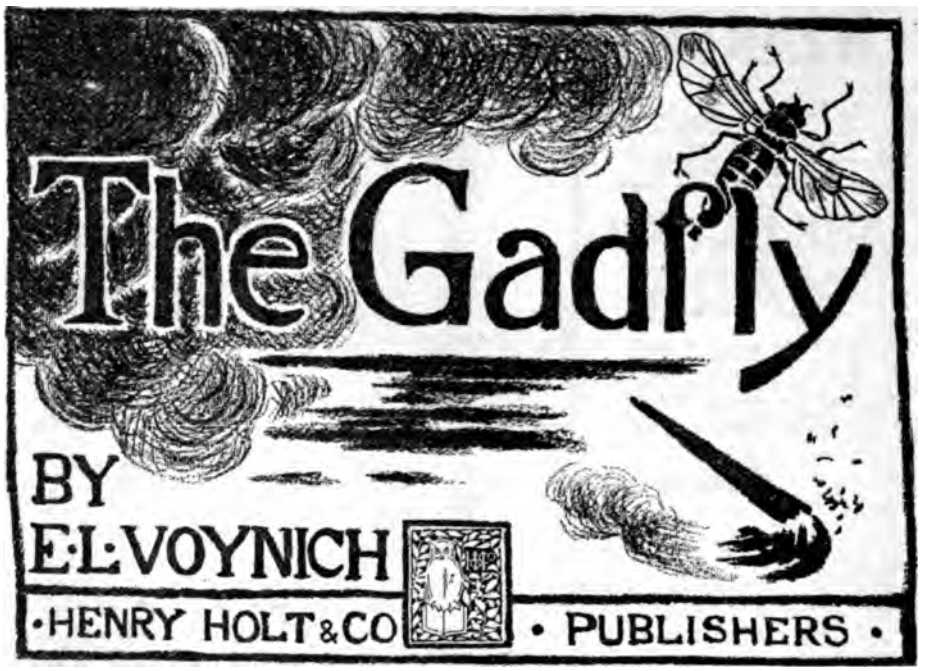
which deals with two enormously wealthy orphans—a boy and girl—brought up by a New York Trust Company and launched in the beginning of their maturity upon the uncertain seas of New York society, hampered by millions, by the lives of their fathers; saved by the great love that has led the ages.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Published by D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

THE POSTER FOR "THE DANGER MARK"

tinue to do so. And certainly book history offers tempting illustrations of success. The man who made *David Harum,* says its publisher, was Governor Flower of New York. He carried it about in his pocket and brought it into every conversation. Mrs. Eddy for once indorsed a book—one of the first Christian Science novels—and for a time it was almost a rival to *Science and Health.* Senator Beveridge's *The Young Man and the World* was helped a great deal by the views of important persons in business, social and church activities. Perhaps the most notable instance of the unmistakable value of testimonial is furnished by the *Valour of Ignorance,* a book of our unpreparedness for a Japanese invasion. This was written by a Californian—and exploited in the State where the subject would appear to be most burning—yet it didn't go at all until Lord Roberts took it up as propaganda for English unpreparedness against Germany. And finally, though all publishers agree that a testimonial is worth nothing unless the man is known as an authority on that subject, they all publish eagerly the least word of praise from the most indiscriminate praiser of our times. Mr. Roosevelt is the great recommender. His announcement that Mr. Robinson was the great American poet stimulated a sale which up to that time had been noticeably languid even for poetry. He advised the Michigan Agricultural School to use the first chapter of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky* as a tract "in all families where the men folks tend to selfish or thoughtless or overbearing disregard of the rights of women," and later he lauded the women of Kentucky at a reception in the White House. In a widely published letter he wrote to Doctor Wagner, "I preach your book to my countrymen," and immediately the simple life rivalled the strenuous one as a phrase in the public mouth. Surely this was a case of a testimonial from one not known as an authority in the particular field! But even before the President took him in hand, Doctor Wagner owed a great deal to testimonial. No one in Paris had given him much attention until John Wanamaker began talking about him. Simple as he was, he was as eager as a child for publicity, and he gladly accepted the President's invitation to visit him at the White House. Then, preceded everywhere by this fact, he went on a lecture tour; and though his English proved unintelligible and his lecture dull, audiences flocked to him and bought several other collections of sermons which were brought out on the strength of his first success. It is safe to say that after *The Simple Life* Mr. Roosevelt received a free copy of every book likely at all to interest him. And what is not likely to interest him?



THE POSTER FOR "THE GADFLY"

PERSONAL PUBLICITY

The theory of personal publicity is about the same as the theory of testimonial. The personal history of authors unless they have special knowledge of the thing they are writing, is of use only in furnishing a basis for notes. Some publishers go further and refuse to exploit their authors at all, beyond a few short paragraphs of information. The Stokes Company says that the greatest publicity any novel of theirs ever received had little effect on its sale and the book virtually failed. Because a man is a celebrity his book does not necessarily sell. Carnegie and Rockefeller are perhaps more widely known to Americans than any other name but Roosevelt, yet their books failed to sell. *The Life of Mrs. Eddy* would be thought a book to attract enormous attention, but one doubts if it did so. The most a name can do is to give the book a start. Yet anything which gives an excuse for an anecdote about an author is at once sent to the newspapers. Here, perhaps, lies the secret of effective publicity. It is the quality of human interest behind the name which counts. Even picturesque anecdote is of little avail until it presents a warmly individual image. Mere adventure or unusual circumstance of life seems to make no difference unless it is accompanied by a magnetic or appealing personality. The value of an anecdote is the personality it discloses.

This would seem to be the general idea of publishers. But it is doubtful if, as a class, they recognise the commercial quality of what a man stands for, however vaguely, in the public mind. A person who is going to write a novel could scarcely do better, for instance, than get all the verses he can into the magazines, because his name becomes familiar to women readers and even to people who skip the poetry remains in the mind as an author. The magazines are a more actual gauge of this whole matter of publicity than the publishing houses. A short-story writer raises his price, quite aside from the merit of his stories, the moment he gets into the public eye or publishes a novel, however unsuccessful. Nor do publishers, as a class, appear to recognise that a man's other activities bring him readers. Mr. Hopkinson Smith's picture painting and lighthouse building have probably done much to sell his books. Even men who don't read



A HOPKINSON SMITH WINDOW DISPLAY
"HOPKINSON SMITH'S PICTURE PAINTING AND LIGHTHOUSE BUILDING HAVE PROBABLY DONE MUCH TO SELL HIS BOOKS"

novels or depreciate them say, "Here is something written by a practical man—it must be sensible." Any serious public or semi-public endeavour of an author must have some effect on his saleability. Undoubtedly the fact that Mrs. Wharton has a high social position helped to make *The House of Mirth* a best seller. But—as an instance of how every advertising proposition is a gamble—there have been other society women who failed to sell where it was most counted on, simply because their circle refused to take them seriously. Mr. Stewart Edward White's personality as an open-air man and a camper has been largely exploited and must have greatly assisted his sales. But when a man's outside activities touch the public vitally in the fundamental matter of health, the reaction is of course greater still. Some years ago a paragraph went the rounds of the papers that an American millionaire consulted for his wife an Italian specialist. "Why," said the latter, "do you Americans come over here when you have Veir Mitchelli?" Doctor Mitchell's being a physician has certainly helped to make him a successful author. Women are the chief novel readers, and when any man in whom a large circle of women has great confidence publishes a novel, they feel it possesses a deeper significance than appears on the surface. The deductions that they draw are fraught with meaning—the least hint as to a matter of nerves or health or the relation of moral to physical soundness, for instance, is taken as the message for which the novel was made the popular vehicle. It is probable that the Fletcher books have been helped more by Mr. Fletcher's own activities than by anything else. He has been the chief of his own movement, his principal propagandist. More than any other factor this has advertised them; but even the wide publicity attending his movements would hardly have resulted in such large sales had not his publishers exploited the books at the same time by

generous circular and advertising campaigns.

When one comes to speak of authors as intentional advertisers, one gets into a picturesque region. No author receives positive discouragement from a publisher for his ideas on how a book may be pushed. Harpers found Mark Twain the prince of advertisers and Mr. Irving Bacheller has many valuable notions. It is a matter of general history that Mr.



A POSTER FOR "THE LONG ARM"

Thomas Dixon has not stood in the way of his own success. Mr. Hall Caine has a genius for personal advertising, and it is he himself who has made every one of his books go. With his earlier novels this was especially the case. He made the public a confidant about his barrels of notes for the local colour of *The Christian*. For this book and *The Eternal City* and for Miss Allen's appearance in both plays, he crossed the Atlantic and managed to keep his name constantly before the public while here. Allusion to his Shakespeare make-up he is said to resent, but never to the extent of rearranging his hair. In the early advertisements of his books it is noticeable that his portrait figures pronouncedly, and certainly not without his consent. The tendency to compare it to a still more famous historical character breaks out every once in a while. Mrs. Glyn took a leaf out of Mr. Caine's book when she came over to stimulate interest by her presence, and it seems likely that one may count upon her permanent adoption of the practice, especially as she has her eye upon the stage. When Mr. R. H. Davis published *Our English Cousins,* one chapter was satirised by Mr. Townsend in the Major Max papers. It was said that the impetuous Mr. Davis challenged him to a duel. At length the matter was amicably adjusted but not, alas! until the newspapers had in some way got wind of it—with the result of exploiting the books of both challenger and challenged.

It is a guess whether the author will be a great nuisance or a help in publishers' advertising. Some of their schemes are highly spectacular. An author who was having difficulty in placing a novel assured his prospective publisher that, knowing a coroner intimately, he could arrange to have a copy found in a suicide's pocket. The whole matter of publicity in the book trade may be well summed up (not only actually but suggestively) by a conversation which once took place between two authors and a publisher. The authors lamented the fact that they, as a tribe, could not entirely throw away a foolish pride; and both agreed that a writer unhampered by it could certainly sell his books enormously by exploiting himself freakishly in a lecture tour after the famous manner of the sunflower and velveteen apostle of æstheticism. The publisher admitted that if he got hold of such a man (provided that he had already written several books and would promise him several more) he would finance him to the uttermost and bid him do his worst.

It need not, however, be derived from this that all authors and publishers are rapacious. *The Glory of the Conquered* received unusually large advertising for a first book, and the author almost tearfully protested at so much money being spent,

as she feared it would never come back. A good many years ago there came to light after the death of a well-established writer a personal anecdote which would have spread like wildfire and undoubtedly —if anything about the sale of books can be predicted with certainty—have made thousands of dollars. But the publishers decided that the injury it might do to the man's good name was greater than the profit; and they not only suppressed the anecdote but destroyed the evidence. It is this sort of thing which makes one feel that publishers, taken together, have more scrupulousness than is found in any other business. The selling of books does not seem to appeal to people of ordinary commercial sharpness.

ANONYMITY

The exact opposite of personal publicity as an advertising factor would seem anonymity, yet in a peculiar way it is the meeting of extremes. The reader and not the author affords the material for publicity. There are probably few people who read *Joan of Arc* when it came out in serial that denied themselves the pleasure of speculating upon its authorship. There is no more universal vanity than the desire to be thought a connoisseur. Ever since the success of *The Bread Winners,* Harpers have held the theory that anonymity pushes a book; and they resort to the practice more than any other firm. People were forever writing articles announcing who wrote it and why they thought so. And there were far more people than seems credible who admitted that they wrote it themselves. Even now when Mrs. Hay has practically declared it to be her husband's, it is not unusual for some one to walk into the office and claim it. John Hay was often associated with anonymity and he came in for the lion's share of the discussion as to who wrote *Democracy.* Only two people in the Holt office know the secret after forty years' constant sale. Certainly the anonymity of both of these books has managed to keep them well before the public. As far as one can tell *The Inner Shrine* was greatly assisted by the many printed speculations as to its author. Its more definite story and its serialisation had doubtless much to do with it, but they could scarcely account for the fact that his previous books had not sold one-twentieth as well. There can be no doubt whatever of the fact that the anonymity of *Letters of a Chinese Official* gave it all the appearance of having been written as represented. Under this false pretence it attracted a world-wide attention, which it could never have secured had one known that an Englishman wrote it. *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* had been successful a long while before some one accused the firm of hinting that



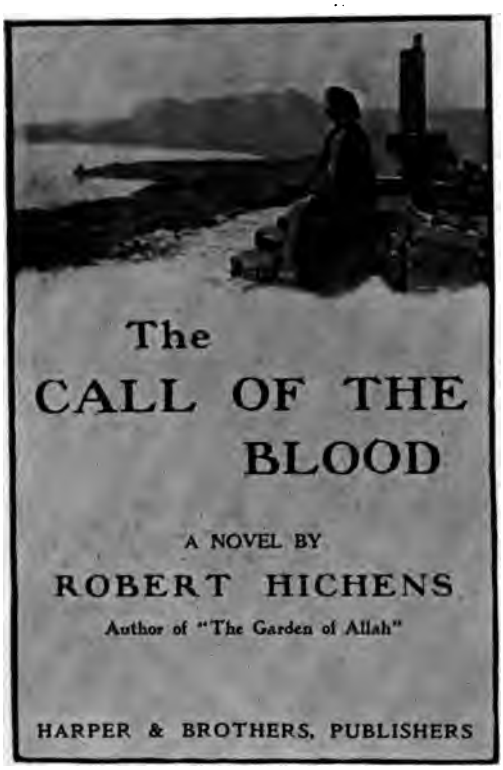
A POSTER FOR "THE TESTING OF DIANA MALLORY"

the author was a German princess. They had never thought of such a thing, but seeing its value at once, they began judiciously to make veiled allusions to the fact. But while it is true that the detective instinct is inherent in all of us, anonymity is a delicate device and can easily be overworked or employed at the wrong time. And occasionally it seems to get no response whatever. Nothing could have been more timely than *The Raid On Prosperity;* nothing else could have gained the precise credence brought about by its anonymous authorship; noth-

ing could have been livelier than the hot discussion in the journals about its history, but it was all to no purpose—the book failed to make a nine days' wonder.

SERIALISATION AND EXTRACTS

The question "Does Serialisation Help?" is one of the most evaded questions in publishing. The matter has never been thrashed out. The theory is that a person reads one instalment and



A POSTER FOR "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD"

misses another, and so buys the book. The general belief seems to be that it helps the sale of a strong book and hurts the sale of a weak one. But what does it do to the middling books? This of course is the important aspect of the subject, and the evidence is as yet uncollected. The most definite contribution is the career of *The Wings of the Morning*. This book moved along slowly until its second serialisation—in the *Evening Sun*—gave it a push and made it very successful. When the sales again ran down, the firm gave it another newspaper publication, but by that time the vitality of the book was exhausted. Stokes believes that *The Shuttle* was tremendously aided by serialisation. The Appletons say it was the *Saturday Evening Post* which made Chambers a big seller. But at that time the *Post* had a circulation of about five or six hundred thousand; nowadays, it is generally thought that serialisation in this medium blankets the sale of the book by taking in its entire reading public. Yet the Associated Sunday Magazines with their enormous number of readers in the cities which are the greatest book buyers, few publishers seem to object to—except those who think that serialisation in any large medium is a detriment. Perhaps even they would concede, however, that the *Evening Post* is still the best place to start a new writer.

The publication of extracts in a magazine is rarely done at present. But even though the practice has been discarded, the phenomena attending it were more or less conflicting. While extracts from the reminiscences of Goldwin Smith and Andrew White seemed to be helpful, the reminiscences of Carl Schurz were apparently much injured. Though the latter was published complete, the nature of the book would have made one bespeak for it a quiet but steady demand.

CONDEMNATION

The publisher who said that he would willingly finance an author to make just the right kind of a fool of himself, might have added that he would gladly bribe any public person to condemn a book of his in just the right fashion. There are few things more stimulating than condemnation in meet measure—but a shade the more, a ray the less, will impair the nameless grace it confers. Moral censure is an edged tool which even theatrical managers are now hesitating to handle. Long ago the books of the new scientists, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, were decidedly aided in getting an American foothold because they were published by the second generation of Appletons. These degenerate sons of old Daniel were severely criticised by the church papers, which started and kept alive a fierce discussion. The Appletons think that the adverse criticism of David Graham Phillips's books has helped their sale. If the condemnation of a novel can be ju-

diciously exploited, its success is assured. But it must be the right Grundy-an fire which warms and beckons and does not burn. Mrs. Glyn never lost an occasion to speak of the censure *Three Weeks* had received.

Less unpredictable than moral censure is the action of other kinds of condemnation. That of literary critics is often beneficial. Macmillan announces frankly that the firm thinks less of half-hearted praise than a sincere and interesting roast. Several times the Holts have quoted unfavourable reviews in connection with favourable ones, especially where the former were manifestly self-exploitation —as when a paper of high standing attacked Stevenson and De Morgan. Mr. Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle* was advertised by parallel columns of the blame and praise of critics under the caption "Here is what competent judges say— Take your choice!" The censure of interested specialists also is often of value —it excites the public's suspicion at once that there is more truth in the exposition than they care to allow. *Coniston* advertised pretty heavily, but more remunerative was the free advertising it got when Platt condemned it and Odell said that the author showed he never knew anything about politics. And when Senator Chandler announced that its central character was a libel on the dear old man whose portrait it was meant to suggest, people who had never heard of the dear old man read it to see what had set politicians to squirming so.

PORTRAITS TAKEN FROM LIFE

Indeed, when any discussion can be raised by portraits reputed to be drawn from life, it tells at once in figures. The classic instance of this is Mrs. McLean's *Cape Cod Folks*, which owed its great hit to the ire of villagers who sued the author because they claimed to be libelled in the book. The early sale of *Peter Stirling* was helped along by the rumour that it presented the life story of Grover Cleveland. The Holts did nothing to assist the report and the author denied it, but after his death it kept coming up persistently in literary notes. The *Lion and the Mouse,* the novelisation of which was very successful, unquestionably desired to put into the reader's minds the relations of Rockefeller and Miss Tarbell with her Standard Oil investigation. Edwin Le Fevre's *The Golden Flood* was supposed to depict the personalities of Rockefeller and Stillman, and, whether or not on account of the obvious intention, the book sold very well. Mr. Chambers had an amusing and not unprofitable experience with *The Danger Mark*. There were two real persons in New York, it seems, who resembled his two trust-reared children; a newspaper got hold of the guardian of the real children and tried to persuade him to sue, and for three or four weeks the author, who thought he had hatched the situation out of his own brain, received a large amount of free advertising.

INFLUENCE OF PLAYS

A theatre edition of a dramatised novel is as much an established practice with publishers as books got out to meet the demand theoretically supposed to be occasioned by an anniversary. But, like them, it so rarely pays that one wonders why the habit still persists in face of the universal evidence against it. Indeed, many publishers go farther, and maintain that plays in themselves have not the least reaction upon the book sale. The effect of the enormously profitable play *Zenda* was almost negligible; at the theatre very few books were sold and very few ever sell there. The usual person never thinks of buying a book in a theatre lobby and does not come prepared for the additional expenditure. Yet there are many cases where the play has seemed to help. The dramatisation of *The Man on the Box* made such a hit that it stimulated the book sale wonderfully. *Brewster's Millions,* which played out of New York in the second-grade houses, pushed the book into a successful cheaper edition. A comparison of the route of *"Knighthood* with the best-selling lists" of the towns Miss Marlowe visited, showed that the book again after some months of absence resumed its place there. That these towns were of the third and fourth rank in point of size may possibly afford a clue; and this is supported by the fact that the simultaneous putting-on of several *Saint Elmo* plays at the time of Augusta Evans's death renewed interest in her books in towns of the same size. In New York with its innumerable theatres the reaction

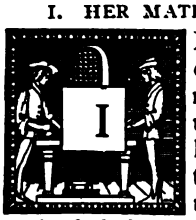
of a play is for the most part unnoticeable; "in the provinces" one may look for returns. Yet it was just here that *The Firing Line* as a play was very successful, and the publishers saw almost no response. The general conclusion of the relation of theatre to publisher would seem to be that a book written from a play finds readers serially in a newspaper, and in book form is sometimes remarkably successful; even a printed play, that forlorn hope of the publisher and playwright, occasionally succeeds—*The Servant in the House* is one of the most remunerative books Harpers ever handled; but a play written from a book, if it appears in the early career of the book, probably injures the sale a great deal; when it appears a year or two after—which is the usual experience—most people have read the novel and the sale is over. To this last statement the history of *Richard Carvel* might seem an exception. The play was produced a long time after the book came out and the immediate revival of the sale was unmistakably due to it. The solution here, if not conclusive, is tempting—Mr. Drew can always count upon a large audience and perhaps some few in every night's house were stimulated to a desire to know what on earth their favourite actor was doing. The extraordinary incoherence of the dramatisation may have driven some belated readers to the book. Here is a new idea for the Machiavelli of publishers! At present, however, the chief effect of a play is upon the author's next book rather than upon that one.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XVI—Edith Wharton

BY CALVIN WINTER

I. HER MATERIALS AND METHODS



IN undertaking a critical estimate of any of our modern novelists there is usually a good deal to be learned from a study of their early work, the volumes that stand as a record of their apprenticeship. In the case of Mrs. Wharton, however, we have to dispense with any such sidelight. When her first collection of short stories appeared in 1899, under the title of *The Greater Inclination*, the most salient fact about them and the one which brought swift recognition was their mature power, their finished art. As it seemed to us then, the clear-cut, polished brilliance of those eight poignant studies of human heart-pangs represented the full development of a talent of unusual magnitude. Now, from the vantage point of a dozen years, we can see that the author of *The House of Mirth* and *Madame de Treymes* was still very far from having found the full measure of her strength; that a plenitude of culture and social wisdom had veiled an unsure technique; and that a normal sympathy for human weakness was either lacking or else deliberately masked under an assumption of amused irony. It is possible to show with a fair degree of conclusiveness that in these respects Mrs. Wharton's later work is bigger and stronger and more human. Yet the changes are of a subtle kind that would not strike the casual reader's naked eye; and for that reason it is more helpful, in considering her general characteristics as a story teller, and before taking up her separate volumes, to ignore any division into periods and to treat of her style, her methods, her philosophy of life as though there were no essential difference between her first book and her last.

Now the first thing that must strike a discriminating critic, whether he makes her acquaintance through the medium of "The Muse's Tragedy" or "The Letters" is that he has to do with an author of

rare mental subtlety and unusual breadth of culture; a worldly wise person with rather wide cosmopolite sympathies, yet rather rigid prejudices of social caste. One would guess, with no further help than the light shed by her own writings, that here was a mind that might be likened to a chamber of art treasures—not over-crowded, but sufficiently rich to offer a pleasing harmony of colour and form. Such, at all events, is the impression that one gathers from her stage setting. She lingers over each interior, its portières and wall-papers, its etchings and mezzotints, its choice old furniture and fragile porcelain with the grudging reluctance of a bibliophile relinquishing a first edition or a priceless binding. So far as the atmosphere of her stories goes, there is everywhere a pervading sense of art and literature and culture; a sense, as it were, of sunlight softly filtering through richly stained glass; of life seen relentlessly within the limits of a definite angle. Mrs. Wharton's literary activity has resulted, up to the present dav, in somewhat more than fifty short stories and novelettes, and three novels; and of these the great majority deal frankly with the literary and artistic circle. One has only to run over in memory the separate stories to realise the truth of this. There are, for instance, no less than a dozen in which the hero is by profession an author; every reader recalls at once "The Muse's Tragedy," "Souls Belated," "Full Circle," "Expiation," "The Legend," *The Touchstone*—there is no use in amplifying the list; and next to authors her favourite heroes are artists, as witness "The Portrait," "The Recovery," "The Rembrandt," "The Moving Finger," "The Daunt Diana," "The Letters," "The Verdict," and "The Potboiler." Yes, her angle of outlook upon the world is rather narrow, but, like the proverbial still waters, it runs rather deep.

Yet if Mrs. Wharton shows a predilection for artistic and academic society, she nevertheless has a far-reaching—I was tempted to say, an exaggerated—instinct of social values. In all the various settings of her stories, whether in the self-satisfied provincialism of a New England college town, or the full flood-tide of New York life to-day, or of Lombardy a century ago, she never for an instant allows you to lose sight of the fact that there exists a local social code more potent than any laws of Medes and Persians; a fine, stratified caste system, too attenuated for any but the native born to grasp in all its details, yet inflexible in matters of cause and effect. Her subtle sense of the far-reaching significance of some quite trivial, perhaps unconscious infringement of these unwritten rules of conduct, gives us the real key to a number of her strongest situations. Her understanding of human nature, her relentless pursuit of a motive down to its ultimate analysis, her deliberate stripping off of the very last veils of pretense and showing us the sordidness and cowardice of human souls in all their nudity, are unsurpassed by any other woman novelist now living. She has a trick not merely of describing even her secondary characters so clearly that you feel you can see them both inside and out, but she often flings out some single line of description which ever afterwards sticks to that particular character like a burr and is probably the first thing we think of each time that character reappears. For instance, in "Souls Belated," "Mrs. Tillotson, senior, dreaded ideas as much as a draught in her back"; in "A Coward," "Mrs. Carstyle was one of the women who make refinement vulgar"; in "The Mission of Jane," Mrs. Lethbury is described as a woman most of whose opinions "were heirlooms—she was proud of their age and saw no reason for discarding them while they were still serviceable": and still again in "The Portrait," Vard, the political boss, is described to us as a man "who had gulped his knowledge standing, as he had snatched his food from lunch-counters; the wonder of it lay in his extraordinary power of assimilation." And such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

But this is merely a superficial aspect of Mrs. Wharton's treatment of character and of life. And to some extent the surface sparkle of her style is at times a blemish; we find ourselves straying away from the central interest of the story in order to relish for a moment the sheer verbal cleverness of some casual epigram, such as "Genius is of small use to a

story, "The Muse's Tragedy," deals with a young critic's interest in an older woman who in earlier years was the source of inspiration of a now deceased poet. Danyers, the critic, has learned to know Mrs. Anerton first as the "Sylvia" of Vincent Rendell's verse; secondly, through the gossip of a quite negligible woman, Mrs. Memorall; thirdly, by direct association with Mrs. Anerton herself, and, lastly, through that lady's voluntary self-revelation when in one sentence, she not only destroys his hopes, but sweeps away the entire legend that had gathered around her: "It is because Vincent Rendell *didn't* love me that there is no hope for you." Now the central idea of this story is clear as crystal, the tragedy of an unloved woman as seen through the eyes of another man. Two men and one woman, and a single point of view. That, I think, is the way Mrs. Wharton would have written the story ten years later; she would have done it more in the manner of "The Dilettante," and by so doing she would have gained in power.

"A Journey," Mrs. Wharton's second story, offers one of the strongest situations she ever used: a woman, bringing her invalid husband home to New York, discovers in the morning, shortly after leaving Buffalo, that he is lying dead in his berth. To avoid being put off the train she all day long keeps up the pretence that he is too ill to be disturbed, and breaks down under the strain only at the moment when the train slides into the Grand Central Station. Now the greatness of a short story very largely depends upon the trick of choosing all details of structure with the idea of making each in turn add its share to the poignancy of the situation. In the present case it seems axiomatic that the ultimate tragedy of the situation would depend upon the degree of affection that the woman felt for the dead man. Mrs. Wharton has chosen to tell us without reserve that the wife had ceased to care for him at all. She is a frail woman, physically unstrung, a little frightened at her isolation and helplessness; but that ultimate turn of the screw which comes of a great personal bereavement is missing.

And thirdly, we come to that much-praised story, "The Pelican"; the history of a woman who, finding herself a widow with a small child and no property, undertakes to support herself by lecturing in hotel parlours and before women's clubs. She has a scant mentality, but she makes a moderate success, "thanks to her upper lip, her dimple and her Greek"—thanks also to encyclopedias and an indulgent public who sympathises with her desire to educate her boy. Thirty years later she is still making the rounds of clubs and parlours for the purpose of raising money to educate that same boy. Now the crucial moment of the story comes when that boy, a bearded man of thirty, runs across her at a hotel, discovers her subterfuge and demands an explanation. All this is natural enough, but the story is told in the first person by an old friend of the mother; the son drags this old friend, a stranger to him, into his mother's presence, and before him denounces her in terms that make one wince. His whole manner is in bad taste —perhaps Mrs. Wharton meant him to be precisely that kind of a man, but one doubts it. At all events, if she were writing that story to-day she would not have made him a man of quite that kind; at least she would have smoothed over his raw edges a little more carefully.

In this way we might take up those early stories one by one and show how they miss that finer perfection which Mrs. Wharton began to show in *Crucial Instances*, and which she shows so triumphantly in *The Descent of Man*. It is hard in speaking of this third volume to discriminate in favour of any particular stories—they are all so extremely good. In the one that lends its title to the book we have the delightful irony of the struggle of old Professor Linyard between the hobby of his life on the one hand and the practical needs of life on the other. His heart is in "the ethical reactions of the infusoria and the unconscious cerebrations of the Amœba"; he has contempt for the world at large, and writes what he thinks to be a biting satire on the modern popular thirst for books of pseudo-science. But the public insists on taking his satire, *The Vital Thing*, in earnest and making a lion of him; and when we take leave of the poor professor he is

still planning some time or other to go back to his serious work in life, the Amœba, but he has just signed a contract for a sequel to *The Vital Thing.*

But unquestionably, if we must discriminate, we shall do so in favour of "The Other Two," the story of a woman twice divorced and a third time married. When Waythorn married Alice Varick, who had earlier been Alice Haskett and who brought with her Haskett's little daughter, "he had fancied that a woman can shed her past like a man." But in this he was to learn slowly that he was mistaken. Both of his predecessors are still alive; both of them, by a series of quite natural coincidences, come into contact with himself and Alice, partly through business, partly through social exigencies. He rebels at first fiercely, but impotently; then little by little accepts the inevitable; and the curtain falls at last on the group of all three husbands, past and present, assembled in Waythorn's sitting-room with Alice placidly pouring tea for them. There is not a single brush stroke, a single touch of colour in the whole picture that one could afford to alter. It is a little masterpiece of its kind, a deliciously ironical apotheosis of conventionalism.

III. HER NOVELS

These examples suffice to show the general quality and range of Mrs. Wharton's short stories. The later ones differ often in their specific kind, but scarcely in the way of any higher excellence. It is of her work as a novelist that we must now inquire, and first of all of her most ambitious and erudite experiment, *The Valley of Decision.* She was fortunate at the outset in her choice of a subject. Her attempt was to sum up the life of Italy in the latter half of the eighteenth century, that crucial *settecento,* which has aptly been compared to the closing act of a tragedy. It was that period of fallacious calm following the war of the Austrian Succession, when beneath the surface all Italy was seething with undercurrents of discontent against the old-established order of things; when "the little Italian courts were still dozing in fancied security under the wing of Bourbon and .Hapsburg suzerains"; when clergy and nobles still clung tenaciously to their class privileges and united in their efforts to repress the spread of learning; when throngs of the ignorant and superstitious still crowded the high-roads to the shrines of popular saints, and a small but growing number of enlightened spirits met in secret conclave to discuss forbidden new doctrines of philosophy and science. It is a vast subject and one full of epic values—a subject which it is easy to imagine a Balzac or a Tolstoy treating in the bold, sweeping, impressionistic way that it demands. But it is not easy to imagine in advance what an introspective writer such as Mrs. Wharton had hitherto shown herself could make of such a theme. That the resulting volume showed much comparative excellence came as a pleasant surprise. She brought to her task no small amount of erudition. She was saturated to her finger tips with the historical facts of the period: the motley and confusing tangle of petty dukedoms, the warring claims of Austria and of Spain. She gave us not merely a broad canvas but a moving panorama of the life of those restless times, presenting with a certain dramatic power the discontent of the masses; the petty intrigues of Church and aristocracy; the gilded uselessness of the typical fine lady with her *cavaliere servante,* her pet monkey and her parrot; the brutal ignorance of the peasantry; the disorders and license of the Bohemian world, the strolling players and mountebanks—in short, all the various strata and substrata of the social life of the times. The book is less a novel than a sort of cultured *Sittengeschichte* of the epoch, as minute and comprehensive as a chapter from Sismondi's *Italian Republics,* yet lacking those little, vital, illuminating touches which help to make us see.

There remain three other volumes which demand specific notice: *The House of Mirth, Madame de Treymes* and *The Fruit of the Tree.* Two intermediate volumes, *The Touchstone* and *Sanctuary,* although highly characteristic, are of no more significance in relation to Mrs. Wharton's growth as an artist than many of her short stories, perhaps rather less significant than just a few of them. *The*

Fruit of the Tree, although the latest of her long novels, may well be put out of the way first, as representing the greatest gulf between purpose and accomplishment in any of her books. The story opens with an accident in a woollen mill by which an employee loses an arm. The affair would be hushed up but for the efforts of John Amherst, assistant foreman, and Justine Brent, hospital nurse, both of whom lose their positions in consequence. The mills are run in the interest of capitalists and in defiance of factory regulations; they are owned by a young widow, Bessie Westmore, who has been content to shirk her responsibility and leave matters in the hands of her trustees. John Amherst marries the widow, believing that he has convinced her of the justice of his plans to reform the mills, and here begins a long, slow struggle and an inevitable estrangement, since Bessie cannot see why her money should be thrown away on clubrooms and gymnasiums for the workmen when she needs new gowns, new carriages and automobiles. Estrangement leads to defiance in the shape of deliberately risking her life on a horse Amherst has forbidden her to ride. The result is a serious injury to the spine just at the base of the neck. Her husband cannot reach her for weeks; he is travelling in South America. The doctors know that there is not one chance in a thousand for her recovery; but there is a hope, through the cruel skill of modern surgery, of keeping her alive until Amherst returns. But this can be done only at the cost of unimaginable torture, an increasing anguish that wrings from her a ceaseless, hoarse, inarticulate cry, increasing in intensity with the slow passage of the days. Justine Brent, the trained nurse, who has been a lifelong friend of Bessie, finds her patient's suffering more than she can bear and mercifully cuts it short with an extra hypodermic of morphine. She believes in her conscience that she has done right, and no doubt assails her until in the course of years she herself becomes the wife of John Amherst and he comes to know that she is the murderess of his first wife. The plot of this story, in so far as it concerns the right of the medical profession to shorten suffering where a cure is hopeless, is not a new theme. It has been briefly but poignantly handled in a short story by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; it has been worked out at great length by Edouard Rod in *La Sacrifiée.* Mrs. Wharton had nothing new to add to this issue, and by bringing in factory reform and labour questions she has simply obscured her main theme.

The House of Mirth is a book of altogether different calibre, a big, vital, masterly book of its type and one that utterly refuses to be forgotten. Like so many of her earlier and shorter stories, it is a trenchant satire on the manners and customs of certain social strata in New York of to-day. The pages are not overcrowded with figures, yet they are so wisely chosen and so deftly sketched in as to give an impression of many-sided, kaleidoscopic life. But the book belongs primarily to the type of the one-character story. It is a history of just one woman, Lily Bart, through a few crucial years. The other personages in the book, whether few or many, are mere background, shadow shapes that come and go, with no other effect than to make the central figure stand out in sharper relief. Lily Bart at the opening of the story is, in spite of her nine and twenty years, still essentially a girl with a girl's unquenchable desire for a continuation of the ease and luxury, pleasure and adulation that has hitherto been her birthright. But her parents are dead; her resources are almost exhausted; and she has all the helplessness which characterises those brought up on the sheltered life system, when confronted with the problem of self-support. She has in fact only one obvious path open to her, namely, marriage; she may marry for money and despise herself or she may marry for love and repent at leisure or else suffer the equally probable pain of seeing her husband do the repenting for them both. So she temporises and meanwhile puts off the evil hour from week to week, living at the expense of her friends in a round of visits, playing recklessly at bridge, and, of course, losing; and foolishly accepting a rather large loan from a married man under the thin pretence that he had been speculating for her and had sold out at a profit. But these details merely

skim the surface of a book which quite wonderfully and unsparingly probes into the deepest recesses of a woman's heart, dragging to the surface much that she would have refused to reveal even to herself. And back of this merciless analysis, and perhaps even bigger than it, is the sense of an inexorable logic of cause and effect which leads us by closely corollated steps from the moment when Lily Bart first breaks one of the unwritten laws of her social set by a brief visit to a man's bachelor apartments down to the hour when she renders her final account and the empty chloral bottle tells its story. It is easy for those who echo the modern cry for a spiritual "uplift" in fiction to carp at *The House of Mirth*. But the fact remains that the name of Lily Bart will be handed down in the list of heroines with whom the well-read person is expected to be acquainted.

And now, quite briefly, let us look at *Madame de Treymes*, a slender, unpretentious little volume, which the present writer believes, none the less, to represent Mrs. Wharton's high-water mark of attainment, almost flawless in structure and in content. It is an extremely simple story. John Durham had in the "old unrestricted New York days" known Fanny Frisbee long and intimately, but it never occurred to him to find her desirable until, fifteen years later, he found her again in Paris as Madame de Malrive, separated, but not yet divorced from her husband. Her estrangement from her husband was now of five years' standing; so John Durham could see nothing premature or indelicate in urging his own claims and persuading her to seek her freedom through the courts. But he was destined to learn that in France, especially among the old families, there is a hereditary code so powerful as to make appeal to the courts well-nigh hopeless. Durham cannot understand; the law is the law, it all seems so simple. But Fanny de Malrive knows better; she has a little son whom she has pledged to bring up as a Frenchman; he is only half hers even now, and she must do nothing that will lessen her hold upon him, nothing that her husband's mother and sister and uncle, the Abbé, do not approve. This sister, Madame de Treymes, holds the key to the situation. If Durham can meet her and win from her a statement whether or not the family will oppose a suit for divorce they will know where they stand. The main story of the book is the contact between Durham and Madame de Treymes, the duel of verbal finesse that is like the crossing of fine, flexible rapiers, and, lastly, that wonderful final thrust through which Madame de Treymes by the very act of granting what he asks effects his total overthrow —and to her own surprise hurts herself almost as keenly as she hurts him. The book represents a high development of all of Mrs. Wharton's admitted qualities; and beyond these it has a more perfect technique of form and a greater sense of real sympathy with the people of her creation than anything she has written before it or since.

MELODRAMA, OLD AND NEW

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IT is the fate of many amiable words to be debased by vulgar usage until they acquire a derogatory connotation. Thus has the sweet word *homely* been defloured; so that nowadays to assure a woman that she is homely has ceased to seem a gentle compliment. The adjective *amateur*, which in its original sense exactly defines the quality of such delicate and loving art as that of Mr. Austin Dobson or of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, has come to connote the daubing of a bungler. Anybody who labours earnestly, though only in a humble way, to fulfil the purpose of criticism—which was defined by Matthew Arnold as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that

is known and thought in the world"—must endure the continual discouragement of hearing the word *criticism* bandied about on careless lips as if it signified an interested endeavour to discredit the nobility of art. If one may muse for a moment in the mood of Elia—would it not be a gracious act to erect a monument to fallen words, like *censure, common, cynic, nice, mistress, gentleman,* to remind the present age of what they used to mean before they fell on evil days and evil tongues? . . .

In the vocabulary of theatre-goers, no word has suffered more from this iniquitous degeneration than the adjective *melodramatic.* Careless writers are now accustomed to call a play melodramatic when they wish to indicate that it is bad; whereas they might with equal logic try to damn a play by calling it tragic, or comic, or poetic. There are good tragedies and bad tragedies, good melodramas and bad melodramas; and it is no more sound to assume that all melodramas are bad than to assume that all tragedies are good. But the very word *melodrama* has so fallen into disrepute that nowadays when a man puts forth a melodrama he usually pretends that it is something else and writes in a few extraneous passages to justify his press agent in advertising it as a social study or a comedy.

Consequently, if we are to converse with any seriousness about the noble art of melodrama, we must agree at the outset to divest the word of all derogatory connotation. Most people consider it pedantic to insist on definitions; and the minority of writers who refuse to use such an adjective as *romantic* without explaining what they mean by it are usually labelled academic—which is supposed to be synonymous with dull. Yet a great deal of the fret and bother of the world would be averted if people in general would only educate themselves to definition. For instance, if only the socialists would agree upon a definition of *socialism* and formulate it in a single paragraph, we should all be able to determine at a glance whether or not we wanted to be socialists; and this procedure would save reformers the expense of printing innumerable pamphlets and spare us a great deal of mouthing and sawing the air.

By *melodrama*—if we use the word nicely—is signified a serious play in which the incidents determine and control the characters. There are, to be sure, a few other abiding features of melodrama that should be accounted for in any final definition of the form, and these we shall consider in due time; but for the present this primary principle will serve to convince us that melodrama not only has an excuse for being but is in reality one of the noblest types of art. In both tragedy and comedy the characters control the plot; in farce, as in melodrama, a train of incidents is foreordained and the characters are subsequently woven into the tiny pattern of destiny that has been predetermined for them; and it is clearly reasonable for us to accept that convention of criticism which regards tragedy and comedy as more heroic than their sister arts. But life itself is more frequently melodramatic than tragic and much more often farcical than comic; in fact, the utter dominance of character over coincidence is so rare in the record of humanity as to call for chapter-headings in our histories; and since the purpose of the drama—like that of all the other arts—is to represent the truth of life, the theatre must always rely on farce and melodrama to complete its comment on humanity. Much of our life—in fact, by far the major share—is casual instead of causal. As Stevenson remarked, in his *Gossip on Romance,* "The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future." It is not granted to many of us to realise with any constancy that boast of Henley's and to regard ourselves as masters of our fate or captains of our soul; for nearly all the good or ill that happens to us is drifted to us, uncommanded, undeserved, upon the tides of chance. It is this immutable truth—the persistency of chance in the serious concerns of life and the inevitable influence of accident on character—that melodrama aims to represent; and to damn melodrama as an inconsiderable type of art is to deny the divinity of Fortune, whom

the wisest of all men, in the seventh canto of his *Hell,* exalted "with the other Deities."

II

It is because melodrama casts its emphasis on incident instead of character that it has been in every age the most popular of all the types of drama. Each of us is avid of adventure; and to find ten dollars in the street strikes us as more interesting than to earn ten dollars by accomplishing our share in the established division of labour. Similarly—though in this we are not logical—it strikes us as more interesting to be gagged and bound, and rescued by the provident police, than to quarrel with our wife or husband over the duration of the boiling of an egg and to purchase forgiveness by the gift of an ostrich feather or a box of trust-made but untrustworthy cigars. Though in our waking senses we may contemn that Deity whose name is Fortune, we all worship her in dreams; and in the theatre we bless the happy chance that agreeably rewards the innocent and consigns the villainous to jail.

In our own lives, we remember what has happened to us, by some lucky or unlucky accident, more vividly than we remember what we were: our past selves are clouded with oblivion, but our past adventures float before the eyes of memory as stories instant and alive. So, in our experience of theatre-going, we forget characters—like Hedda Gabler—but we remember incidents—like that moment in *The Two Orphans* when the lost Louise is heard singing in the street and the incarcerated Henriette is stopped at the door by the entering guards while she hears her sister being dragged unwillingly away to a continuance of beggary. Adventure moves us more than character: because adventure is always with us—it is often an adventure to look over the edge of our morning paper at the person seated opposite in the subway—but character is an element of destiny of which we grow aware only in the small minority of incidents which are commanded and controlled.

And there is another point which explains the popularity of melodrama; and that is that, since the characters are not rigidly defined, we experience no difficulty in putting ourselves in the positions of the characters and imagining that what is happening upon the stage is happening to us. We observe the clearly drawn characters of tragedy with a conscious aloofness that is, to some degree, discomforting. Hedda Gabler interests us merely as a specimen; and what happens to her does not in any real sense happen to us. The fact of what she is convinces us that she must ultimately kill herself; but if *we* were flung into the same position, we should crawl out by some easier way. We realise that Othello is doomed to kill his wife, but we understand also that the tragical oblation is absurd: if *we* were in the same position, we should perceive that Desdemona had been maligned by the perversity of evidence. We should not behave like Hedda or Othello, because we are not at all like either of them. Each of them is clearly characterised and convinces us of an essential disparity with ourselves. But in melodrama the heroine and hero are not clearly characterised; they are represented not as particular people, but merely as *anybody* involved in the situation of the moment; and we naturally take the stage, adopt their destiny as our own, and experience in our particular imagination all that is happening to them. Thus, in Mr. Gillette's admirable melodrama entitled *Held by the Enemy*—which has been recently revived—when the captured Confederate lieutenant confesses to the Union court-martial that he is a spy, and glories in his sinister vocation, inviting with a smile the death that will complete his sense of duty done, it is not so much to him that the incident occurs as to you or me, seated in the audience; for at that moment, in imagination, we take the stage and speak the words of martyrdom ourselves. For it is the special grace of melodrama to represent not what a particular person will do in a given situation, but what *anybody* would do under such a stress of circumstance; and since anybody is easily identifiable with ourself, we imagine the situation as happening to us and adopt it into our particular experience.

This is, of course, the philosophic point which explains the popularity of that special species of melodrama which, in

New York, flourishes on Third Avenue and Eighth Avenue. The devotees of cheap melodrama are workaday people to whom, in the orderly procession of the days, nothing noteworthy ever happens; and in the theatre they demand the sort of play in which surprising and startling adventures will happen not only to the people on the stage but to themselves. Therefore the characters on the stage must not be so sharply drawn as to be set apart from any person in the audience; and adventure must be represented for its own sake, regardless of the personality of the people it involves. As Sir Thomas Browne loved to lose himself in a mystery, so the auditors of our ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatres love to lose themselves in an irresponsible train of circumstances which conceivably might happen to themselves. In a word, they go to the theatre to enjoy *themselves*—which is to say their own imagined hesitancies and imperilments—and decidedly not to enjoy some totally different and extraneous creature like Hedda Gabler or Othello. The popularity, as a character, of Bertha (the sewing-machine girl) or Nellie (the beautiful cloak-model) is explicable by the fact that neither of them is, in any precise sense, a character at all; and that therefore any woman in the audience can, without the slightest straining of imagination, set herself in the heroine's place and experience vicariously the adventures that befall her.

Let us recapitulate a moment, for the sake of clearness. We have already observed that melodrama epitomises the major portion of habitual experience, because it emphasises incident above character as a factor in human destiny; and also, since it leaves the hero and the heroine uncharacterised, that it permits, more easily than tragedy, that the spectator should in imagination take the stage and assume as his own the adventures of the plot. But there is another very important point which must be accounted for in any final definition of the art of melodrama.

This point—perhaps the most important that we have to consider—is that the abiding mood of melodrama is an absolute and dauntless optimism. The world of melodrama is a just and lucky world where all things fall out fitly. We are granted from the outset an assurance that in the end the guilty will be punished and the virtuous attain their due reward. No innocent Ophelia or Cordelia will be dragged down in the maelström of catastrophe. Our cherished characters are flung repeatedly into immenent danger of death, and we feel their pangs and perils as our own; but we know all along—and bless ourselves with knowing—that no one will be killed except the villain. This is the great charm of melodrama—that it deals with charmed lives. Sherlock Holmes will surely escape from the gas-chamber—though *how,* indeed, we cannot possibly foresee. In watching melodrama of a cruder sort, we experience this same sense of a comfortable providence. You may lock the heroine in a lion's cage, throw her off of Brooklyn Bridge, tie her to the subway tracks, and dangle her by a rope from the windy summit of the Singer tower; but we know all along that the kindly gods who look after the destiny of heroines will rescue her from harm and consign her as good as new to the strong arms of the hero. And there is another matter which, in the interests of criticism, it is surely not indelicate to mention; and that is that we derive a world of solid comfort from our certainty that the virtue of the heroine is inviolable. At every moment she is chaperoned by destiny. What Milton expressed supremely in his portrayal of the Lady in *Comus,* our melodramatists repeat with cruder emphasis; namely, that virginity is its own defence and virtue shields itself with spiritual armour. In *The Deep Purple,* which is the best of the new melodramas of the present season, the silly girl of a heroine who has run away from home with a deep-dyed villain with whom she thinks herself in love, is providentially preserved in purity till she may meet and marry the most lovable of heroes. Here is a vision of the world as we would have it. If ever we were erected to the exalted state of Zeus-upon-Olympus, it is thus that we should stage-direct the tremendous drama of humanity. It is true, indeed, that life as it exists is not so ordered:—one of our best architects and most serviceable citizens is

absurdly slain in a taxi-cab collision: Kentucky sends to Congress a man who was once convicted of complicity in an ignominious murder; corruption buys a seat in the Senate; a valuable novelist is shot down by a madman:—we look about us and it seems that there is neither right nor reason in the inappealable decrees of destiny. But meanwhile the noble art of melodrama stands up scornful before many spears and confronts the iniquity of fate with a laugh broad as a thousand beeves at pasture.

III

No art has ever succeeded because of its defects; and the fact that melodrama has been and is perennially popular can be explained only by what is great and noble in it. Melodrama answers one of the most profound of human needs:—it ministers to that motive which philosophers term the will to believe. It looks at life—as Paul enjoined humanity to look at it—with faith and hope. So when the toilers in our sweat-shops attend the ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatres, they escape into a region where faith is not an idle jest and hope is not an irony; and thereafter, when they reassume the heavy and the weary weight of all their unintelligible world, they may yet smile backward in remembrance of that momentary dream-world in which destiny was just and kind and good. A happy face in the street is a gift to the community; and this art that always wears a happy face is a gift to humanity at large.

We may now redefine melodrama as a serious play in which the incidents determine and control the characters and in which the auditors are assured from the outset that all will come out as they wish it in the end. Thus defined, melodrama must be admitted to include many of the most important plays in the history of the drama. It must not be supposed that the art began with Victorien Sardou; it is at least as old as Euripides, and was highly honoured in the Spain of Calderon and Lope and the England of the spacious times of great Elizabeth. Many of the stirring plays which used to pass for tragedies in our histories of the drama are now seen to be merely melodramas. Tragedy must exhibit an inevitable doom; and the inevitable is nearly as rare in art as it is in life. Life itself is seldom tragic, in any exact and technical sense; and there are very few unquestionable tragedies in the history of art. Victor Hugo, who admittted that his three prose plays were melodramas, thought that his plays in verse were tragedies; but we now perceive that *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* and all the rest of them are melodramas also—and we like them none the less because of the change of label. Those windy suspirations of forced breath which in mid-Victorian days were esteemed as tragedies, and are still looked upon with loving reminiscence by the backward-minded Mr. William Winter, were all melodramas, and melodramas of a rather crude and secondary sort. The *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles, the *Richelieu* of Bulwer-Lytton, the *Fool's Revenge* of Tom Taylor (an adaptation from Hugo), were melodramas pure and simple, though they wore the literary trappings and the suits of tragedy. It is always disconcerting to find one art masquerading in the dress of another; a melodrama that pretends to be a tragedy afflicts us ultimately with an overwhelming sense that it is ashamed of itself; and the sense of shame is incompatible with the sense of easy enjoyment. Retrospective criticism must therefore finally prefer such frank and gloating melodramas as the *Tour de Nesle* of the elder Dumas, the *Fédora* of Sardou, the *Two Orphans* of Dennery, or those favourites of our fathers, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* and *Jim the Penman*. *Jim the Penman* thrilled the younger generation when it was revived last spring; and *The Two Orphans*, which is always with us, is—if not a thing of beauty—at least a joy forever.

Since melodrama casts its emphasis on action, rather than on character, it calls, far more than tragedy, for an exhibition of the uttermost mechanical equipment of the stage. We turn to the tragedies and comedies of other ages to see the highest development of the drama in those times; but if we wish to acquaint ourselves with the highest development of theatric presentation in any age, we must turn our attention to its melodramas. When Mr. Belasco produces a quiet comedy like *The Concert*, he exhibits less

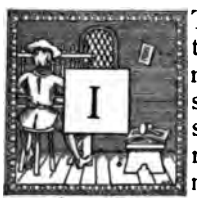
emphatically his skill in stage-direction than when he produces a melodrama like *The Girl of the Golden West*. *The Great Ruby* gave more noticeable evidence of the ability of Augustin Daly as a producer than did *The School for Scandal* or *The Merchant of Venice*. The mechanism of melodrama has been carried to the highest efficiency in London, on the stage of Drury Lane. In *The Whip*, which was running last summer at Old Drury, a railroad train was wrecked upon the stage (in pursuance of the villain's plot to kill the hero's race-horse, which was being transported in a box-car); and the sight of the derailed and overturning engine panting and puffing bravely after the intolerable crash thrilled through the thousand-fold assembled audience and evoked a tremor even from the sophisticated critic. In *The Sins of Society*, another Drury Lane melodrama, which was reproduced in New York, a battleship went down, with all hands rallied round the flag. It may be finer dramatic art for Mrs. Fiske to sit still and think hard in *Rosmersholm;* but it is more wonderful theatric art to sink a ship upon the stage; and on purely human grounds there are many reasons for regarding a sinking ship as a more pathetic spectacle than a falling woman.

And this suggests a final word that must be said in favour of melodrama:—it gives the actors an opportunity to act. In every scene they have to *do* things; they cannot—like Mrs. Patrick Campbell—turn away from the audience and think with their backs. Thinking with the back may be the most mystical and esoteric performance that is possible to humankind: at least we have, in support of this belief, the high authority of M. Auguste Rodin—the sole surviving Titan of these desultory days—who once told a visitor of his that the secret of his *Penseur* is that he thinks with his back. But on the stage it is surely more thrilling to watch the blind Louise grope her way down the bannister of a declining stairway, and then pass inadvertently within six inches of the prostrate form of the fainting Henriette, whom she has sought so long and with so many heartaches, and is not destined to discover until the whirligig of the melodrama brings in its final revenges. Even so—as a matter of mere acting—we would rather watch the negro servant, in the last act of *Secret Service*, remove the bullets from the stacked guns of the Union guards, than watch the facial play of Hedda Gabler as she sits in silence debating her problem of impending suicide. For in this the theatre differs from life:—that, on the stage, action speaks louder than character, and to *do* is more important than to *be*.

Latterly there has appeared in our theatres a new type of the sort of melodrama that is ashamed of itself—which, while not pretending to be tragedy, pretends to be a serious study of contemporary social problems. A definitive example of this type is the *Judith Zaraine* of Mr. C. M. S. McClellan, which was produced during the middle of the present season and which promptly failed. In this play, Mr. McClellan spoiled a good melodramatic story by submerging it beneath oceans of tall talk about capital and labour. Nowadays it is considered an evidence of earnestness to talk about capital and labour, just as in the middle ages it was considered an evidence of earnestness to talk about how many angels could dance on the head of a pin; fashions change in tall talk, while the singing world rolls on; but when a man finds a melodrama made to his hand, why, in the name of art, should he ruin it by trying to turn it into something else? The merit of *The Deep Purple* inheres in the frankness with which the authors avow and flourish the fact that they are writing melodrama. The new melodrama will never rival the glory of the old until it sloughs off all sophistication and disguise, and comes forward frankly as a play of plot supervised by a kindly and ingratiating providence. Mascarille becomes ignoble only when he masquerades as a nobleman; and a lesser art retains its dignity only so long as it refrains from emulation of a greater. *Judith Zaraine* is dead, and so is *The Fool Hath Said*—which tried to be a tragedy. Meanwhile, Mr. Gillette is still winning golden encomiums with *Secret Service;* and those who remember are still eager for another slashing voyage through the tossed and foaming seas of Dennery.

THE QUEST OF NOVELTY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is a regrettable fact that in these days of multitudinous fiction, sheer quality in substance, style and technique, does not suffice to make the success of a novel. The general public and the trained critic alike demand, unconsciously perhaps, a certain element of novelty, a spice of the sensational. From excess of reading our senses have become a trifle jaded; they simply refuse to respond to quiet tales of everyday life, no matter how faultlessly written—unless indeed the element of quietness is so tremendously emphasised as in itself to amount to a sensation; as, for instance, the depressing grey monotony of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*.

The natural result is that, with the best intentions in the world we find ourselves, every now and then, becoming enthusiastic over some book whose chief claim to attention is that it has opened up new ground. It may be that the novelty lies in the setting—some hitherto unexploited corner of the globe; or it may be a new kind of mystery story, some audacious application of pseudo-science, occultism or the like; or again, the author may have hit upon some brand-new central idea, some plot involving a serious presentment of an ethical or social question from a fresh point of view. Now any one of these various forms of originality may have been developed with the utmost skill or with no skill at all—it is rather surprising sometimes how sheer originality will give vogue to a book which from the point of workmanship is quite wretchedly done. But at all events, as between two books of equal literary merit the one which offers us some degree of novelty is sure to receive the greater praise.

Of course, time sooner or later sets things even. Novelty is one of the elements in fiction that mostly quickly wear out; and just as soon as an out-of-the-way country ceases to be strange, or a new theory of hypnotic influence has either become public property or been discredited, the novels depending upon these elements for their vogue prove far more short lived than those dealing with everyday people in an everyday way.

In other words, style in fiction is much like style in dress; nothing is so hopelessly out of date to-day as the crowning sensation of last season. Accordingly, in discussing the merits of any current novel it is wise always to make a slight allowance for errors of judgment due to that instinctive gratitude that we all feel toward the author who has given our jaded palate a new sensation. And yet it is not altogether unfair that the ability to accomplish this particular thing should receive this unconscious tribute. The trick of being original or at least of giving the impression of originality is becoming constantly more difficult. Territorially, there are quite literally no new worlds to conquer. And as for novelty of plot, if an author can hit upon one which has not been used at least a dozen times with slight variations within the last quarter century he may consider himself exceedingly fortunate. What we usually mean when we speak of novelty is really a fresh handling of old material, a new point of approach, a young and unspoiled outlook upon life. There had been numerous stories of British India written before *Plain Tales From the Hills;* but Mr. Kipling's way of seeing and his way of recording made his work absolutely new. The pseudo-science of Jules Verne had accustomed us to bizarre journeys through inter-stellar space; but Mr. H. G. Wells had certain twists of his own to give to old ideas, and *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon* are as absolutely his own as though no one had ever before dreamed of speeding blithely from planet to planet. And in the same way we may take any of the current novelties in fiction and while granting them full credit for

what they achieve, recognise at the same time that they have an ancestry; that they are simply new variations of old themes or methods, and oftentimes that the element of newness is not really an improvement.

"The Dweller on the Threshold"

Mr. Robert Hichens is one of the authors whose popularity depends upon a constant and restless seeking after something different, something that has never been done before. In just a few of his books he has very nearly achieved this ambition and probably the general reading public will number among his successes his latest volume, *The Dweller on the Threshold*. It certainly is a book that compels sustained attention after you have once begun it. There is a most uncanny sense of doom hanging over it, a foreshadowing of something rather hideous that makes you instinctively glance over your shoulder now and then and take a rather quick breath before turning a page. It belongs, of course, in the *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* group of fiction. The theme is that of an interchange of personalities. There is a certain English clergyman, brilliant, powerful dominant, whose talent and ambition are likely to carry him very high indeed; his curate, by contrast, is meek, shrinking, painfully at a loss for the appropriate word. The clergyman has dabbled in occult sciences; and at his desire a series of experiments are begun between himself and the curate with the view of giving the latter something of his personal power and magnetism. The experiments succeed beyond all expectation; in fact, the result is utterly different from what either of the men could have foreseen: the curate gradually absorbs the entire personality of the other man, who little by little finds himself breaking down, losing his hold upon his public, preaching each Sunday more and more inadequately and foreseeing that ruin and disgrace are coming nearer and nearer. And the key to the situation, the moral beneath the parable, lies in the fact that the clergyman with all his strength had one weakness, hypocrisy; and the little curate with all his timidity had one great strength, an unquestioning and abiding faith. It is a curious and rather stimulating book, with here and there some rather big episodes; and not the least of its merits is the inexorable logic of the ending.

"A Question of Marriage"

A Question of Marriage, by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey, is not a book to be lightly dismissed, although one feels that the author had a theme that might have been handled in a bigger way. Even in these days of the economic independence of women, practically every girl looks forward, at least subconsciously, to the more or less remote possibility of marriage as something that belongs in the natural order of things. In the volume under discussion we have the abnormal case of a young girl, cultured, beautiful, eager to live her life to the utmost, who is suddenly told by a physician of unquestioned authority that marriage is not for her; unmarried, she may look forward to a long and useful life and fair health, but marriage would mean wretchedness for all concerned and for her a fate worse than death. The change that such a disclosure makes in a girl's nature, the greyness that seems to settle thickly over the whole world is all depicted with a grim insistence that fairly hurts as one reads. And of course the inevitable happens: this girl who, until her doom was announced, has lived without love, almost at once thereafter meets the man she is fated to care for; and her long years of struggle against him and against herself form the major portion of the volume. Side by side with her story runs that of her closest friend whose marriage is that of the average successful sort; and at the end of the volume, when her lover has at last accepted his dismissal and found comparative contentment with somebody else, she gains her greatest consolation from an occasional visit to the happily married friend who is usually in tears because the children are fretful or the butcher's bill is too big or the new portières do not quite match the wall-paper. Now all this is very good of its kind; but what insists upon recurring again and again to the reader's mind is just this: that the doom overhanging the heroine is that of hereditary insanity, and that the knowledge of her danger and the strain of her enforced loneliness would almost

inevitably create those conditions of nervous strain against which the doctor warned her. The situation is a rather big one; but surely some other physical menace than that of insanity could have been found that would have suited the author's purpose rather better.

"The Red Lantern"

The Red Lantern, by Edith Wherry, adds one more volume to the accumulating shelf of novels based upon the Boxer uprising in China. It has about it, however, a rather important element of distinction: it seeks to give us the Chinese point of view, or at least, the point of view of a girl who is half Chinese by birth and wholly so by early training. The opening chapters, where we first meet this girl in her childhood in the household of her uncle, the coffin maker with the hideously weasened old grandmother placidly contemplating her own death, and troubled only with remorse for having sold her daughter to a Foreign Mandarin, who forbade her to bind the grandchild's feet—all this is only the foretaste of a book that takes us into a life apart from anything we have known and gives us a sense of the chasm that opens between the yellow race and the white. More specifically, the power of this book depends upon its presentment of the internal race war waged hour by hour in the mind and soul of the Eurasian girl; her fluctuations between a fanatical acceptance of the culture and religion of her father's race as taught in the English mission school and her equally exaggerated repentance and return to the gods of her Chinese mother. Pictorially, the scenic effects of the culminating chapters devoted to the Boxer uprising, the flight of the Emperor and the final tragedy on the Imperial throne itself, show a rather uncommon power of visualisation and justify us in placing this volume on the list of those that are distinctly worth while.

"Yellow Men and Gold"

Chinamen play a prominent part in another current volume, *Yellow Men and Gold,* by Gouverneur Morris. It is an exasperating fact that Mr. Morris has never taken himself as seriously as he should; but there is no question of his ability to write even when one feels that he is not taking the trouble to make half as much out of a story as its possibilities would warrant. In his preface to this new volume he frankly draws a comparison between it and Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty,* praising the latter at his own expense. There is a certain superficial resemblance between the two books. In both of them a man and what Mr. Norris delighted in calling a Man's Woman voyage through southern seas on an adventurous quest after wealth and treasure and have fierce conflicts with a piratical band bent upon the same quest. But here the resemblance ceases. Frank Norris's story was a species of modern saga with the breath of the mythical and the superhuman blowing strongly through it. *Yellow Men and Gold* is frankly a tale of adventure, rather extravagant, rather stimulating and here and there verging upon burlesque. One cannot help rejoicing now and then in the sheer audacity of it, a perfectly impossible yarn of course, but one that you cannot afford to miss if you have a spirit of adventure and a sense of humour.

"Wandering Ghosts"

Among all the readers who delighted, year after year, in the late Marion Crawford's novels, comparatively few ever thought of him as combining with his other talents a gift for ghost stories. Yet he had this gift to a notable degree, and it was a happy thought of his publishers to bring together these widely scattered tales into a single volume under the title of *Wandering Ghosts.* There are seven of these tales, ranging all the way from the dank and shivery creepiness of "The Upper Berth," in which a drowned man persistently returns to the berth he formerly occupied and the brine and the ooze of the sea drip gruesomely down into the berth below—to "The Doll's Ghost," a tender little story of delicate artistry, telling how an old German doll-maker has sent his little daughter out at nightfall to deliver a doll to an important customer—a favourite doll from which he parts with great reluctance; and how there is an accident in which the child is badly hurt and taken to a hospital, while the old man sits at home growing more and more

anxious as the hours pass by and no word comes. And then suddenly a little shadowy shape comes into the room with the swish and rustle of tiny silken skirts and the old man rises and follows the little shape out into the streets and on and on till it leads him to the hospital. The little daughter, it seems, is not seriously hurt; but the doll, as the reader has foreseen, is crushed beyond all cure. But the story that surpasses all the others in sheer grimness is that entitled "The Screaming Skull." After years of quarrelling between man and wife, the husband finally kills the woman by pouring melted lead into her ear. Fearing that some investigation may be made, he removes the head from the coffin after the undertaker has gone and buries it in quicklime. Subsequently, he too is found dead mysteriously, with his throat torn as though by the jaws of some animal. Such at least is the account given by the dead man's friend who enters into possession of his former home and comes across in one of the closets a curiously white and well preserved skull. To attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of uncanny horror surrounding that skull, the weird things that it apparently does, the gruesome way in which it manages to transfer itself from place to place, would be quite futile. It is a tale such as Poe might have written; the manner is not that of Marion Crawford as most of us know him; but it makes us wish that the spirit had moved him to do more of the same kind.

"The Patrician"

The Patrician, by John Galsworthy, is another of those careful and penetrating studies of English social life through which he is steadily building himself an enduring reputation. Its special theme is the force of social conservatism among the British upper classes, the burden of living their lives not as they themselves would choose but as their rank dictates. In the vital issues and in the little details of daily intercourse, there is everywhere and all the time the invincible power of precedent, the iron bound rule of prescribed conduct. The central story is that of a young statesman whose misfortune it is to fall in love with one of the tenants on the family estate—a beautiful young woman living quite alone, whose antecedents are obscure. It turns out that she is the wife of a clergyman from whom she is separated but without divorce. Now for this young statesman, this representative of the patrician class to marry the woman he loves, should she procure a divorce, is one of the things forbidden by the unwritten law, one of the things that his family would move heaven and earth to prevent. He may live with her, if he chooses, provided he does so quietly and without scandal; that is nobody's business save their own. But marriage with a divorced woman happens to be one of the things forbidden. The story is worked out quietly and with Mr. Galsworthy's wonted refinement of art, to the logical conclusion of grey and quiet tragedy. It is not as big a book as some of his earlier ones; it lacks the amplitude and many-sidedness of *Fraternity;* but within its own dimensions it is admirable for its sense of proportion, its well-rounded completeness.

"Trevor Lordship"

Trevor Lordship, by Mrs. Hubert Barclay, is another volume with little of the element of novelty about it. In fact, it bears a strong resemblance to a quiet type of story quite prevalent in England a generation or more ago; the story in which a man and a girl, after an engagement of many years' standing, marry, not from love, but simply because it is what everybody expects them to do; and then, little by little, each of them secretly realises that love has unexpectedly come, yet conceals the fact, not daring to hope that it is returned. There are other interwoven threads of romance, younger lives with their own burden of hopes deferred; yet what makes the book worth reading is primarily the married life of Henry Trevor and Eleanor, his wife, and the slow degrees by which they reach the fulness of mutual understanding.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Daniel Halévy's "Life of Nietzsche"*

What would the mere name of Nietzsche have brought to the imagination of Balzac? Would he, on finding Nietzsche was a peripatetic philosopher wrestling with bad eyes and a congestion of ideas, have exclaimed, as he did on discovering Marcas was a tailor: "He deserved a better fate"? Or would the name have merely suggested a sneeze—like that of Shagpat which shook a nation? It is hard to say. To-day Nietzsche comes trippingly to the tongue; the Superman is a platitude of conversation, people can even spell his name and quote what Bernard Shaw has said about him. And all this in ten years! Taine, in France, had reached out to this lover of chloral and Carman and had felt the force of his dynamic phrases; George Brandes, actually his discoverer, had already begun to reveal to Europe the strange thoughts of this hater of hypocrisy and weakness; Gustave Strindberg—the misogynistic dramatist of three matrimonial experiences and a resulting dislike for the modern woman—had already introduced into his savage plays the *motifs* of the German's anti-femininism, and Havelock Ellis—expounder of sex psychology—had offered in his *Affirmations* a word from England, when the long twilight settled on Nietzsche's mind and in that twilight his star was found. The tragic close of his life and his fierce denunciations of Wagner caught the popular ear, and from curiosity came fame and with fame influence. To-day it is secure; generated in a subjective isolation, his influence rushed out in weird hissing phrases against the rock-made conventions of man—those habits of a community; and in making us question our own ideals he has done us an infinite service. It matters little that we have discovered, in spite of his vigorous rousing of us from the cosy sentimentalisms we are prone to, it was the glamour of his armour rather than the strength of his philosophy which has halted us.

Reams have been written explaining him, and he has been lost in his disciples, misunderstood by his contemporaries. Thanks to the devotion of his sister, Madame Förster, the man is emerging, and in the book before us Daniel Halévy has succeeded in a clever fashion in condensing the outlines and presenting us with an admirable and accessible biography. *The Life of Frederick Nietzsche* differs from Dr. Mügge's well-known *Nietzsche and His Work* in that the emphasis is placed on the manner in which the external facts of his life influenced his thoughts rather than with a detailed exposition of his thought as such. Yet his life had few high spots save of subjective value; to many it would seem uneventful, and though it embraced a long relation with Wagner it was mainly a tragedy of thought—a series of mental adventures while in the search for spiritual and physical health.

These adventures began in childhood and, as M. Halévy points out, Nietzsche's private journal was a wonderful revelation of a child's mind, since he posed there the same questions in answering which his entire life was concerned. His years at school were prosaic, though he fell in love for the first time, discovered Plato and Æschylus, found himself a poet and learned to worship Schumann and Beethoven, whom he played with ease. It was a versatile, searching mind which he took, when eighteen, to the University of Bonn. He entered into the spirit of the place. He even fought a duel to become a "finished" student. Lacking an enemy, he had to choose a friend. "I am new this year," he said, "and I want to fight a duel. I rather like you. Let us fight." Nietzsche received a rapier thrust and felt he had achieved manhood. But he soon became morbid and introspective—till he found Schopenhauer; this was the great event of his youth. Henceforth, though philology was his profession, philosophy became his love. "What do we seek?" he had written to his sister. "Is it repose or happi-

*The Life of Frederick Nietzsche. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ness? No, truth alone, however terrible and evil it may be." He never changed this attitude.

Shortly after this he met Wagner, through Madame Brockhause, the sister, and this proved the great critical event in his life. M. Halévy presents the facts of this famous intimacy in many pages and bears out Huneker's statement that "these two became friends through a series of mutual misunderstandings." The days at Triebschen were days of illusion: in Nietzsche Wagner saw a brilliant revealer, in Wagner Nietzsche saw a god who would make philosophy possible through art. It was this direct contact with the musical genius which inspired Nietzsche's activity in Greek thought: Dionysius was reborn. Nietzsche's thoughts began to steer from set philosophies into original channels. The Franco-Prussian War broke out at this time, and being technically a Swiss citizen, as he held the chair of philology at Basle, he could only participate as a member of the ambulance corps.

Some unfortunates were given into his charge; he did his duty with kindness and courage, but experienced a singular emotion, a sacred and almost enthusiastic horror. For the first time he considered without repulsion the labour of the masses. He watched those millions of beings, some struck down and marked by death, others marching the roads or standing under arms; he considered them without contempt, he esteemed their destiny. Under the menaces of war these men have something momentous about them. They forget their vain thoughts; they march, they sing, they obey their chiefs, they die. Frederick Nietzsche was recompensed for his pains; a fraternal impulse uplifted his soul; he no longer felt his solitude; he loved the simple people who surrounded him. "All my military passions awake," he writes, "and I cannot satisfy them! I would have been at Rezouville, Sedan, active, passive, perhaps. This Swiss neutrality always ties my hands." . . . He is no longer the loyal Swiss of another time; he is a man among men, a German proud of his Germany. A war has transformed him; he glorifies war. War awakes the energy of men; it even troubles their spirits. It obliges them to seek in an ideal order, an order of beauty and duty, the ends of a life which is too cruel.

The change which had taken place within troubled him when he saw Wagner again. "To sway the people is to put passions in the service of an idea." He felt Wagner was compromising, and to accomplish his end was changing, chameleon-like, to each school of philosophy whose support he wished. M. Halévy cleverly traces the growing coldness between the two men until finally, in the tragedy of disillusionment at Baireuth, Nietzsche recognised despairingly that he had allowed himself to be captured by the gambols of a giant. His ardent love had been deceived. He had given his heart to this man who had trifled with a sacred gift. He wrote in his Notes of which his friends did not know:

Let us really ask ourselves what is the value of the time which adopts the art of Wagner as its art? It is radically anarchical, a breathless thing, impious, greedy, shapeless, uncertain of its groundwork and quick to despair; it has no simplicity, it is self-conscious to the marrow, it lacks nobility, it is violent, cowardly. This art unites pell mell in one mass all that still attracts our modern German souls; aspects, ways of feeling, all come pell mell. A monstrous attempt of art to affirm and dominate itself in an anti-artistic period. It is a poison against a poison.

Nietzsche felt humiliated because he had betrayed truth, and again his thoughts were driven deeper into the search for the meaning of life. Yet a curious and naïve idea occurred to him on being invited to see Wagner.

Did he merely wish to affirm his independence or did he wish to *correct* Wagner? He took a score of Brahms, whom he admired, and whom Wagner pursued with a jealousy that was comic at times, slipped it in his trunk, and, early in the first evening, put it well in view on the piano. It was bound in the most beautiful red. Wagner perceived it and, without doubt, understood; he had the sense to say nothing. Next day, however, Nietzsche repeated the manœuvre. Then the great man exploded; he screamed, raged and foamed; then dashed off, banging the doors behind him. He met Nietzsche's sister, who had come with her brother, and, suddenly laughing at himself, gaily related the anecdote.

"Your brother has again thrust that red score on the piano, and the first thing I see

on entering the room is it! Then I fell into a fury like a bull before a red flag. Nietzsche, as I knew well, wanted me to understand that that man, too, had composed beautiful music. I exploded—what is called exploding."

And Wagner laughed noisily. The bewildered Fräulein Nietzsche sent for her brother.

"Friedrich, what have you done? What has happened?"

"Ah, Lisbeth, Wagner has not been great."

The thought of a *Parsifal* was more than he could bear when he heard Wagner was thus to proclaim himself a Christian. Yet he struggled to enjoy the opening performances of the *Ring* at Baireuth. Each evening was a triumph that only added to his distress—*Rhinegold, Valkyrie,* souvenir of his youth, *Siegfried,* of Triebschen, this latter being the only one he could listen to without remorse. Then followed the *Götterdämmerung.*

It was the end. The curtain fell slowly and the spectators rose suddenly, with one accord, and gave vent to a loud burst of cheering. Then the curtain rose once more and Richard Wagner appeared, alone, dressed in a redingote and cloth trousers, holding his little figure erect. With a sign he called for silence; every murmur ceased.

"We have shown you what we wished to show you," he cried, "and what we can show you when all wills are directed to one object; if, on your side, you support us, then you will have an art."

He retired, then returned again and again. Nietzsche watched his master standing in the limelight, and he alone in the hall did not applaud.

"There he is," he thought, "*my ally* . . . the Homer who has been fertilised by Plato."

The curtain fell for the last time and Nietzsche, silent, lost in the crowd, followed his tide like a wreck.

For many months after this he fought death—his struggles with pain throughout his wracked life were indeed heroic—and yet he always worked, even if with the caprice of his mind he changed his ideas and reversed every thesis he ever held. A glimpse of his loneliness and search for disciples is found in an anecdote told by a student at Basle.

I attended Nietzsche's lectures. I knew him very slightly. Once, at the end of a lecture, he chanced to be near me, and we walked side by side. There were light clouds passing over the sky. "The beautiful clouds," he said to me, "how rapid they are!" "They resemble the clouds of Paul Veronese," I answered. Suddenly his hand seized my arm. "Listen!" he said; "the holidays are coming; I am leaving soon; come with me, and we shall go together to see the clouds of Venice." . . . I was surprised. I stammered out some hesitating words; then I saw Nietzsche turn from me, his face icy and rigid as death. He moved away without saying a word, leaving me alone.

It is near the lakes of Italy that the labour of *Zarathustra* took place. The doctrine of the Eternal Recall was the first thing to bring him back to his old mental activity.

On my horizon thoughts rise, and what thoughts! I did not suspect anything of this kind. I say no more of it, I wish to maintain a resolute calm. Alas! my friend, presentiments sometimes cross my mind. It seems to me that I am leading a very dangerous life, for my machine is one of those which may go to smash. The intensity of my sentiments makes me shudder and laugh—twice already I have had to stay in my rooms and for a ridiculous reason: my eyes were inflamed. Why? Because while I walked I had cried too much; not sentimental tears, but tears of joy; and I sang and said idiotic things, being full of a new idea which I must proffer to men.

It is impossible to follow all the curious quirks which the external happenings had upon his thought—the Superman was born and his lapidary phrases built up slowly the most monumental chaos man has ever conceived. Only broad outlines were to be given by him: the task was too impossible with his failing mind and health. The indifference of the public had its effect—his own ego became audience as well as actor, and proportion was lost. But he was a long while breaking up. The famous love episode with Lou Salomé did little to settle him. M. Halévy gives all the facts as are known: all that is essential is that Nietzsche suffered again a complete disillusionment. Nietzsche met her through his intimate and helpful friend, Fräulein von Meysenburg.

A few days after their first interview, Miss Salomé and her mother left Rome. The two philosophers, Nietzsche and Rée, went with her, each of them enthusiasts for the young girl. Nietzsche said to Rée: "There's an admirable woman; marry her." "No," answered Rée; 'I am a pessimist; marry her yourself; she is a companion that you want." . . . Nietzsche dismissed this idea. Perhaps he said to his friend, as he had said to his sister: "I marry! Never. I would have to be a liar somewhere or other."

The months that followed, including the days when they were alone at Tautenburg, are secret history. She married Rée later and wrote a book about Nietzsche. Perhaps Madame Förster broke off the affair—one will never know. Some time after, when Rée offered to dedicate his philosophical work to Nietzsche, he refused. A letter written by George Brandes in 1888 shows us Paul Rée living in Berlin with Miss Salomé as "brother and sister," according to both their accounts. But Nietzsche was completing *Zarathustra* alone in the mountains. He began to take chloral, and gradually his mind went to pieces. He was probably insane from 1888—just when fame was beginning to settle upon him her reward, and he was feeling the leavening influence of his ideas. His last days were but fragments of flashing thought—the old brilliancy and the gradual dissolution. He died at Weimar the 25th of August, 1900.

Whatever criticism is to be made of M. Halévy's volume, admirably translated by J. M. Hone, rests solely on its lack of a chapter showing Nietzsche's influence. This, however, is in a measure removed by T. M. Kettle's introduction. In this is found perhaps the best comment on M. Halévy's book: "It exhibits Nietzsche as better than his gospel, a hundred times better than most of those disturbers of civilisation who call themselves his disciples."

George Middleton.

II

DANIEL FROHMAN'S "MEMORIES OF A MANAGER"*

Despite the so-called commercialism of the drama, one occasionally finds a view on the theatre that does not come entirely from the box office. This happens in the case of a producing manager, who takes the profession seriously, with dignity and with high purpose. Mr. Daniel Frohman has been such a manager, and in addition to his long service to the American play and player, he has made of his experience a volume of interest and value.

When Mr. Frohman started what theatre-goers now refer to as "the old Lyceum," the splendid career of the Wallack Company had ceased and A. M. Palmer's Union Square Company was no more. The only great stock company in New York (then as now the heart of the theatrical world) was Mr. Daly's company, which played the classic drama. The day of the stock artist and particularly the scholarly stock director was nearing its noon. Mr. Frohman determined to produce the modern drama, and his little theatre on Fourth Avenue, New York, became the most productive "star factory" that this country has known. Its manager might well be called a Theatrical Warwick, for he made many modern kings of the stage. He had a quick eye for talent, and around him he rallied promising young men and women whom playgoers were later to know as their favourite stars. The list of his protégés includes E. H. Sothern, John Mason, William Faversham, Herbert Kelsey, Henry Miller, Robert Taber, George Fawcett, Felix Morris, James K. Hackett, Cyril Scott, E. J. Morgan, Mary Mannering, Henrietta Crossman, Effie Shannon, Georgia Cayvan, Grace Elliston, Virginia Harned, Maude Adams, Hilda Spong, Alice Fischer, Julie Opp, Bertha Galland and a score of others.

Mr. Frohman tells some stories of the early days when the struggle was hard. He had selected Sothern as the star for his first play, *The Highest Bidder*. One night manager and star were dining at the old Ashland House, which was across the street from the theatre, when Sothern, who happened to look out of the window, said: "Look, isn't it bully. There's a speculator in front." The speculator usually spells success in the box office. After the play had proved

*The Memories of a Manager. By Daniel Frohman. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

to be a huge hit Sothern said, "Can anything be done to stop those infernal speculators?"

Once during that first run Edwin Booth came to see the young star, who was the son of his old friend and colleague. After the performance Mr. Booth, Mr. Frohman and Mr. Sothern went to supper at the Players Club. The great actor told of many incidents in the life of the elder Sothern. Among other things, he informed them that it was due to him, Booth, that young Sothern was christened "Edward."

"It came about in this way," said Mr. Booth. "When you"—addressing young Sothern—"were born in New Orleans, your father telegraphed me to become your godfather, and that you were to be named Edwin after me. Your father was a splendid and brilliant man, but rather wild in his tendencies at times, and I was a little afraid to assume the responsibility of godfather to his son. So I declined. I am sorry now. But this is why you are called Edward instead of Edwin."

That original methods of publicity were employed in those stock days is shown by an anecdote that Mr. Frohman tells about the feat performed by one of the members of his company, an Englishman named Piggott, who was an athlete and a sturdy swimmer. From a boat near the Atlantic Highlands he swam out toward an ocean liner. An officer, thinking he was exhausted, threw him a life preserver and hauled him aboard.

"What do you want?" asked the officer as the passengers crowded around the dripping man.

"I want to know if you have seen *The Highest Bidder*," was his reply. Then he dived into the sea and made for his boat.

To the old Lyceum, as stage manager Mr. Frohman brought a young man with a large temperament, who had been actor, prompter and author in San Francisco. His name was David Belasco. Under Mr. Frohman's tutelage he first came into his own, for it was at the Lyceum that, in connection with DeMille, he wrote and produced *The Wife* and *The Charity Ball*. Mr. Frohman interestingly describes how this clever pair worked out their plays. He says:

Their plays were first constructed without dialogue. This was the most difficult part of their labours. When the framework was decided on, the dialogue of the acting scenes began. Frequently the work was done on a silent stage, De Mille writing dialogue, Belasco acting each part and fitting the words appropriately into the scene, virtually stage-managing the literary into dramatic form, timing the length of the scenes, entrances and exits into dramatic proportion.

On one occasion, when they had constructed the third act of their third Lyceum play, *The Charity Ball*, they came to me with the result. It was an effective act, only the leading lady was not in it. I said to them, "I can't afford to leave the leading lady out of the principal act of your play." They saw this. It meant a serious reconstruction of the entire scheme. But in a few days they had fixed upon a satisfactory solution. The story of David Copperfield's love for Dora, and afterward for Agnes, gave them the clew. So that, though the hero of the play was in love with the lady they had fixed on, it was easy to bring the character analogous to Agnes into the ethical scheme and corresponding limelight.

Thanks to Mr. Frohman's activities at the old Lyceum, American theatre-goers have some of their dearest memories. One of the most charming concerns Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*. Concerning the first production of this play Mr. Frohman tells a very interesting story.

It was first given in November, 1888, and, oddly, the only American character in the play was enacted by the only Englishman in my company—Mr. Kelsey. In the cast were W. J. Le Moyne, Henry Miller, Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. Whiffen and Louise Dillon.

In those days the audiences were far more unsophisticated and fastidious as to their dramatic subjects. The first-night patrons at the Lyceum were startled to find that the heroine was an illegitimate child. It seemed to cast a pall upon the assemblage. I felt it and saw the reason. I cabled Mr. Pinero for permission to make a slight change in the relations of the parents. In short, I legitimatised the child. The author grudgingly consented. But as a result of this change the play became a success and ran a season. It was subsequently played on tour by two companies.

On the subject of Pinero Mr. Frohman makes this comment:

My experience with Mr. Pinero, both as an

author and friend, has always been delightful. For many years he gave me the rights to all his plays. We had no contract, only a memorandum of terms, and no offers of greater financial inducements induced him to swerve from his allegiance.

Mr. Frohman tells of some intimate experiences with Sardou, two of whose plays he produced at the Lyceum. The careers of these plays surprised the great French playwright. The one, *Americans Abroad,* he thought would fail proved to be a huge success; the other, *A Woman's Silence,* which he felt would be popular, was an instant failure.

Here is a Sardou anecdote as told by Mr. Frohman:

One day while I was walking along the street with him in Paris he stopped at a stationer's and bought a package of writing paper.

"Here," he said, "is all I need for my stock in trade—paper and pens—while you Americans have to spend vast sums to build theatres."

"But," said I, "we have a little story of a man in America who went to a lawyer for a few minutes' advice. When the lawyer presented a large bill for this service the man said, 'What! that big sum for ten minutes' advice?'

"'Yes,' said the lawyer. 'What I was enabled to tell you in ten minutes took me thirty years to acquire.'"

In Mr. Frohman's company was Georgia Drew Barrymore, mother of Ethel. She had the proverbial Barrymore wit. On one occasion, says Mr. Frohman, she was playing in San Francisco when she was asked to take part in a special performance. She wired her manager in New York for permission, and his reply was "No," whereupon she wired back the one word, "Oh." This was more laconic than Artemus Ward's answer to the San Francisco manager Thomas Maguire, which Mr. Frohman recalls in this connection. Maguire telegraphed Ward: "What will you take for forty nights in California," and the humourist answered:

"Whiskey and water."

In this book are many references to two of Mr. Frohman's great managerial experiences. One was when he had charge of Madame Modjeska's tours; the other when he brought over the Kendals. He says that the thing that shocked Mrs. Kendal more than any other was the American cuspidor.

In addition to the reminiscences of his large and fruitful experience Mr. Frohman contributes several chapters on the composition of plays, why plays fail, and a review of the drama as it exists to-day. These are chapters that the aspiring playwright (and ninety per cent. of us are supposed to be suffering from the new disease of Playagra) may read with interest and much profit. They are the result of many years of play-making in a big way. Mr. Frohman's whole theory may be summed up in a single sentence, "Plays are not written; they are re-written." Elsewhere he says, "The subtle quality of a play is the essence embodied in the feeling it produces, rather than in lines and arbitrary physical action. If one could capture it and imprison this essence in a bottle like a magic lamp and invoke it at pleasure the mystery of playwriting would be solved."

Hugh Henshaw.

III

Dr. McComb's "Christianity and the Modern Mind"*

The author of this book is already widely and favourably known on account of his close relations with the Emmanuel Movement and of his many contributions to various publications in connection with that work. The present volume is certain to increase his reputation; and it will further deepen the impression that his success in psychotherapy is due to his ability in other fields. For this book is not the product of a novice, but of one who shows wide reading, a mastery of what he has read, and a firm grasp of the present religious problems.

As the title indicates, the purpose of the book is to show that Christianity is as truly adapted to meet the needs of this age as of any in the past; but to do this, the office of the interpreter must be invoked, for the stumbling block of Christians has never been the teaching of

*Christianity and the Modern Mind. By Rev. Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Jesus, but interpretations of that teaching which have satisfied the age in which they were produced and then have come to be regarded as authoritative, with the result that the text was buried in the commentary. It is refreshing now and then to forego the interminable question, what did Jesus mean? and to dwell reflectively on what Jesus said. The author of this book is familiar with the interpretations, friendly and hostile, but he invariably penetrates to the original sources, and takes the reader with him.

In many minds there is still an impression that if one accepts the teachings of science and of philosophy he cannot hold also the tenets of the Christian faith. Dr. McComb shows that there is no necessary contradiction or inconsistency. It is true that much in the Bible can no longer be maintained. Some results of criticism must be assumed. But the Christian faith is left in its integrity, though some of the unfortunate accretions are lacking.

Suppose we take a question which agitates some minds sorely to-day, the resurrection of our Lord. The author takes the position positively that historical criticism no longer allows us to doubt the appearances of the risen Lord. Now the appearance to Paul has of recent years generally been explained as a psychological phenomenon. But Paul himself puts this on a par with the appearances to the other brethren. Must they not all then be explained in the same way? Dr. McComb frankly admits that they all *may* be thus explained, but *must* is another matter. The story of the appearance to Paul as he describes it, and the story of the earlier appearances to others are so different, that the natural psychological explanation in one case becomes unnatural and forced in the others. The subjective interpretation requires such an ignoring of the facts related, that it creates more difficulties than it removes. Hence the author concludes, though not wholly from the grounds I have stated, that it is "hard to resist the conclusion that the Jesus who was put to death on the cross and laid in the grave, recrossed the barriers that separated the world beyond from this" (p. 88).

The chapter on "Religion and Miracle" is very refreshing. It is far from satisfying the demands of any one who held to the post-Reformation apologetics in which prophecy and miracle were regarded as the sole and sufficient bulwarks in Christian evidences. But it will gratify many who wish to believe all that is possible, and who at the same time are unwilling to flout their intelligence. First we read of the strong support of the historical evidence for the miracles; we are reminded of their true place as signs, not works of wonder, but works of divine compassion. Several of the miracles, especially those of healing, are shown to be explicable on the principle for which Jesus pleaded, that they were not performed by a power limited to Him. Of others which may not be thus explained, we find this remark: "The wise and cautious scholar will be slow to deny the authenticity of other incidents, in spite of the fact that to those our present knowledge can afford no analysis which we to-day accept" (p. 146 f.).

The author's well-known power of repartee appears now and then. For example, in the chapter on "Suffering" he refers to the Christian Science method of relieving pain and disease by denying that they exist, and adds, "disease is just as real or as unreal as health, no more and no less. Health is a certain condition of the organism. Disease is a certain other condition. Both are real or unreal. Christian Scientists, to be logical, should deny the reality of both, in which case all argument ceases and every tongue is paralysed" (p. 156).

The most disappointing section is that on immortality. It is good, in part very good. The author's faith is clear and strong, and he offers much of comfort and support to the many who have misgivings. But in a book which shows such acquaintance with the works of other scholars, it is strange to find in this part no mention of Sir Oliver Lodge's beautiful treatise *Reason and Belief*. Finally, it is to be said that throughout the volume is one of the best examples of the author's clear and trenchant style, making the reading easy and interesting.

Loring Woart Batten.

IV

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN"*

It is on the slightest of threads that Mr. Chambers has strung the series of independent stories that constitutes his latest volume. An experience with a pig on his Long Island farm results in a middle-aged gentleman's trip to Paris with his two daughters, and the passages of sightseeing are pleasantly interlarded with whimsical narratives, told, for the most part, by one Williams, a literary man, in which Mr. Chambers's peculiar vein of extravagant invention, farcical humour, and crude erotic sensibility, finds free vent. It is interesting to note, with respect to the last-mentioned quality, the entirely physical, not to say fleshly, character of the attraction which is the essence of all Mr. Chambers's love-stories. This writer is the poet of that shallow romantic sentiment with which the average American is saturated, and which exhausts itself in the glamour of a purely animal instinct.

A French philosopher has observed that love is "L'échange de deux fantaisies, et le contact de deux peaux." Americans will call this definition cynical, yet it is strangely apposite to the sort of passion portrayed by Mr. Chambers. To be sure the twin fantasies are rather tinsel, and the "contact" finds its innocent apotheosis in the succulent kiss which has made Mr. Chambers celebrated. A gentleman climbs a ladder to the top of a wall at night. A lady by a marvellous coincidence does the very same thing at the very same moment from the other side. They meet: "We were amazed to find our noses so close together, and I s a i d—something foolish—a n d s h e laughed—the prettiest, disconcerted little laugh, and that moon was there, and suddenly, to my astonishment, I realised that I was going to kiss her if she didn't move— And—she didn't." There is something veritably infra-human in such prompt yielding to a primitive osculatory instinct—something molluscan or akin to insect life.

*The Adventures of a Modest Man. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

When Mr. Chambers tries deliberately to reach a higher level of sentiments, as in the case of the shopgirl who refuses, through a sense of shame, to pose for her lover, a sculptor, but who has a cast made from her living body to aid him in his modelling of two statues, the result is pure sham and bathos. On the other hand, the story of the awkward young man who inadvertently ties the shoestring of the girl seated next to him in an elevated train, and who endures the agonies of the damned under her scornful disdain during their long ride to the end of the line until the car is empty and the knot can be untied without attracting mirthful attention, is really funny. So is the adventure of the two New Yorkers in the Canadian woods where they rescue the Vassar girls carried away by a flood in the swanboat and dragon-scales of too realistic Wagnerian tableaux. As a humourist Mr. Chambers has not a little of the gusto and dry extravagance of Mark Twain. The travel notes are especially favourable to this comparison. What, for example, could be more in the manner of the great American humourist than the predicament of the "modest man" of the title when, after having taken his daughters to a quiet hotel of the *rive gauche,* he discovers that the establishment is one frequented exclusively by those who are taking the Pasteur treatment, and receives the condolences of their French friends, who believe, naturally, that they are threatened with hydrophobia?

For the rest Mr. Chambers, as always, is at his best in his passages of pure description, in his celebration of the joys of the chase and of the out-of-doors. It is in such a gorgeous page as that in which he describes the habits of Ajax Telamonides, a beautiful semi-tropical butterfly, that he reveals himself a true artist as well as a naturalist of trained scientific habits of observation. It is, after all, not odd that he should fail as a novelist through the very qualities that would make him an excellent entomologist. The explanation of this failure lies precisely in the fact that he treats women as if they were merely very robust and palpable butterflies, and not even a much greater degree of literary art than is pos-

sessed by Mr. Chambers could conceal the essential vulgarity of an attitude rendered only the more objectionable by a specious drapery of romantic sentiment which has no real emotional depth or tenderness. Mr. Chambers's well-dressed young professional heroes are but shallow and rather stupid barbarians of a coarse breed, while his heroines, except for a somewhat superior mental development, constitute their true sexual opposites. It is a strange picture, but one whose relevance to American society of the present seems to be attested by the popularity of the writer who is perhaps our most representative story-teller.

Cleveland Palmer.

V

Eden Phillpotts's "Demeter's Daughter"*

There is such a splendid high standard of endeavour, such a gripping power of achievement in Mr. Phillpotts's best work, that only the shallow-minded can quarrel with his circumscribed choice of subject. He seems to have set himself the task of doing one thing thoroughly well, of polishing the same diamond until each of its facets show ever new colours, ever new gleams of light. Whether it be the varying aspects of Dartmoor's scenery throughout the seasons, or the philosophising of village Solons in the Inn—two features always to be found in a Phillpotts novel—the writer has ever new shadings of beauty for the country he so loves; ever new phrases of homely wisdom for his groups of cronies. And so it is in this latest book, which in even excellence of writing, in the power of its simple story, can easily be ranked with the best the poet of Dartmoor has yet given us. It will be welcomed gladly by all lovers of his work.

Here again, as in the best of the former books, it is the Mother-woman about whom the story circles. Alison Cleave is a type, not a personality, intentionally so. She is the primitive woman, simple, loving, unselfish, bound to a life of crushing toil, few joys and many sorrows by what seems an inexorable natural law she dares not question. Having once taken the initiative in youth, and cut herself off from her own people by a runaway match, Alison bears the burden of her life with a charming worthless husband, in poverty with which she must cope almost single-handed, in the grief of seeing her children grow away from her in their resemblance to their father—bears it with an unselfish devotion to duty pathetic and gripping in its apparent futility to stem the stride of Destiny. Her simple faith wavers but seldom, only in the blackest hours of her trial, but she clings to its tenets and finds words of comfort from it for others, if not for herself. She does not lose it even at the death of her best-loved, most promising son, even at the rascally flight of the eldest. She finds words of helpful sympathy for the bereaved sweetheart of her fallen soldier-boy; she soothes with loving kindness the bitter ravings of the girl betrayed and forsaken by his elder brother, forgetting in care for the others the depth of her own grief. But one thing only can break her simple self-control—the infidelity of the husband for whom she has suffered and endured so much. With the narrowness of her primitive outlook on life, she accepted his idleness while she struggled to support him, his patronising interference in her most careful plans, his shallow vanity and utter irresponsibility. These all seem to her natural things that a woman must expect to endure. But the breaking of the marriage vow is in her eyes an unpardonable sin. Even though she suffered no loss from it, even though, under the influence of his newly awakening love for another woman, Aaron Cleave was kinder and gentler to his wife than ever before, more helpful, more considerate, beginning to do his share in the support of the family, in thought for his children—all she had hoped he might do—Alison cannot accept this improvement at the hands of another. The modern woman's point of view is voiced by Lavinia Hatch, who had frankly drawn the husband from his duty because he amused her, but who endeavoured to make him a useful member of society at last. She tries to make the wife see that she is robbing her of nothing of value,

*Demeter's Daughter. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The John Lane Company.

and giving her more than she is taking. But Alison cannot and will not understand, and her life goes down in a chaos of wild rebellion against fate, for which her tragic death by accident seems to give the only solution. There are some new features in this latest Dartmoor story. The most notable is the invasion of the New Woman into village life, unconsciously in the case of Joyce and Jenney, consciously in the case of Lavinia Hatch, who lives her life as she chooses, gaining the essentials of freedom by conceding the unessentials and keeping her opinions to herself. She is a new type for a Phillpotts novel, and she remains triumphant on the field where Alison, the primitive type, succumbs to the sordid tragedy of her existence. It will interest admirers of Mr. Phillpotts to know whether he intends this close of his latest work as a promise of further development of the newer type.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VI

G. B. McCutcheon's "What's His Name"*

This story can best be introduced to the George Barr McCutcheon reader by saying that it belongs in the class with *The Day of the Dog, Cowardice Court, The Flyers, The Purple Parasol, The Alternative,* and The *Butterfly Man.* It is perhaps closest to the last named story —a character study with a hero who ceases to be heroic when he leaves the soda-water fountain of the drug store at Blakeville. There Harvey—from first to last the reader never learns more than that—is a resplendent creature, a lordly dispenser of sundaes, college ices, Merry Widows, sherbets and banana flips. The Blakeville maidens regard him with eyes of meek surrender, and finally to one of them he tosses the Sultan's handkerchief. But a few years bring a strange change in his life. The stage-struck girl whom he has married has become the great Nellie Duluth, the reigning queen of Broadway musical comedy, and Harvey is that most pitiful of all male creatures, a popular actress's insignificant and wife-supported husband. He has lost every vestige of individuality. He is just What's His Name, an object of amused contempt. The very stage hands at the theatre flout him and bar his way at the stage entrance. With his little daughter Phœbe and two servants, who share the general opinion and take their pay and their orders from Madame, he lives in the Tarrytown home that has been provided for them, while Miss Duluth resides in her apartment in the city, and once a week drives out for an hour or two's visit to her child. Her husband, when she considers him at all, she regards as an utterly useless encumbrance.

But under all the vacillation, and cowardice, and cheapness, and braggadocio there is in Harvey just a little bit of a soul, and it is as no complaisant husband that he regards the marked attentions paid to his wife by the millionaire Fairfax. There is an invasion of the apartments in which Nellie is giving a supper party, and Harvey effectually cows the guests by flourishing an unloaded pistol. Later he turns this pistol against himself with quite harmless results, and then finding another attempt at suicide by gas ineffective, owing to the gas having been turned off, he shakes the dust of unfriendly New York from his feet, and goes back to Blakeville to begin a new and more congenial life. After all, he is somebody in Blakeville, and the wild life he is supposed to have led makes him the most envied and talked of man in the place. Nellie obtains a divorce and marries Fairfax, but the latter soon tires of her, and the end of the story finds her bound for the West in the hope of winning back a shattered health. Harvey intercepts her on her journey and they agree to forget what has happened, and to become reunited. She is touched by his plight and devotion. "Harvey," she says, "you are a perfectly dreadful fool"; a verdict with which no reader is at all likely to disagree.

James L. Lawtrey.

*What's His Name. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

VII

Irving Bacheller's "Keeping Up With Lizzie"*

This little volume is one of the books which impress the reviewer with a sense

*Keeping Up with Lizzie. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of the futility of his task, for his effort, however expended, will have no influence whatever on the fate of the book. As was said recently of another story, whoever reads it will quote from it to the next person he meets until the victim buys a copy in sheer self-defence. The critic who thinks overwell of his own opinion may make wise remarks as to the overdoing of the village dialect novel, as to the inartistic effect of preaching common sense and the simple virtues openly in a book meant merely to entertain—and as much more as he likes. The fact will remain that Mr. Bacheller's latest story affords the reader an hour of undiluted enjoyment. And under its fun lie so much sound common sense, so much wholesome philosophy, so much keen observation of men and things, that even the serious-minded reader can return with pleasure to many a sentence which loses nothing in the rereading. It is distinctly worth the time it takes to make the acquaintance of Socrates Potter, the "only scientific man in Pointview, Connecticut;" to hear his views on life and to let him tell you the story of how grocer Sam Henshaw's ambitions for his pretty daughter brought all the evils of the strenuous life, modern extravagance and modern business immorality—the two are correlative, Socrates asserts—into peaceful Pointview. But Lizzie was sound at heart, as well as pretty and clever, and when Socrates told her a thing or two, she stopped short in her stride, and returned with a vim to the simple life. Whereat all Pointview, even the millionaire summer residents, had to work just as hard to keep up with Lizzie on this new tack. Finally Socrates, who has been telling them all their shortcomings, is suddenly reminded of his own incompleteness by the charm of a sleeping baby, and decides that he will quit moralising at Pointview folks and get married himself. There are so many quotable sentences in this little book that to give any selection of them here would be doing injustice by inference to dozens of others just as good. But here is one that embodies a distinctly new idea:

"Why, these days, if a man wishes to divorce the family jewels an' is afraid of his wife, the house is always entered by a burglar. My dear sir, the burglar is an ever-present help in time of trouble. It's a pity that we have no *Gentlemen's Home Journal*, in which poor but deservin' husbands could find encouragement an' inspiration.

J. Marchand.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Unknown Lady. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Half Loaves. Mackay. (Duffield.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. I Myself. O'Connor. (Brentano.) $3.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Slow Coach. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Ten Boys from History. Sweetser. (Duffield.) $2.00.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

5. The Book of Carlotta. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Clipper Ship Era. Clark. (Putnam.) $2.00.
2. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. Bill Bruce of Harvard. Patten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Adventure. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Vanity Box. Stuyvesant. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Lead of Honor. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Fortunata. Patterson. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Siege of Boston. French. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
3. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The New Nationalism. Roosevelt. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
3. Essays on Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Little King. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI OHIO

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Two on the Trail. Footner. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Antigone of Sophocles. Harry. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
3. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Clarke.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Patty Fairfield. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Maude Baxter. Hotchkiss. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
3. The Married Miss Worth. Hale. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
5. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Pilgrim Church. Ainsworth. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
4. Threshold Grace. Ainsworth. (Revell.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons. Seaman. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Vanity Box. Stuyvesant. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
6. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. England and the English from an American Point of View. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches. Bagby. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The New Boy at Hilltop. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
5. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. The Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) $2.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. He Can Who Thinks He Can. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Auction Bridge Up-to-Date. Dalton. (Wycil.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Lame Englishman. Deeping. (Cassell.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rainy Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Our Little Belgium Cousin. McManus. (Page.) 60c.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Joy of Living. Sudermann. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Passing of the Third Floor Back. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Strength of the Weak. Thacher. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. For Each Day a Prayer. Davis. (Dodge.) $2.00.
3. Lyrics from Cotton Land. McNeill. (Stone & Barringer.) $1.50.
4. Hoosier Lyrics. Field. (Donohue.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy's Drake. Bacon. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The New Boy at Hilltop. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. "813." Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Intellectuals. Sheehan. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.
3. Social Adjustment. Nearing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. The Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
3. Princess Polly. Brooks. (Platt & Peck.) $1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Jim Hands. Childs. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
5. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
3. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Be Good to Yourself. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
3. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How Money Is Made. Hall. (Hall.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Accounts. Cole. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Everybody's Lonesome. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75c.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The World of Life. Wallace. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Frolics at Fairmount. Baker. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
2. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) 1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Doll's House. Ibsen. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Aeroplane Boys' Series. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Getting On. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Flower Children. (Vollard.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
6. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. A Man of Two Countries. Harriman. (Harriman.) $1.50.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Fruit Growing in Arid Regions. Paddock and Whipple. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
3. War or Peace. Chittenden. (McClurg.) $1.00.
4. Golf. Whitlatch. (Outing.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Phoebe and Ernest. Gillmore. (Holt.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. To the Highest Bidder. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. The Dop Doctor. Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
6. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) 50c.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
3. Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing		1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	191
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	154
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	111
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	105
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	94
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	88

THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Respectfully Submitted

We beg to ask Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of Franklin Square, New York City, whether in publishing *Glamourie*, by William Samuel Johnson, they contemplated issuing a story in French with English quotations, or a story in English with French quotations.

Fame and Sorrow

If one would have an illuminating picture of the French stage and French stage life in the middle of the last century, let him take up Mr. Francis Gribble's recently published *Rachel*. Of all the entertaining volumes which Mr. Gribble has prepared in the course of the last few years this seems to be the most adequate, and its adequacy, strange to say, rests on its judicious omissions. In other words, in the presentation of his picture he has sifted through an enormous amount of material, and used only what was apparently essential to the work. But that which he has discarded is far from being lost. It forms the imperceptible but very sound sub-structure upon which the volume has been constructed.

The life of Rachel Felix, despite its brevity, was one of the most interesting and varied of any in the annals of the stage. It is to be regarded, thinks Mr. Gribble, neither in the spirit of blame nor of approbation, but of pity. She seems to have pitied herself. "La pauvre Rachel" is a refrain which runs through her letters, now playfully, and now pathetically uttered. The reasons for her melancholy are not difficult to find. Raised from the gutter to the most dazzling heights, she had hardly begun to taste the intoxicating joy of her artistic triumphs when she received the first warning that her course from the dark to the dark would be brief, and her life, thenceforward, was a race against time; a race in which there was to be little leisure for repose or contemplation. She was famous when she was little more than a child; and yet the night was already foreshadowed. Once, at a rehearsal of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, she burst, without apparent reason, into a



WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON



RACHEL FELIX

flood of tears. Asked why she wept, she replied that it was because of her premonition that she, too, like the actress whom she was impersonating, was destined to die young and see the cup of rapture snatched from her lips almost before she had tasted it. It was for this reason that she made haste, racing against time.

It is with the real life of Rachel rather than the stage life that Mr. Gribble has to do. As an actress she was almost invariably great; as a woman she was unquestionably often small. Dozens of stories have been told of her avarice and her ingratitude. Often she over-reached herself and defeated her own ends. The great Count de Walewski was on the point of offering her marriage when an impatient exclamation that was repeated to him caused him to break off their relations and to espouse another. Rachel was dazed and shattered by the rupture. "It is all over with me," she writes, "I can hold my pen no longer. My tears choke me. Whatever I write is obliterated by a flood of tears. It seems to me that I am speaking to him, and I fall into a fainting fit before him, as poor Phèdre before Minos. Tell him, if you see him, the things which I cannot bring myself to write. Farewell! Pity me! You can never pity me enough."

However genuine as her grief apparently was, it did not in the least suggest to her that she change her manner of life. Walewski had been the successor in her heart of a score of others, and he was followed by as many more. There is the famous story of Rachel and the Prince de Joinville, the sailor son of Louis Philippe. Having admired Rachel at the theatre the Prince proceeded with nautical directness, sending up his card with the words: "Où? Quand? Com-



M. AND MADAME MAURICE LEBLANC AND THEIR SON

bien?" Rachel sent back the card with the reply: "Chez Toi. Ce Soir. Pour Rien." Then there was Arthur Bertrand, whose chief attraction in her eyes was apparently that in winning him she was taking him away from another woman—the actress Déjazet. The one man whose attentions she repulsed was Alexandre Dumas. It was at the time that she was under the protection of Walewski. The mulatto's advance was checked at every point, and in order to cover his retreat he took up his pen and wrote as follows to Walewski:

MY DEAR COUNT: I have attempted the siege of a town of which you are the governor and I have been badly beaten. Receive my compliments. I would rather that you received the news of your victory from me than from any one else. Doing so, you will have no right to bear me malice for my defeat. Pray tell Mlle. Rachel that I am not contented to continue to be the admirer of her talents, but that I desire also to remain her friend.

Always yours,
A. DUMAS.

Whereupon Walewski, who knew his Dumas and had no confidence in him, responded, continuing the military metaphor, by enjoining him to keep silence under pain of consequences:

I should be obliged, to my great regret, to take the field if the enemy, after raising the siege, should change his tactics, and should either try to penetrate into the citadel by surprise or to diminish the merit of the defense by circulating rumours of its capitulation.

Of Rachel's childhood it is enough to say that it was both sordid and pathetic. She sang in the streets for coppers, acting as she sang. In after years there were many stories told of this period of her career, most of them probably apocryphal. For, example, it was related that one day there was added to the audience a radiant, clean-shaven man, of quite a different class from the others. He stopped to listen for a moment on his quick, firm walk toward success in life, and he remarked the intelligence of the child's performance. He lifted her up, and kissed her on the forehead. "Little one," he said, "I love children, and I love artists.



CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER, AUTHOR OF "THE COWARD OF THERMOPYLAE" (See page 419.)

Here is a piece of silver for you. But you should not sing those very shocking songs. Here is something better, a little piece of my own. Take it and sing it to any tune you like. Good-bye, my little one!" Having said that, the radiant, clean-shaven man passed on, resuming his march toward success in life; and the child, hugging her piece of silver, enquired whether any one knew who the kind stranger was. The question was passed around the ring until some one was found to answer it: "His name is Hugo—Monsieur Victor Hugo. He is a very clever gentleman who writes books." The anecdote is Arsène Houssayé's. "We may believe it if we like; or we may believe, if we prefer," Mr. Gribble comments cynically, "that Rachel and Victor Hugo imagined it in collaboration as a happy piece of symbolism in the later years when they met as equal potentates, claiming respectively to be the greatest poetical creator, and the greatest poetical interpreter of their generation.

Rachel at her apogée was almost a national institution. A member of the French Academy said to her, "Madam, you have saved the French language from destruction." To which she replied: "Sir, my credit is the greater in view of the fact that I have never learned it." For a time the Faubourg St. Germain cultivated her. Queen Victoria invited her to "declaim" at Windsor and found her, as she told the King of the Belgians, "such a nice, modest girl." In London she was invited everywhere, and the Duke of Wellington, after paying her innumerable compliments one evening, called on her the next day. When she went to Germany she was treated as the King's guest. At a time when the Crimean War was imminent the Czar invited her to play at St. Petersburg, and there both he and the Czarina lavished upon her the most magnificent presents. This Russian expedition did not increase Rachel's popularity in France. She was represented as making sport for her country's enemies. At one banquet in St. Petersburg the Russians boasted to her that they expected soon to be drinking the French champagne in France. She retorted that she hardly thought the French Government was likely to supply champagne to prisoners of war, an answer which effectually put an end to Russian homage, and failed to redeem her unpatriotic greed in the eyes of the French.

But Rachel's visit to the United States proved a dire failure. It was at a time when this country as the land of dollars, almighty and innumerable, had already reached the ears of European entertainers. Dickens, Fanny Elfssler, and Jenny Lind had gathered in these dollars in generous numbers. The last named had taken almost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in thirty-eight nights. Rachel's brother, Raphael Felix, who was her business manager, argued that his



MRS. CORRA HARRIS

The author of "A Circuit Rider's Wife" has just delivered to her publishers the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "The Recording Angel"

sister, being more famous than Jenny Lind, would draw still larger houses, and had computed the profits of the trip to amount to exactly five hundred and ten thousand, nine hundred and twenty dollars. But Jenny Lind had been "run" by Barnum, a showman in comparison with whom Raphael was but an ignorant child groping in the dark. In addition, Americans did not need to know the language of Jenny Lind in order to listen to her night after night, whereas they were, with exceptions, ignorant of the French language, and indifferent to the masterpieces of French dramatic literature. It was enough to hear Rachel once, in order to be able to boast of having heard her. And this difference of attitude was inevitably reflected in the receipts. Rachel's first house was her best—at the Metropolitan Theatre, on September 3, 1855, she drew five thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. But Jenny Lind's first performance had drawn no less than eighteen thousand seven hundred dollars. The New York disappointment was more emphatically repeated in other American cities, and in addition Rachel's health was already seriously impaired. Long before the term of the vacation accorded to her by the Comédie Française had expired she returend to France and settled down to rest in a country house at Meulan.

Oscar Wilde in America

A propos of Mr. Richard Butler Glaenzer's paper on *The Story of Reading Gaol* it is perhaps worth while to recall some of the incidents of Oscar Wilde's visit to the United States for the purpose of lecturing. He reached this country early in January, 1882, having crossed the Atlantic on the steamship *Arizona*. Naturally he was met at Quarantine by the ubiquitous reporter and furnished columns of copy for the newspapers throughout the country the following morning. His first lecture, on "The English Renaissance," was delivered in Chickering Hall, New York City. He was attired in short breeches and silk stockings, but he did not carry the expected sun-



OSCAR WILDE

flower or lily. Of the lecture a writer in the New York *Nation* said, "Mr. Wilde was essentially a foreign product and can hardly succeed in this country. What he has to say is not new, and his extravagance is not extraordinary enough to amuse the average American audience. His knee breeches and long hair are good as far as they go; but Bunthorne has really spoiled the public for Wilde."

From New York Wilde went to Boston and there had an adventure which has been often retold in later years. On the night of his first lecture there the audience was large but not exactly a representative one. It was mainly composed of the curious who had been attracted by the announcement that a number of Harvard students, dressed up in a burlesque of the "æsthetic costume," intended to be present. The masqueraders waited until Oscar Wilde had stepped upon the platform, and then trooped in in single file. There were sixty youths in the procession, and all were dressed in swallow-tailed coats, knee breeches, flowing wigs and green ties. They all wore large lilies in their buttonholes and every man carried a huge sunflower as he limped along. Sixty front seats had been reserved for the Harvard contingent, and it was amidst shouts of laughter that they filed into their places. The effect that they wished to produce was, however, spoiled to some extent by the fact that Oscar Wilde had for that occasion discarded his peculiar costume and appeared in ordinary evening dress, so that those of the audience to whom his usual appearance was not familiar entirely missed the point that the Harvard students wished to



A GROUP AT GUNSTON HALL

From left to right, Paul Kester, the playwright, Vaughan Kester, the author of "The Prodigal Judge" and other novels, and Paul Wilstach, the author of "The Life of Richard Mansfield" and the play "Thais"

make. In addition, Mr. Wilde completely turned the tables by proceeding with his lecture with quiet dignity. He crowned his triumph by offering the Harvard students a statue of a Greek athlete to stand in their gymnasium.

American Memories

A forthcoming volume of memories that impresses us as being of considerable interest is Marian Gouverneur's *As I Remember*. During her girlhood Mrs. Gouverneur visited in the same house with President John Quincy Adams. She was also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish while the former was governor of the State of New York, at the time that President Zachary Taylor visited them. Her first teacher was Miss Bacon, and later she was a pupil of Maria Forbes, the daughter of John Forbes, one of the first librarians of the New York Society Libraries, and the celebrated Madam Chegaray. She married Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, a grandson of President Monroe, and all her life was spent in the most interesting social and political circles of Washington. She had the peculiar distinction of being the person to introduce Washington Irving and William Makepeace Thackeray.

The occasion of the introduction was Mrs. Gouverneur's last meeting with Irving, whom she had known for some years. She was passing the winter of 1855 in Washington as the guest of an elder sister, Mrs. Eames. Irving, who was then seventy-three years of age, was making a brief visit to the Capitol and called to see her. Thackeray was on his second visit to the United States and was delivering his lectures upon *The Four Georges*. "I had scarcely welcomed Mr. Irving into my sister's drawing-room," she writes, "when Thackeray was announced, and I introduced the two famous but totally dissimilar men to each other. Thackeray was a man of powerful build and of very direct manner, but to my mind was not an individual to be overpowered by sentiment. I cannot remember after the flight of so many years the nature of the conversation between Irving and Thackeray apart from the mutual interchange that ordinarily passes between strangers when casually presented."

Later Mrs. Gouverneur met Thackeray quite a number of times during his stay in Washington, where he was much lionised in society. "One evening," she says, "we were all gathered round the



MARIAN GOUVERNEUR

family tea table when he chanced to call and join us in that cup which is said to cheer. He entered into conversation with much enthusiasm, especially when he referred to his children. He seemed to have a special admiration for a young daughter of his, and related many pleasing anecdotes of her juvenile aptitude. I think he referred to Anne Isabella Thackeray (Lady Ritchie), who gave to the public a biographical edition of her father's famous works. I remember we drifted into a conversation upon a recently published novel, but the title of the book and its author I do not recall. At any rate, he was discussing its heroine, who, under some extraordinary stress of circumstances, was forced to walk many miles in her stocking feet to obtain succour, and the whole story was thrilling in the extreme; whereupon the author of *Vanity Fair* exclaimed, 'She was shoeicidal.' Although he was an Englishman, he was not averse to a pun—even a poor one! I remember asking Mr. Thackeray whether during his visit in New York he

had met Mrs. De Witt Clinton. His reply was characteristic, 'Yes, and she was a gay old girl.'" Our sole excuse for quoting this paragraph is that it illustrates so beautifully certain remarks that were made in the chronicle in the BOOKMAN for last August to the effect that "why is 'good morning' to a great man forty years ago considered such a pious literary relic?"

The Curse of Scotland

In an early chapter of *As I Remember* Mrs. Gouverneur recalls the story of how the nine of diamonds came to be known as the curse of Scotland. The battle of Culloden, or the "Culloden Massacre," was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. The order of the Duke of Cumberland to grant no quarter to prisoners caused the whole civilised world to stand aghast, and earned for him the unenviable title of "the Butcher of Culloden." It has been suggested in extenuation of his conduct that the Duke was "deep in his cups" the night before the battle, and that the general to whom the order was given realising the condition of the Duke, insisted that his instructions should be reduced to writing. Cumberland thereupon seized a playing card from the table where he was engaged in gambling, and complied with the request. The card happened to be the nine of diamonds.

Concerning "Discoveries"

As a general rule we are not very profoundly impressed by the discoveries of hitherto unknown manuscripts by great writers of the past. They are interesting, of course, but they are very seldom found to be serious contributions to literature. A man may not be the best judge of his own work, but that which he discards entirely is pretty sure to be more or less defective. Elsewhere in this issue there is an account of a newly discovered story by Balzac. The June number of *Harper's Magazine* (these notes are written after reading some advance page proofs of that issue) will contain a hitherto unpublished narrative by Thackeray. Both of these "discoveries" have a certain significance, but the reader may be quite sure that Balzac did not throw aside a *Père Goriot* or Thackeray a *Henry Esmond.*

The Thackeray discovery, which bears the title of *Cockney Travels,* is introduced by a note written by Lady Ritchie. She tells how her father used to keep many of his papers in a square mahogany box which his publishers had once given him. There for years the note books have remained, together with various diaries and the sketch books and scraps of manuscripts and packets of letters; and there she has gone from time to time for the purpose of clearing up various questions and problems which have arisen. In hunting for the story of the "Knights of Borsellen," which is announced for publication in *Harper's* for July, she found another manuscript which had also been put away by Thackeray and forgotten. In a corner of an outer page he had written *Cockney Travels.* It is a record of certain impressions jotted down about the year 1842, just before he crossed to Ireland and wrote the *Irish Sketch Book.* "He was in trouble at the time," comments Lady Ritchie, "but how charmingly the aspects of the world appear before his kind eyes."

In substance there is nothing about *Cockney Travels* that could be characterised as astonishing. But if for nothing else it is worth while for that beautiful, mellow style which was Thackeray's from the beginning. For example, he is musing on the Great North Road and the contrasts between the modern world and the old:

> Ah! old friends of the road, where are you? What a pleasant, kindly relationship it was which subsisted between the traveller and you! What a deal of active good-will and lasting friendship did the gift of a shilling here and there engender! Why, if you gave a waiter half-a-crown you might kick him downstairs; not that he was servile or cowardly—only forbearing and good-humoured, and, knowing your innate generosity, willing to pardon your freaks. Think of the delightful descriptions of inns which Harry Fielding has left us, and even Toby Smollett, the humorous and cantankerous Scot! Well, the Cyclopean iron-



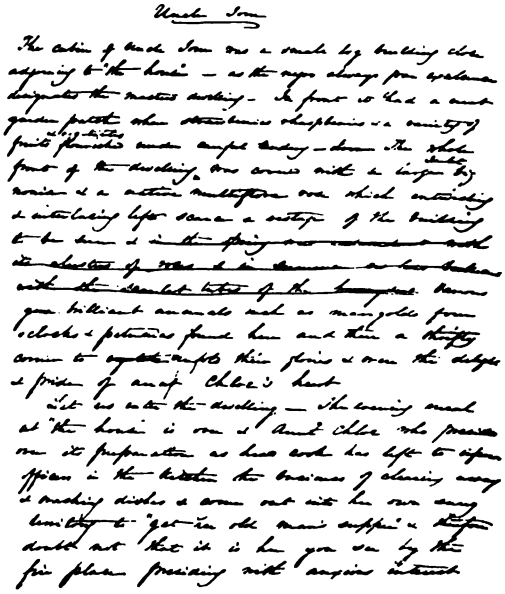
THE HOUSE IN WHICH "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN

masters have stormed and taken that heaven from us—that joyous Highroad Heaven, with all its fair inns and kind inhabitants—there are no suppers at the King's Arms, Bagshot, any more; the Lion at Barnet has dropped his old tail forever; and as for the King's Arms at Sevenoaks, I declare that only three weeks since I heard one of the daughters of the house playing a sonata of Thalberg's, which she concluded with a neat Italian song from *Norma!* Where are the coachmen and all their coats? the barmaids and their red, smiling cheeks? the post-horn (first and second turn out), the comfortable old jingling yellow post-chaises and the postboys? Let us hope that some other world has been found for them—some happy cloud, and to us unknown, *post-futurum!*

Building "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

The *Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, by Charles Edward Stowe and Lyman Beecher Stowe, contains an interesting chapter on "How Uncle Tom's Cabin Was Built." In view of the subsequent history of the famous book it will surprise many persons to learn that the author originally designed it as a work of pacification. She did not expect that the abolitionists would be satisfied with the story, but she confidently believed that it would be favourably received in the South. She was relying on the facts that two of Uncle Tom's three masters were men of good character, amiable, kind, and generous, and that she was trying to show that the fault was not with the Southern people but with the system. A friend who lived in the South and had seen the manuscript wrote her: "Your book is going to be the great pacificator; it will unite North and South." Great was Mrs. Stowe's surprise when the South protested furiously against the book, while the abolitionists received her with open arms.

The character of Simon Legree Harriet Beecher Stowe obtained from her brother Charles. It was drawn exactly from life. Charles Beecher and a young Englishman who was his travelling companion, while on a Mississippi steamboat going from New Orleans to St. Louis, actually witnessed the scene where the Legree of real life showed his fist and boasted that it was "hard as iron knocking down niggers, and that he did not bother with sick niggers, but worked his in with the crop." The scene in which the Senator takes Eliza in his carriage, after her wild flight over the Ohio River on the floating ice, and carries her on a dark and stormy night to a place of safety, is a description of an event that took place in Mrs. Stowe's own Cincinnati household. She had in our family as a servant a young woman whose little boy was the original of the "little Harry" of the story. One



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST MANUSCRIPT PAGE OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" (REDUCED)

day she came to Mrs. Stowe in great distress, and told her that her old master was in the city looking for her, and might at any moment appear and drag her back to slavery. That very night Professor Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher took the woman and her child in the family carriage over just such roads as are described in the book, and brought them to the lonely farmhouse of a man named Van Sant, who consented to shelter them from the slave catchers.

Nursing a Mystery

In England they are nursing a mystery over the authorship of *The Dop Doctor*, a novel which was brought out in this country last summer under the title *One Braver Thing*. The book purported to be by Richard Dehan, a new name to the critics and to the libraries, and though rather quietly issued, it soon proved a substantial success. Meanwhile, people began asking who is Richard Dehan? The American publisher of the book does not know, and apparently very few persons in England know. Consequently there began the old game of nursing a mystery. The most probable name suggested, in view of the scenes and nature of the story, is that of "Frank Danby," the author of *Pigs in Clover* and *The Heart of a Child*. Perhaps the most preposterous guess of all is that which ascribes *The Dop Doctor* to Mr. William De Morgan. Perhaps the mystery will soon be cleared up, for it has been announced that Richard Dehan's next book will be about the Crimean War, in which a near relative of the writer served with great distinction.

The writer of a literary column in the *Yorkshire Observer* professes to know Richard Dehan's identity, but can say nothing beyond the fact that it is a surprising secret. The subject leads to a discussion on his part of the question of anonymity in general and the cases of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod and Anthony Trollope in particular. From the time when he began to succeed as a writer, Trollope felt an injustice in literary affairs which had never suggested itself in the days of his apprenticeship. This injustice was that a name, once acquired, carried with it too much favour. The critics, he believed, sometimes fawned upon established writers even when they wrote trash. In order to test this theory he determined to be an aspirant and to begin a course of novels anonymously, in order that he might see whether he could obtain a second identity. As a result of this idea he wrote *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressel*. For these books he received four hundred and fifty pounds each, which was, of course, much less than he was earning from the books appearing under his own name. The only person who discovered Trollope's secret was Mr. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*. But neither *Nina Balatka* nor *Linda Tressel* was a success. In his Autobiography Trollope says that they were both good stories, but what he does not seem to see is that the experiment was not a fair one, because in them he tried to change not only his manner of language, but also his manner of story-telling.

It is perhaps now forgotten, comments the writer for the *Yorkshire Observer*, that Mrs. W. K. Clifford's most widely known story, *Anne Anne*, was published anonymously, as was also her next best, *Mrs. Keith's Crime*. Mrs. Clifford published *Anyhow Stories* under the signature "L. C." An astonishing result of this was that in many places the tales were attributed to the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. Buwler Lytton was credited with all kinds of books really written by other persons. Thackeray on the other hand, in his early days, could not always get credit for the work that he had actually done. On one occasion he was overruled in his claims of authorship by an aggressive stranger, and sat silent and abashed before the company while the other lectured him severely upon the sin of imposture.

Twain's European Fame

In Mr. Archibald Henderson's *Mark Twain*, a book which in no way interferes with the formal biography that is being prepared by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, there is an interesting chapter dealing with the various European translations and appre-

ciations of Mark Twain's work. His first recognition on the continent of Europe Mr. Clemens received in France at the hands of Mme. Blanc (Th. Bentzon). In 1872 Mme. Blanc wrote about Mark Twain in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and translated "The Jumping Frog." Three years later, in the same magazine, she discussed and analysed *The Gilded Age*. In 1881 Emile Blémont still further enhanced the fame of Mark Twain in France by translating a number of the slighter sketches. In 1886, Eugène Forgues published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an exhaustive review (with long citations) of *Life on the Mississippi*, under the title *Les Caravanes d'un Humoriste*. In his prefatory remarks M. Forgues pointed out the praiseworthy efforts that had been made to popularise these "transatlantic gaieties"; to import into France a new mode of comic entertainment. At first, however, the French public saw in Mark Twain only a gross jester, incessantly beating upon a tom-tom to attract the attention of the crowd. By some, indeed, his exaggerations were regarded as symptoms of mental alienation. But finally his humour won its way. When the authoritative edition of his works appeared the *Mercure de France* paid him this distinguished tribute: "His public is as varied as possible, because of the versatility and suppleness of his talent, which addresses itself successively to all classes of readers. He has been called the greatest humourist in the world, and that is probably the truth; but he is also a charming and attractive story-teller, an alert romancer, a clever and penetrating observer, a philosopher without pretensions, and therefore all the more profound, and finally, a brilliant essayist."

Nevertheless, at the time of Mark Twain's death the *Figaro* said: "It is as difficult for a Frenchman to understand Mark Twain as for a North American to admire La Fontaine." Also in Italy the peculiar *timbre* of Mark Twain's humour found an audience not wholly sympathetic, not thoroughly *au courant* with his spirit. "Translation, however accurate and conscientious," as the Italian critic, Raffaele Simboli, has pointed out, "fails to render the special flavour of his work. And then in Italy, where humorous writing generally either rests on a political basis, or depends upon risky phrases, Mark Twain's sketches are not appreciated because the spirit which breathes in them is not always understood. The story of "The Jumping Frog," for instance, famous as it is in America and England, has made little impression in France or Italy.

It was among the Germans and the Scandinavians that Mark Twain found most complete and ready response. As early as 1872 he secured Tauchnitz, of Leipsiz, for his Continental agent. German translations soon appeared of *The Jumping Frog and Other Stories* (1874), *The Gilded Age* (1874), *The Innocents Abroad* (1875), *The New Pilgrim's Progress* (1875), *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876). A few years later his sketches, many of them, were translated into virtually all printed languages, notably into Russian and modern Greek; and his more extended works gradually came to be translated into German, French, Italian, and the languages of Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. Mark Twain's stories of the Argonauts, his narratives of the wild freedom of the life on the Mississippi appealed to the Germanic passion for the fantastic and the grotesque. In Vienna Mark Twain was fêted in an unprecedented manner and received honours never paid to a German writer. In Berlin the Kaiser bestowed upon him the most distinguished marks of his esteem. When the command to dinner came from the Kaiser Mark Twain's young daughter remarked that if it went on like this there soon would be left no one for him to become acquainted with but God. Mark said that it seemed uncomplimentary to regard him as unacquainted in that quarter; but of course his daughter was young and the young are inclined to jump to conclusions.

In the six-volume German edition of his works published in Stuttgart, in 1898, Mark Twain was hailed in the introduction as the greatest humourist in the world. Among German critics he was



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS



ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

regarded as second only to Dickens in drastic comic situation and depth of feeling. German comparisons between *Robinson Crusoe* and *Tom Sawyer* were all in favour of the latter. The Teutons, however, could never quite discover the dividing line between astounding actuality and fantastic exaggeration. The descriptions of the barbaric west possessed a marvellous fascination for the sedate Europeans. Though realising that the scenes and events of his stories could not have been duplicated in Europe, the German critics revelled in them none the less that "such adventures were possible only in America—perhaps only in the fancy of an American." "Mark Twain's greatest strength," says Von Thaler, "lies in the little sketches, the literary snapshots. The shorter his work, the more striking it is. He draws directly from life. No other writer has learned to know so many different varieties of men and of circumstances, so many strange examples of the Genus Homo as he; no other has taken so strange a course of development." It is a tremendously significant fact that the works of American literature most widely read in Germany are those of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mark Twain.

F. B. Luquiens

Professor Frederick Bliss Luquiens, who occupies the chair of French in the Sheffield Scientific School, has recently brought out a slim little volume containing *Three Lays of Marie de France* rendered into English verse. Professor Luquiens is an enthusiastic student of mediæval literature and deplores the fact that modern readers know so little about it.



SUSAN GLASPELL, AUTHOR OF "THE GLORY OF THE CONQUERED" AND "THE VISIONING"

(See page 419.)

Chaucer, Dante, the Nibelungen, the Cid are, he reminds us, familiar names to every one, but no one knows the names of the early French poets and their writings. The present volume is his first effort toward popularising the wealth of material that lies at present neglected; and although containing scarcely threescore pages of text, it represents an amount of patient industry quite out of proportion to the apparent results. Before undertaking to translate these three Lays he trained himself in the methods of translation best adapted to matters of this sort, and practised the Tennysonian form of English blank verse, by making a complete version of the *Chanson de Roland*—a task requiring considerable courage in the absence of any immediate expectation of seeing the fruits of his labour in print. The three Lays that he has chosen out of the dozen which comprise the whole collection left us by this earliest of French women poets include "Sir Launfal," which, as the translator points out, is in the nature of a fairy story; "The Maiden of the Ash," which is strikingly realistic; and "The Lovers Twain," which lies midway between, the incidents of which "shimmer in an atmosphere of faerie, rendering us incapable of deciding whether to call them stories of real life or fairy tales." The material of these Lays, like that of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, consists of Celtic traditions recast in non-Celtic moulds. They were written by a French woman living in England at the court of Henry the Second; and whether she learned them from the lips of Breton or of Welsh minstrels, she gave them a simplicity and a beauty of form that has immortalised them. It is interesting to recall the fact that Professor Luquiens's father also held the chair of the French language and literature for many years at Yale University. He left two sons, the elder of whom is the present translator, while the younger, Huc-Mazelet Luquiens, is a well-known portrait painter living in New Haven—and incidentally is the artist who provided the graceful lettering for the cover of the book.



FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENS



PORTRAIT BY MARCEAU

FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH"

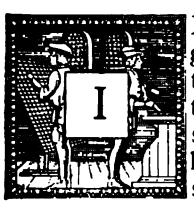


"AS A MAN THINKS"—ACT I

"The entire exposition is made concrete and visual by the clever expedient of bringing in two statuettes to supplant two vases in the drawing-room and attracting the conversation artlessly to circle round these tangible objects. Everything that anybody says about the vases or the statues serves casually to contribute to the exposition."

THE PLAYS OF THE SPRING SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IN the spring the theatre-goer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of other things; and after the song-birds of the opera have sailed away to alien shores, it is difficult to assemble an adequate audience to consider a serious play. This condition of affairs is in many ways unfortunate for the dramatic art. It forces the managers to crowd into a few months the production of innumerable plays of varied types, which inevitably cut each other's throats in a huddled and desperate struggle for the survival of the fittest; whereas, if the producing season were longer, and plays could be brought out in a procession instead of in a riot, more pieces of a modest and unemphatic merit might succeed. But a condition is a condition, and is not to be argued away; even though, as in the present case, it is difficult to discover a real reason for its existence. It would not be fair to lay the blame upon the weather; for spring is a pleasant season in New York, and this year, for example, the theatre has remained a cool and comfortable place throughout the month of May. Rather it would seem that the public becomes wearied by that very hurry and huddle of production in the winter months, which very possibly may be as much a cause as an effect of the lassitude

and emptiness of the spring season in the theatre. In the literal sense of the adjective, we lead a fast life in New York. In the middle of the season we gulp our social pleasures, just as in the middle of the day we bolt our downtown luncheons; and, as a result, we soon become surfeited, and suffer a sickening of the palate. By April we are tired of the theatre, and prefer an evening of sedentary quietude at home or an afternoon of ambulatory idleness upon a golf-course. In this condition of affairs there are, however, a couple of compensations for the cause of the dramatic art. So many of our stages are left vacant that enterprising managers may assume an opportunity to try out plays by new and unknown authors and possibly uncover a success that may be resumed in the succeeding autumn; and so many leading players are left idle by the closing of their regular



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

"Mr. Thomas is at present the undisputed leader of our stage. . . . Alone among our playwrights he seems to have a message; and we go to his plays not only to admire their facile and accomplished craftsmanship, but also to hear what Mr. Thomas has to say about this or that phase of human nature."



"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH"—ACT I

"Especially entertaining are the scenes betwen the heroine and her mother; for as soon as the other characters have left the stage, the heroine drops her affectation of British speech and falls into familiar American slang pronounced with the flat vowels and burring consonants of Indiana."

runs that a manager may readily assemble a so-called "all-star" cast for the revival of some nigh-forgotten drama of other days.

"As a Man Thinks"

Of all the plays that have been presented during the latter part of the current season, the most notable is *As A Man Thinks*, by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas is at present the undisputed leader of our stage. He has served a long apprenticeship in the theatre and has attained a technical mastery of means in which he stands unrivalled by any other American author. At the same time, he has gradually grown from a mere man of the theatre to a public and serviceable citizen. He has thought out an orderly and consistent philosophy of life which, while neither novel nor profound, is healthy and manly, optimistic and encouraging; and in his later plays he has employed his mastery of theatric narrative to expound and to illustrate his philosophy. Alone among our playwrights he seems to have a message; and we go to his plays not only to admire their facile and accomplished craftsmanship but also to hear what Mr. Thomas has to say about this or that phase of human nature. He has a definite purpose and a definite personality; and thereby he has won for himself a definite following among theatre-goers. The fact that his latest piece has played to crowded houses every night is more a tribute to the author than to the leading actor, though the latter is a very able and a very popular performer; and this tribute to an author is so rare in the American theatre that it demands especial notice as a proof that an American dramatist really can rally the public around him if he labours earnestly and sincerely to expound from play to play the best and biggest that is in him.

The success of *As A Man Thinks* is very gratifying to the well-wishers of American authorship in the drama; but a careful study of the piece discloses that it is not nearly so good a play as *The Witching Hour* nor even as *The Harvest Moon*. What the new piece lacks is unity of theme. All that was shown and said upon the stage in *The Witching Hour* served to expound or to illustrate some

phase or other of a single central idea—namely, that thought is a dynamic force and that thinking enfolds within itself the virtue and to some extent the power of action. Likewise in *The Harvest Moon*, though the structure of the story was meandering and unstraightforward, all that was said and done served in one way or another as a commentary on the central theme—namely, the influence upon character of the suggestions of environment. But *As A Man Thinks* discloses a mosaic of many ideas instead of a thematic development of one; it produces on the mind an impression that is plural instead of single. During the course of its four acts, Mr. Thomas talks of many things, and nearly all he says is interesting; but it is impossible for the auditor to seize upon any one topic as the central and informing theme of the discussion. In his two middle acts, Mr. Thomas seems to be groping vaguely about in quest of a centripetal idea; he takes up and subsequently lays aside several distinct propositions that have little logical relation to each other, without ever making up his mind as to which of them he prefers to develop as the theme of this particular play. For a time it appears that he wishes to discuss the status of the cultured Jew in present day New York society; but he relinquishes this topic without having said anything significant concerning it. In the second act he launches forth upon a lengthy and some-



"THAIS"—ACT III

"The story is naturally dramatic; because within the souls of both the hero and the heroine it sets forth a stern conflict between sensuous desire and spiritual sanctity—a double conflict, in which what is noblest in each character conquers what is basest in the other. . . . The piece, besides, offers opportunities for the display of gorgeous scenery and costumes."

what rhetorical eulogy of the Semitic race as the sole conservator throughout the centuries of a belief in monotheism; but subsequently he utilises this motive merely as the basis for an utterly unphilosophical objection on the part of his middle-aged Jewish hero to the marriage of his daughter with a Gentile. Quite apart from these points, he develops an intricate intrigue to serve as a basis for expounding the physiological and sociological reasons for the so-called "double standard" of



"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON"—ACT IV, SCENE 3

"The big scene of the play is set on London Bridge. The villain quarrels with the assistant villain and hurls him into the Thames; whereupon the hero, tearing himself from the clinging arms of the heroine, leaps into the ominous flood and saves the poacher's life."



"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON"—ACT III, SCENE 2

"A troupe of strolling players, consisting of a comedy father and mother and an inspired and insufferable child, who have been gathered from the gallery of Dickens."

morality. What he has to say on this point is thoroughly sound and, therefore, entirely commonplace. In the last act, he preaches that the emotion of hate is bad for the mental and, in consequence, the physical health of him who harbours it, that doubt is destructive of personal equilibrium, and that forgiveness and a rushing recurrence of kindliness are the only sure cures for the mental ills that have resulted from erring impulses and unkindly recriminations. The middle-aged Jewish hero, who is a physician of philosophic mind, is utilised throughout as the mouthpiece of the author, to offer a reasoned comment on the twists and turnings of the several plots.

So many distinct and logically unrelated threads of narrative are woven into the plotting of this play that it would be utterly impossible for the critic to offer any adequate summary of the story. A writer can clearly summarise a story only when he understands what it is all about; and it is evident that even Mr. Thomas does not understand what the present play is all about. Heaven only knows; and Heaven has for once neglected to take the author into its confidence. Yet this statement is not to be taken too emphatically as a reproach. Life itself is most frequently incomprehensible in exactly the same way; a typical drift of actual incident is usually lacking in simplicity and singleness of theme: and it must be admitted that this play of Mr. Thomas's preserves at all points the very look of life and tantalises the spectator toward a comprehension of its meaning.

And underlying the artistry of the work there is a baffling paradox; for, though the play has no theme, and exhibits a chaos of unrelated ideas, it is curiously coherent in expression. In subject-matter it is faltering and unconsecutive; but in the technics of representment it displays an unfaltering and continuous command of all the means of theatrical expression. In structural pattern it seems far more coherent than *The Harvest Moon*, which had the advantage of a single central theme. Supreme workmanship has been applied to materials imperfectly selected: the author's reach is fumbling, but his grasp is firm.

The first act, which, considered from the technical standpoint, is by far the best of the four, is a marvel of expository skill. Indeed, this initial act should be studied carefully by the whole host of younger authors who are striving to learn the difficult art of exposition. It is interesting to compare the method of it with that employed in some of the best-made plays of ten or twenty years ago. In this respect, Mr. Gillette's recently revived melodramas, *Held by the Enemy* and *Secret Service*, will serve us as a standard for comparison. In Mr. Gillette's plays the exposition is effected in a series of duologues. Two characters, in conversation, make three or four points completely clear to the audience; they are then succeeded on the stage by two other characters, who bring out a series of other necessary points; then one of these characters is supplanted by another, who asks and answers leading questions; and so on, until at the end of the act a dramatic incident is suddenly introduced to tie up all the threads of exposition into a neat knot at the curtain-fall. But in Mr. Thomas's first act, there is nowhere a set and formal duologue of exposition. One or two questions are casually suggested in an off-hand conversation; the talk is immediately interrupted by an entrance or an exit; new questions are brought up; one or two answers to earlier interrogations are passingly suggested; the characters are shuffled and shifted once again; a single unobtrusive line answers one point and asks another; and so on, until at the end of the act the auditor perceives with surprise that he has gradually been made aware of all he needs to know. And the entire exposition is made concrete and visual by the clever expedient of bringing in two statuettes to supplant two vases in the drawing-room and attracting the conversation artlessly to circle round these tangible objects. Everything that anybody says about the vases or the statues serves casually to contribute to the exposition of one or another of the many threads of narrative. And the dialogue is wonderfully written. It imitates the inconsecutiveness of actual conversation. It is not punctuated with periods, semicolons, and commas; it is, rather, punctuated with dashes. In the very middle of a necessary sentence the heroine pauses to launch

"Two lumps, please" toward the tea-table. The curtain line gains all its force from breaking off in the middle of a word:—"Mean anyth . . . I love you." This is the way that people talk: the writing is brilliantly real.—Never have entrances and exits been more skilfully effected. An embarrassing duologue between a man and a woman is terminated by the man's sitting at the piano and beginning to play. The sound of the music recalls three characters from the adjacent room. While they are listening in silence, a servant enters from the hall with the card of a visitor; and the latter is shown in just as the piano-playing is cadenced to a close. The whole pattern is a marvel of stage-directing.—The expedient of the opera-libretto in act two, and that of the telephone in act three, though rather obvious, are exceedingly effective. In many minute points the play exhibits the uttermost artistic accomplishment: technically, it is worthy of the highest praise. It is therefore to be regretted all the more that an author so skilful in managing his means should have neglected to determine in advance precisely what he wished most to talk about in this particular play.

"Thaïs"

The success of *Thaïs* as an opera moved Mr. Paul Wilstach to revert to the original romance by M. Anatole France and make a careful dramatisation of it for presentation in the theatre. The result is a piece that is certain to be popular in every considerable city of the country. It is no longer necessary at this late date to summarise in detail this story of the Christian anchorite who fares forth from the starlit solitude of the Theban desert with the purpose of converting the most notorious courtesan of the superb, voluptuous city of Alexandria; who succeeds in awakening a spiritual yearning in her by dint of being strangely different from all the other men that she has known; and who leads her to a sanctuary where she grows to be a saint and subsequently saves him in turn from the perturbations which have been induced in his own spirit by a growing earthly passion for her. This story enfolds within itself many elements of abiding popularity. To begin with, it is naturally dramatic; because within the souls of both the hero and the heroine it sets forth a stern conflict between sensuous desire and spiritual sanctity—a double conflict in which what is noblest in each character conquers what is basest in the other. Then, the story is obviously moral; and there is nothing more popular than obvious morality. Furthermore, all history teaches us that the most popular of all emotions is religious emotion. The piece, besides, offers opportunities for the display of gorgeous scenery and costumes, which are taken full advantage of in the present rich and colourful production. The action, to be sure, moves a little slowly, and at times the dialogue is weighted down with rhetoric; but in the main the play is well planned and more than adequately written. A fine poetic fancy shows itself in many of the speeches; and though there is some confusion in the dialogue between the pronouns *thou* and *you*, the general tone of the writing is dignified and often beautiful. Granted his task, Mr. Wilstach has accomplished it commendably; and he fully deserves the popular success which *Thaïs* has achieved.

"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh"

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, a three-act comedy by a new author, Mr. Harry James Smith, consists really of a couple of Beatrice Herford monologues intermingled with each other and supported by a framework of contributory exposition that dates back to the days of Scribe. As a play, it is crude and badly made; but it is transformed into a pleasing and almost brilliant entertainment by the talents of the most accomplished high comedienne in America.

The name of the heroine was originally Sales. She was brought up in Missionary Loop, in Indiana; and her father made a large fortune by selling a patent medicine with his face upon the label. With her father under the sod, the heroine decided that, in order to live up to his money, she would have to live down his notoriety: therefore she moved to Washington and changed her name to De Salle. Subsequently she transferred the scene of her climbing to England, where she succeeded in marrying a mild

ecclesiast with the hyphenated name of Bumpstead-Leigh. In her arduous ascent to higher levels of society, Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh has been carrying along, as baggage, her mother and her sister. She adopts herself, and also teaches them, an exaggerated British mannerism of speech. After this superficial transformation, the three return to America as pretended English gentlewomen, and are invited to visit a family of rich New Yorkers at their Long Island home. It is Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's immediate endeavour to marry off her sister to the rather worthless elder son of the family she has camped upon. But along comes a certain Peter Swallow, a tombstone manufacturer from Missionary Loop, who used to dangle the heroine upon his knee in days gone by. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh cleverly faces him down, staring at him blankly through a lorgnette, examining him laughingly as a provincial specimen, and overwhelming him with a flood of fluent Britticisms. But subsequently her sister, who really loves the younger brother of the man she has been instructed to angle for, can stand the cheat no longer and deliberately gives the game away.

This piece, as has been stated, is made up mainly of two extended monologues—that of the heroine and that of the tombstone-maker; but both of these monologues are amusing. Especially entertaining are the scenes between the heroine and her mother whenever they are left alone; for as soon as the other characters have left the stage, the heroine drops her affectation of British speech and falls into familiar American slang pronounced with the flat vowels and burring consonants of Indiana. The dialogue is not precisely witty, but it is at least vivacious; and the piece as a whole, in spite of its insufficiency in art, is entertaining.

Mr. A. E. Thomas

There is a sharp contrast in artistry between such a bungling bit of work as *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* and the symmetrical and satisfying comedies of Mr. A. E. Thomas, another newcomer to the theatre, who—incidentally—is not related to the author of *The Witching Hour*. Mr. Thomas's first play, *Her Husband's Wife*, was produced successfully a year ago; but it was brought to New York so late in the season that it was impossible to review it at the time in the pages of this magazine. The piece was an orderly development of a novel and entertaining idea. The heroine, like Molière's Argan, is an imaginary invalid. Convinced of her prospective demise, she becomes solicitous of picking out a second partner for her husband. Naturally she selects a girl who is apparently the plainest and dullest woman of her acquaintance. But the latter, being informed of her selection, immediately spruces herself up and begins an eager flirtation with the husband; and thereby so emphatically awakens the jealousy of the wife that the latter is compelled to forget her hypochondria in a desperate endeavour to win back the husband she had all but resigned to the successor she herself had chosen. The piece was neatly built and neatly written; and it was beautifully human in its humour. For this reason the reviewer of THE BOOKMAN was moved to travel to Trenton, to witness the first—and, as it transpired in the tragic outcome, the last performance for the present—of the author's second comedy, entitled *What the Doctor Ordered*. Three days later the leading actor, Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr.—a delicate and finished artist and a well-beloved man—died suddenly of pneumonia; and, in respect for his memory, the managers postponed a metropolitan production of the play until the fall. This new comedy continues the high promise of its predecessor. A young husband and wife, who have been married a few years, have begun to get upon each other's nerves. What they really need is a brief vacation from each other. Instead, they continue nagging at each other in their daily association, until in a sudden flare-up at the dinner-table each of them vows to cease speaking to the other. Throughout the second of the three acts, both hero and heroine maintain their vow of silence. The communications which are necessitated by the daily business of living are carried on in pantomime, or by speaking to a third and disinterested party, or by writing on a blackboard, or in any of a multitude of other amusing ways. Finally, in the last act, a recon-

ciliation is effected, the long silence is broken, and the couple return to a homely and mutual relation. In both of these plays Mr. Thomas has dared to write pure comedy, without stiffening his plot with the sterner stuff of drama or leaning for more than a passing moment upon either sentiment or pathos. He has created real people, set them in an unusual and amusing situation, and allowed them to work out their own destinies for the entertainment of the audience. His comic power results from his insight into human nature. He is not a satirist: he prefers, rather, to call forth sympathetic laughter. His lines are not funny in themselves, as formulas of words; he is not a manufacturer of epigrams; but his dialogue is rich with a real humour that results from the human nature of the characters and the incongruity of the situations in which they are projected. He builds his comedies with symmetry; and instead of writing them in slang, like the majority of our younger playwrights, he writes them with a careful literary finish. *What the Doctor Ordered* may be commended to the notice of the discerning when it is produced at the Astor Theatre in the fall; and those who are seriously interested in the promise of new playwrights will do well to watch the future work of Mr. A. E. Thomas.

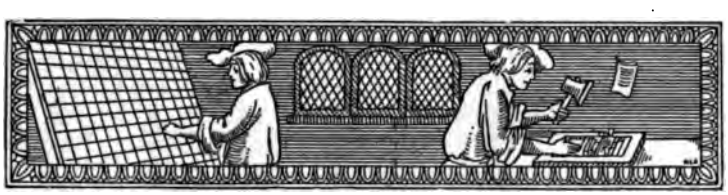
"The Lights o' London"

Just as the mood of a healthy individual varies from hour to hour—so that he is reverent one moment and profane the next, uproarious and poetical within a single evening—so the mood of the public at large varies from generation to generation, and the horse-hair sofa that indicated a bourgeois comfort and solidity in one age becomes the ridicule and eyesore of the next. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. George R. Sims's melodrama entitled *The Lights O' London,* which was taken seriously when it was first produced at the Union Square Theatre in 1881, should be received with ribald merriment after the lapse of thirty years, in its present revival with a so-called "all-star" cast. As is the case in every "all-star" production, the acting as a whole is very uneven; but this fact has nothing to do with the direct appeal that this old play now makes to our sense of the absurd. This melodrama is in truth a creaking and lumbering concoction, and leads us a little to distrust the sentimental sighing of white-haired critics like Mr. William Winter for the grand old days that were. It is plotted with no reference to life and written in ludicrous heroics and rhetorical inflations. The very virtuous hero is a person set apart by destiny to be misunderstood and persecuted. By marrying the lily-white heroine he incurs the anger of his rich and testy father, and is supplanted in favour by his cousin, a deep-dyed and despicable villain. The latter, aided by a sinister poacher whose daughter he has falsely promised to marry, robs the old man of his jewels and his papers and assaults him with a violence that causes him to die; and they contrive, of course, to fix the blame upon the innocent hero. The latter escapes from prison, and is harboured by a troupe of strolling players, consisting of a comedy father and mother and an inspired and insufferable child, who have been gathered from the gallery of Dickens. Through the kindly ministrations of the strollers, the hero is reunited with his wife; but the villain still pursues them. The big scene of the play is set on London Bridge in a murky gas-lit evening. The villain quarrels with the assistant villain and hurls him into the Thames; whereupon the hero, tearing himself from the clinging arms of the heroine, leaps into the ominous flood and saves the poacher's life. In an ultimate court-room scene, the poacher peaches on the villain, and a providential lawyer enters with a will which leaves the ancestral estate to the long-suffering hero. It is this final intervention of the long arm of coincidence which most emphatically titillates the risibilities of the contemporary audience. But the whole play is really just as funny, and offers a striking object-lesson in the progress of the stage.

Historical Matinées at the New Theatre

At the very close of its second season, the New Theatre offered a series of four historical matinées, illustrative of four successive periods in the development of the English drama. Each matinée began with a thirty or forty minute lecture by Professor

Brander Matthews of Columbia University—the foremost living student and critic of the drama in America—setting forth the conditions of theatrical production in the chosen period; and the lecture was in every case supplemented by a presentation of all or part of a play of that particular period in approximately the manner of its time. At the first matinée the miracle play of *Noah's Flood* and the morality of *Nice Wanton* were presented; the second matinée set forth some scenes from *The Winter's Tale* on an Elizabethan stage; the third disclosed several passages from *The School for Scandal* on an apron stage with eighteenth century scenery and appointments; and the fourth exhibited an act and a half of *The Thunderbolt* under contemporaneous conditions. The lectures were both entertaining and instructive, and the illustrative performances were admirable. But the most significant point about the whole experiment for the critic of the theatre was the fact that the enormous auditorium of the New Theatre was completely sold out for this series of matinées several days before the first performance, and that this academic exercise was, in the business sense, the most successful of all the New Theatre's undertakings. Earlier in the season, when the management was attempting to cater to the taste that is vaguely called "popular," by renting the house to Miss Nethersole, reviving *Old Heidelberg,* and importing Miss Tempest to appear in an utterly inconsiderable dramatisation of *Vanity Fair,* the judicious public staid away; but when at last the institution showed an inclination to fulfil the purposes for which ostensibly it was founded, the public walked and motored to the box-office in droves. Studious people who refused to waste an evening over *Vanity Fair* came eagerly to witness the only performance of *Nice Wanton* that had been given in over three hundred years. This is only the latest of many evidences that the heads of the public are higher than our managers imagine. There are in New York, and in fact throughout the country, thousands of people who wish to learn about the history of the drama. A whole host of theatre-goers are eager to pay their money for instruction regarding the past and present of the stage. And an institution like the New Theatre can attain the fullest measure of success only after its conductors have learned to look up to the theatre-going public instead of down upon them.



THE CASUAL READER

BY F. M. COLBY

Among the Ideas in the Air

I wonder why people write so much nowadays about Woman in General. That lively creature, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has been saying that "the female holds up with two strong arms two pillars of civilisation, dignity and thrift," and that she is enabled to do so by "her curious position of private omnipotence." Rather sweeping, is it not? I might set it down to Mr. Chesterton's mental haste and verbal generosity. He hates a narrow word. He would think it stingy to say only what he means, even if he were not in too much of a hurry to find out. In this passage, you see, even the word woman is not wide enough for him; he must needs say female, throwing in the rest of the animal kingdom for good measure. But I have found quite as large sayings about Woman in General in many recent writings that purported to be altogether matter of fact, with none of that "towering levity," that "amateurishness of the universe" about them which Mr. Chesterton has praised and practised. Last summer, for example, a very serious person summed up Woman for us in every age of the world, and proved that she could no longer please men, if she took to thinking, or bear children, if she voted. He wrote without a tremor of indecision, often exclaiming, "All history shows." He said that if Woman went on, the race would have to stop, and that if the race were to go on, Woman must remain affectionate, motherly and almost idiotic. There was a magazine debate on this proposition, lasting several months.

The need of writing about her in this earnest, rapid way arises, I suppose, from some sort of social misunderstanding. No private mind ever remains for five minutes alone with Woman in General. Privately these writers are too much gnawed by women in particular, torn by specific anxieties, dubieties—kinks in a concrete wife, perhaps, anomalies of some mere Aunt Sarah—for any of these wider certainties. Yet publicly there is no checking the rush of firm convictions. Though privately possessed, henpecked, perhaps, by the lawless exceptions, their minds elope in public with some general rule. It seems a singular divergence—this public message that "All history teaches," and private swearing that God only knows. What so balloons man's thoughts of Woman just on the eve of publication and at no other time?

But so it is, I suppose, with most of our public certitudes; they are not only matters of private uncertainty; they are matters about which we have not thought at all. They seem too frivolous for private thinking; fit only for public speech. Minds do not act together in public; they simply stick together; and when the private activities are resumed, they fly apart again. Public discourse abounds in just such large positive assurances about Man, Woman, Nature, Democracy and Progress, in which the mind of the speaker has never personally taken any part. Public opinion is not consensus; it is coagulation.

Believing that the private human mind is a better thing than could be guessed from its public appearances, and often guiltless of its public opinions, I have for some years past kept a note book for the entry of similar divergencies which I have found in current publications. I have something of a collector's mania for collapsible opinions, that is to say, those large, ownerless public thoughts which almost any one will display on a public occasion, but which deflate instantly in solitude or in the comparative candour of private conversation. A public opinion about Woman in General is of course always collapsible and I have many entries under that head. Education, "Culture," sociology, literary criticism, and "the signs of the times" have also supplied me with good specimens, being subjects on which hardly any one can retain a public thought for private uses. Then there are one's political opinions, which of course nobody ever uses privately except in sheer absence of mind. He would as soon think of raising an umbrella while walking in

his house. Never in its private stirring times could a mind be Democratic or Republican. Those are its public fixities. Party politics seem a device for suspending the mind's private animation that action may be taken on a public thought. Hence the peculiar aptness in American politics of the term "stump" speech, proceeding as it does from the stump of an intellect.

It seemed to me that taking notes on these customary divagations was a harmless and perhaps a useful practice at this time, when everybody is publicly saying larger things than he privately believes, professing to love humanity in bulk, trying to spread his mind over great masses of mankind, shoot it at a moment's notice across Asia or down to the roots of civilisation or through posterity or into the temper of the Middle West—a time of mad altruisms and premature leaderships, when people are clean gone into other-mindedness—and believe it selfish ever to stop and think, when one may be up and doing, filling some other person's head with something. It seemed to me that somebody ought to be taking notes on these too early philanthropies. But a thoughtful person whom I asked to read my notes the other day has told me that I am altogether wrong. The practice, he said, was supercilious and the results were trivial. His comments were very disagreeable.

Why so much ado, he asked, about these obvious and too familiar trifles, superfluities of press and platform, reiterations of the stage and books, Woman in a nutshell, flippancies of reform, compliments to Mother Nature, guesses at the nations, guesses at mankind, taste battles, "Culture's" cares and the irritable gentilities, and all the rest of the snobberies, pomposities and Podsnapperies you have caught from flying printed matter—mere rubbish of spent days which sensible folk sweep from their memories? Why recover these discarded things merely for the pleasure of recording them? For you seek neither cause nor cure, but write only as a virtuoso of the waste-basket.

And are you, he asked with embarrassing directness, at all unlike the people you describe or a whit nearer the truth or any less than they a creature of forced notes and the thousand and one needless subserviencies—with all the marks of the social harness on you, callosities of trade, angularities of a mean experience, the twang of your own little group, and the rigidities and evasions of compromised, disingenuous middle age? No sign that I can see of any free and wind-swept spirit about you, said he to me, but the self-same spirit of the men you mention, living in no hypæthral temple but in quite the usual tight-roofed little mental domicile, fancy-proof and habit-shingled, doorless and windowless toward the truth, though with peep-holes for counting other men's opinions, and so broad and glad an entrance for applause, ten dogs might stand abreast wagging their tails in it.

Thus did that disappointed thoughtful person, out of his element, reading me, grow more abusive as he reckoned up his wasted minutes. And I bore it meekly, knowing that I had but drifted down the tide with these colossal commonplaces, lost in a foolish wonder at them, and shown no better way, being myself too bent in false observances, and humdrum daily practice of large lies, conceding too much to staling customs, cheating and being cheated in my turn. What man has got his forty years and odd and kept his own? Little of the individual remains. So hard is it to be a docile social unit in one's mass and still retain one's self-possession. Most of us, I fancy, looking in some honest moment for our souls, will find them gone to social smithereens inside us.

Yet there is a small abstemious personal relic in a man, which looks back with some astonishment at the convivial excesses of his public speech. I suppose a writer on Woman in General sometimes feels toward his vast conclusions as I do toward my company manners, wondering how they ever got so far away. Never have I put my best foot foremost in company without feeling afterward that it was no foot of mine, but might be anybody's, perhaps belonged to one of them that carried out Ananias. Fancy trying to catch a train with the best foot one puts forward in company. I have never hurried to meet a public expectation without leaving myself behind. And it must be worse still with literary folk, conscious as they are that ten thousand eyes are on

them and eager that each one shall open very wide. It must give a writer something of a turn when he sees afterward what he has been up to in some small book on a giant subject, say, how to prevent Woman or what to do with Man, and he might even like to confess to some discreet, kind-hearted person that personally he had not reached those huge conclusions, but often had the smallest notions when he said the largest things, and had not really thought at all of Woman and meant his Susan every time he said the female sex. But it is just as well that Susan should not know. They sav the home life of that serious person who summed up Woman last summer has become very bitter now that his wife has learned the chief source of his literary inspiration. It seems that whenever he said "All History teaches," he meant her. And God speed her vengeance. There is a class of writers on feminism whose wives, I hope, will hammer the very hominism out of them.

To be sure I myself once took notes on one woman, thinking to deceive—plotting a book on Modern Woman merely by expanding her, but I soon gave up the cowardly attempt as altogether hopeless. Only one man, I found, had ever succeeded in summing up even his wife and he a hero and accounted legendary. I mean Peter the Pumpkin-eater who "put her in a pumpkin shell and there he kept her very well." This writing on Woman in General is the mad attempt of lesser men to do as Peter did. Mr. Chesterton uses a Female Cosmos "vast, broad, universal and liberal," and Mr. Shaw has tried a Superwoman "ever pursuing Man at the behest of the Life Force," but not Mrs. Chesterton or Mrs. Shaw or any other particular woman will ever stay inside. And it is a mercy. If the clever people had their way they would expel all wildness from the world. If we were all as clever as they, how should we get our daily surprises? And who would care to talk to a foregone conclusion, no matter how large she was or handsome—even to that Mrs. Cosmos, even to the Superwoman?

Clever people seem not to take any natural pleasure in bewilderment, and are always answering questions when the chief relish of a life is to go on asking them. Proud as I should be of having summed up Woman for two thousand years, I should be sorry if any one of them remained inside my propositions for a week—however cosmical they were or superladylike. That is the consolation of a little mind; you have the fun of changing it without impeding the progress of Mankind. I suppose if you have a very important head you feel that you must never let it spin. Mine may spin with a clear conscience, knowing as it does that it will come off some day and vanish liks a puff-ball, not a very noticeable extinction, and leaving the world as it is. But to the clever writer it is the world that may vanish like a puff-ball unless he goes straight on. Hence the activities of a certain group of gifted English writers on behalf of civilisation. To them it is a potted geranium and they go to bed of a frosty night wondering how they will find it in the morning. Good souls but sent to the wrong address. There must be some other planet, some very little planet, they might have dusted off each night.

Of course I myself have always merely slid along, or been blown rather, free from this awful stewardship, and never had the care of a consciously powerful intellect, which must be managed always for the good of the race. But I do believe these people are solving social problems to excess. They are so preoccupied with everybody that they have little time for anybody and least of all for themselves, and their books are written out of an insufficient solitude. And solitude is necessary for the exposure of society and especially for any effective satirical assault on Modern Man. That is the trouble with those who aim to lash, bite, excoriate and unmask any large part of the population. They bustle about far too much. They would extend the area of devastation, simply by remaining pensively at home. By rights, satire is a lonely and introspective occupation. Nobody can describe a fool to the life without much patient self-inspection.

And by the way how foolish it is to say as some do that we no longer value solitude because fewer of us are now to be found in caves or trees, or on our pil-

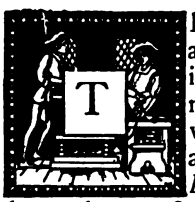
lar-tops. Why trouble to get out of earshot when one has ceased to hear? There is a vast amount of hermit-power in the world though not expended in the mediæval manner. As crowds increase we build our forts of inattention, and the more we talk the easier is it to mean little and listen not at all. Thus are the outer demands met by the inner apathies till a man may buzz all day like a mechanical toy, socially wide awake, personally drowsing. Talk does not balk the solitary instincts but, as is well known, is often the alternating and lonely cry of the mentally separated, a grasshopper antiphon, and we all meet many anchorites in conversation who are safe from intrusion as in a cell. Few would care to lose their precious faculty of not listening, closing the mind to the cruel peltings of unassimilable things, and there is seldom any need of listening, but only of looking as if you were. And it has been my experience that people on the whole are disposed to fair play in the matter, requiring no more attention than they give, showing mercy to my wandering mind as they would have mercy shown to theirs. Talk ought always to run obliquely and not nose to nose with no chance of mental escape. I hate a man who holds the eye. Last night a man I met talked straight into me for fifteen minutes, following the least deflection of the nose, and we revolved slowly beak to beak like hostile chickens afraid to peck. It is not the noise that is unpleasant; it is the acquisition of undesired information. It is proof of some violence done your mind when you find yourself remembering things that at the time you desired passionately not to know. I recall now the names of six hotels that he stopped at last summer.

Still we do, I think, contrive wonderfully in conversation to keep each other off our minds, and most of it is now done turtle-wise, with the mind snug inside its egotistic carapace whereon the patter of a friend's talk is as rain on the roof. Talk moves mostly in parallels and few minds ever meet and even if they do they seem to part with equal enthusiasm. We have great gifts of isolation and even the woman who marries a bore needs little sympathy, for he does but sharpen her natural knack for inattention. I do not believe the women of my family are unhappy when I talk. They are merely driven inward, and make next summer's plans.

Now as we pass our lives largely in these reserves and silences with many doubts that we do not care to mention and many hopes that we do not share, the talk of the day is not the key to us. And that is the mistake of this brilliant group of social problem-solvers. They are too much engaged with the "ideas in the air," applying logic to them, denying, maintaining, and too little with the ideas at the back of their heads and ours. Men's thoughts are not coincident with the "ideas in the air," but run back into a vast hinterland seldom visited in speech. And that is the chance for literature. Literature never remains behind with Progress, but advances always into this back country of the mind, and reports at least what one man sees there. But these men judge us merely by what they hear us say, and then rush into social shepherd work, guessing at everybody, while unacquainted with themselves. So there is a great hurry of words and a preposterous certitude, with Woman and Man and Marriage and Cosmos and God all bundled into nutshells. They do not think like that, but they can spare no time for personal accuracy in their writings. The better sort of books speak to us severally, but their books speak to us as groups or classes using only our own poor, makeshift party cries and watchwords. It is the stuff of platforms and of marketplaces, and not the stuff of honest books. Honest books are centrifugal forces sending souls about their business. Honest books are not impudently certain of all things, and they bear toward the world a sort of *moriturus te saluto* courtesy. They are not written for the side of us that talks, but for the silent side that wonders at the lies we tell. And above all, they are permanently inquisitive, as these clever ones are not; and every man should be inquisitive through every hour of his great adventure down to the day when he shall no longer cast a shadow in the sun. For if he dies without a question in his heart, what excuse is there for his continuance? So devil take these clever people and their certainties.

AN UNKNOWN STORY BY BALZAC

BY ALBERT SCHINZ



HERE has come to light a novel by Balzac the existence of which had remained unknown to the world for two-thirds of a century. This novel, *L'Amour Masqué,* or as the author at first called it, *Imprudence et Bonheur,* was written for the famous Duchesse de Dino. Balzac had been her guest repeatedly; he had recognised in her one of those rare women of former times, who by their intelligent and, as if it were, instinctive appreciation of genius can compensate for a great "incompris" like Balzac, the lack of recognition on the part of his contemporaries; one of those women near whom, thanks to tactful treatment, a man will in hours of depression regain confidence in himself and courage to go on. Although strong physically and powerful morally, Balzac was as tenderhearted as a girl, and as sensitive as a child; those delicate and angelic women that he liked to place in some of his most brutally realistic stories ought, of course, to have opened the eyes of people. Very few understood; but among them that woman in whose honour he wrote, as a token of his gratitude, this little novel. The manuscript was luxuriously bound by the artist Lesort, and occupied a place of honour in the collection of the Dino family. The present Duc de Dino presented it as a gift to Lucien Aubonel, the man of letters, who agreed that the editors of the collection *In Extenso* (Guillequin & Cie) should print it.

L'Amour Masqué has indeed the two chief characteristics of Balzac fiction: a very romanesque adventure, treated in a very philosophical spirit. Here lies the difference between all the famous novelists of the Romantic period who were so successful—the "best sellers" as we would say now—and Balzac, who was very much less so: Dumas' romanesque, e. g. is entertaining only; Balzac's forces one to think besides; Dumas' romanesque is its own end, Balzac's is only a means for some higher purpose.

It is on a Lundi gras, in Paris, at the Bal de l'Opéra. Léon de Préval, an officer, meets a bewitching masked woman. She is evidently a lady of good breeding, but her actions are disconcerting. She leaves the man desperately in love with her, only promising that he will see her in three weeks again. He tries in vain to trace her. She then persuades him to meet her at her own house, but on the condition that he will allow every precaution to be taken so that he will never know where he went. He accepts, prompted not so much by some romanesque turn of mind as by sincere love, and because she has inspired him with perfect confidence. The day after the mysterious *rendezvous* an explanation comes in the form of a letter. Léon learns that she is the daughter of a very rich planter in South America, has been married to a brute, who, fortunately for her, dies when she is twenty-five. She swears never to accept the law of a man again, and sails for Europe with friends. Still she is unhappy; her life is empty, she wants to devote her affection on some one; she wants to become a mother. Léon, unable to forget, is ordered with his regiment to some other town, and later to war. She herself has left Paris for Touraine. One day Léon receives a secret message that he is the father of a little girl. Two years later, on a visit in Paris, Elinor (it is the name of the unknown woman) accidentally hears that Léon is suffering terribly, and begins vaguely to realise that she has overstepped her rights . . . suffice it to say here that lucky occurrences bring one day the officer dangerously wounded to Elinor's country home; she saves his life, loves him. He, having seen her only masked, does not recognise her; and as he cannot resist her charm, while at the same time he feels unable to forget the masked woman, Elinor finds herself in the romantic situation of being her own

rival. She decides to reveal the truth to him in a romantic fashion again, namely in inducing some friend to take him to the Bal de l'Opéra, where she meets him masked as he had seen her three years before. Things do not go as easily as she had at first thought; but all ends well.

Typically Balzacian as one sees. As romanesque an adventure as one may wish; but that is by no means the end of it. Elinor is not a capricious woman. As a matter of fact, it is her very earnestness that leads her into that imprudent adventure. It was a very human feeling of revolt that made her detest matrimony, and it was again a very deep natural feeling that caused her to desire to own a child. "Do not believe me to pose for an *esprit fort*," she writes Léon, "and that I consider laws useful to society to be mere prejudices. No; I respect them, and if in this circumstance I have violated them, it was only for once, under special circumstances, allowing me to save appearances and my reputation."

At the same time, while Balzac will only have a superior character in his story, namely, one whose motives of action are sincere and worth looking into, he does not fail to be a moralist of the solid conservative type. Elinor has thought over her case, but not enough; she speaks of her case as of an exception; but there are no exceptions, answers Balzac. There is a natural order of society which is a divine order; and moreover, in spite of all appearances, everything is so arranged by God that it will turn out for the ultimate happiness of all concerned. "I am convinced of it now," admits Elinor at the end, when she sees that her dispositions would have wronged everybody, including herself, had they not been interfered with—"it is only at the expense of her own happiness that a woman can try to throw away the severe fetters which were imposed upon her sex."

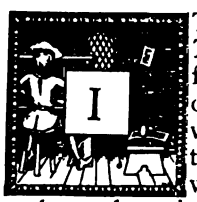
Neither did Balzac ignore the psychological elements of the case: The woman comes to realise her wrong not directly by reasoning better than she had done at first; she was prompted to it by the instinctive pity of a woman for the suffering of a man. In other words, she does not finally love Léon because she understands, but she understands because first, divine nature has inspired her with compassion and love.

Balzac has been the only great writer of his time who understood thoroughly the social dangers of Romanticism; when everybody around him was imprudently preaching individualism. Balzac said: Take care; our social laws have deeper roots than any philosophy of an individual, no matter how great he is. And this is why his contemporaries, who all went to Musset or Vigny, refused to listen to him; at the same time, this is why he did not suffer wreck with the other writers of his generation, but on the contrary his fame grew with the fall of Romanticism; and finally this is why he is getting more popular every day. We are still discussing the problems brought about by the French Revolution and Romanticism; the evils proved to be much greater than was anticipated, and the good perhaps not as great. Balzac preached reform instead of revolution; that is all.



THE LIBRARIES ON THE TRANS-ATLANTIC LINERS

BY CALVIN WINTER



T was Mr. Howells, in *The Easy Chair,* who a few months ago genially discussed the question whether Transatlantic travel at the present day, with all the luxury of parlours, lounging-rooms, libraries, reading-rooms, elevators, and other equipments of huge floating hotels, is really and substantially an advance upon the old-time liner in which the dining saloon served also as a sort of general living room—the one place of refuge when rough weather and wet decks drove passengers below. The phase of this question which interests us for the moment is that of the ship's library. The newest and best equipped of our modern passenger steamers make quite a feature of spacious rooms fitted out with attractive desks and tables and flanked on all sides with tempting book-cases, closed and locked and guarded by a special Library Steward; rooms finished in soft, neutral tints restful to the eye and inducive of pleasant and tranquil thoughts. And the question naturally arises: To what extent does the average traveller profit by all this special provision; and does he extract more benefit and pleasure from this increased attention to his literary needs than he did in the old days from the few open shelves in the general dining saloon —shelves usually placed under the cupboard where the ship's linen was kept, and equipped with a few score of venerable and shabby volumes whose very decrepitude testified to long and honourable service?

Now, of course, the answer to this question depends upon just two facts: first, whether or not it is possible to find out what sort of books people wish to read at sea; and secondly, whether these floating libraries of to-day adequately provide that special class of reading. Now, as a matter of fact, the amount of reading done at sea at least during a comparatively short trip such as from New York to Liverpool is almost always in any individual case a great deal less than is expected. Has it not been the experience of almost every traveller who has taken with him a few carefully chosen volumes which he promises himself to read *in transitu,* that hardly one of them is finished and a good many remain with their leaves uncut? There is a certain drowsiness born of the monotony of motion, which is not conducive to concentrated thought. Most writers, when they have expressed themselves at all, have acknowledged the great difficulty of any intellectual activity on the ocean. Thus, James Russell Lowell, in his essay "At Sea," says: "The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and get nothing at last but a faint sputter;" and Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Our Hundred Days in Europe,* says even more emphatically: "As for the intellectual condition of the passengers, I shall say that faces were prevailingly vacuous, their owners half hypnotised, as it seemed, by the monotonous thrust and tremor of the great sea monster on whose back we were riding." And who has not read and sympathised with Mr. Kipling, who, in his *Letters From the East,* confesses:

> I give it up. I *cannot* write, and to sleep I am not ashamed. A glorious idleness has taken entire possession of me; journalism is an imposture; so is literature; so is art. . . .
>
> "Professor," said I, "there is a foolish little paper in Allahabad called the *Pioneer.* I am supposed to be writing it a letter—a letter with my hands! Did you ever hear of anything so absurd?" . . .
>
> There is no such place as India; there never was a daily paper called the *Pioneer.* It was all a weary dream. The only real things in the world are crystal seas, clean-swept decks, soft rugs, warm sunshine, the smell of salt in the air, and fathomless, futile indolence.

On a long voyage, where time lengthens out from days to weeks, perhaps



THE LIBRARY ON THE "KAISER WILHELM II"



THE LIBRARY ON THE "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"



CORNER LIBRARY OF THE "MAURETANIA"

from weeks to months, there comes a time when reading, through the sheer necessity of giving the mind something to do, becomes imperative and when the craving for a printed page is satisfied by almost any volume, no matter how stupid, no matter how often read. Here is a case in point: a large oil steamer conveying its freight of kerosene from here to England, there to receive orders to proceed, it might be to the Black Sea or to Japan. The captain never knows how many months may elapse before he may return to his starting point. In that captain's cabin, beside his books of navigation, tables of logarithms and the like are just a few well-thumbed volumes, which had drifted to him through forgotten channels: *Tom Jones, Pilgrim's Progress,* and one or two others. Now that captain has no inborn liking for Fielding; it is doubtful whether he has any real appreciation of the literary merits of *Tom Jones;* and yet he has read it through at least nine times and knows it almost by heart. The mechanical task of running the eye along the printed line serves to kill time in a way quite similar to that of putting the thread over the needle in the endless sameness of knitting a stocking.

On the steamers of a generation ago, and to this day on the boats of many of the smaller lines running to various out-of-the-way places, the ships' libraries, such as they are, have been gathered together in the same haphazard way as that of the captain of the oil-freighter. Usually, the nucleus is formed and continues to grow from books abandoned by passengers at the end of each voyage. In other words, these libraries form a sort of literary *salon des refusés,* being made up of books which the owners did not think worth the trouble of carrying ashore. Perhaps for that very reason they serve their purpose better than the larger modern collections on the bigger steamers that have been carefully selected in accordance with diligently compiled statistics. The mental palate, like the physical, is apt to be exceedingly capricious out of sight of land. It would be an interesting and rather enlightening experience to collect from a number of well-known people, writers and artists, clergymen, statesmen and financiers, a frank confession about the books, if any, which they have succeeded in reading—reading to a finish—during an ocean voyage. One feels safe in hazarding the guess that the result would show a surprisingly large proportion of books which these same people would never have thought of trying to read ashore. The present writer, for instance, remembers very well a certain voyage made thirty years ago in one of the old Cunard boats long since retired from service; and a certain shelf screened with red plush curtains hung on big brass rings tarnished from the action of many sea fogs—and on that shelf a motley collection of books which made a curious appeal and were eagerly devoured—and not one of which has this particular reader ever been able to revert to with any real pleasure. The list included, if memory is not at fault, the complete works of Bulwer Lytton, Spenser's *Faerie Queen* and Susan Ferrier's *Marriage.* One and all, these volumes were comfortably dozed over and intermittently absorbed from the somnolent depths of a steamer chair—in those good old days when a steamer chair was personal property and not temporarily hired like a public cab or a Coney Island bathing suit. And all the time the ship

was rocking itself drowsily onward and now and again a spatter of salt spray would be flirted across the open page, and the reader's eye would wander from the monotonous rhythm of the gentle knight pricking on the plain to the still more rhythmic monotone of rolling grey-green waves. It is quite true, as Irving wrote, that "to one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes." And that is precisely the reason why, if you walk the length of the promenade deck and steal surreptitious glances at your fellow-passengers enshawled, mummy-like, in their chairs, you will find a surprising number of volumes dealing with worldly themes reposing either closed or upside down in the laps. Put this matter to a practical test on your next trip; you will find the results rather entertaining.

All of this helps to explain the present wide diversity in the nature and the care of libraries on board the different lines and to some extent on board the different boats of the same line. The plain fact is that what the passengers want to read is a matter of guess work, and the passengers themselves prove to be rather poor guessers, or else they would bring literature enough to last them without appeal to the ship's library and book stall. At the present day the Hamburg-American line is conspicuous in the effort it is making to find out just what its different classes of passengers want and to meet their needs. For its transatlantic service, where a large proportion of its patrons are Americans, it equips its libraries mainly from New York. It has its specially appointed agent whose business it is at stated periods to select and purchase a new instalment of the latest popular books and to send them to the head office in Hamburg, where, in most cases, they are stripped of their bindings, and rebound in uniform dark cloth covers and distributed according to the needs of the several steamers. The largest and most comprehensive libraries are those carried by the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* and the *Amerika*. They are divided into three separate groups placed respectively in the reading rooms provided for the first, second and third-class passengers; and, in-



SECOND CABIN LIBRARY OF THE "LAURENTIC"

clusive of the English, French, German and Spanish books and the collection of bound music, they aggregate altogether between sixteen and seventeen hundred volumes.

A glance over one of these libraries, chosen admittedly to meet the conjectured popular demand, reveals some curious results. In the first-class library of the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria,* for instance—which, by the way, is distributed in two separate saloons, one for English books, the other for German—we find upon consulting a catalogue of over four hundred



LIBRARY OF THE NEW "OLYMPIC"

novels that the standard novelists are conspicuous by their absence. We look in vain for a single volume of Scott or Thackeray or Dickens, of George Eliot or Meredith or Hardy. Kipling, on the contrary, is represented by three volumes; but the choice is odd: *Stalky and Co., Actions and Reactions* and *Abaft the Funnel.* How disconcerting to that part of the general public which insists that Mr. Kipling's importance began with *Soldiers Three* and ended with the *Jungle Books!* Sir Conan Doyle is represented by three volumes, but *Sherlock Holmes* is not among them; Robert Hichens, by a like number, but not by *The Garden of Allah.* Marion Crawford, with his cosmopolite tastes, is always a favourite with travellers; it would be interesting to know how many thousands have read *Saracinesca* in Rome, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* in Munich, *Paul Patoff* in Constantinople—but the *Auguste Victoria* possesses only *Arethusa, Stradella,* and *Mr. Isaacs.* Robert Chambers, the prolific, shows three volumes, all recent; Owen Wister only one, *Lady Baltimore.* The Hamburg-American Line, by the way, is one of the very few which at the present time possesses a book plate.

The North German Lloyd steamers also make a rather important feature of their libraries; and while it is invidious to draw distinctions where in both cases the intentions are so excellent, one cannot help being struck by a greater attractiveness, a more artistic colour scheme in the reading-rooms of the Lloyd line than in those of a number of its competitors. On the other hand, the principle of selection of books in the separate libraries is far less obvious. The results may or may not be better; but at least the volumes seem to have been gathered together far more at random than, for instance, on the Hamburg boats. Take, for instance, the

Kronprinzessin Cecilie: the list of fiction is conspicuously weak in American writers; and the reason for this is quite simple: the English part of the library is very largely made up of recent volumes of the familiar Tauchnitz edition; and, as everybody knows, the proportion of British authors in this series over that of American is as ten to one. We find, to be sure, Mrs. Wharton's *House of Mirth,* Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rose o' the River* and *New Chronicles of Rebecca* and no



LIBRARY OF THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON"

less than five volumes of Crawford. But to offset these is a long array of the more familiar British novelists ranging in quality from Kipling to Rider Haggard, from Hewlett to Sir Conan Doyle. In the midst of this library of fiction it seems a little incongruous to come suddenly upon Emerson's *Representative Men* and Ruskin's *Modern Painters;* and one questions seriously whether statistics really would bear out the assumption that the general public really does prefer light reading in such overwhelming proportions, even at sea. To be sure, one remembers how, a number of years ago, this very question came up for discussion between a number of passengers belonging to the literary fraternity; and in order to decide it they spent a few hours in wandering up and down the ship and taking sly glimpses of the books actually being read by their fellow-travellers. A rather careful canvass of the entire ship resulted in the discovery that the book which easily carried off the prize was one of those familiar yellow covered novels by Archibald Clavering Gunter, at that time at the height of his popularity.

On the English lines of steamers the system of the travelling library is gradually displacing the individual ship's library. It has this great practical advantage of making possible a constant ebb and flow of new books at a minimum expense. The Cunard Steamship *Mauretania,* for instance, possessing one of the largest and most cheerful of all existing reading rooms, has only a scant hundred and fifty volumes that it can call its own —and these are mainly reference books



BOOK PLATE OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

like *Who's Who,* Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates,* Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and *Cavendish on Whist.* But on the other hand, it carries a carefully selected *Times* Library of five hundred volumes changed at the end of each voyage—a small library selected on the assumption that the passengers have something better to do than spend their entire time upon romances; and accordingly it contains a wide selection of the best recent work of biography, travel and other serious books in the various departments of human interest. And what is more, the wisdom of this sort of selection is justified by the fact that a special privilege allowed by the *Times* Library, namely, that of purchase by the passengers of any volume they desire to retain, is one of which advantage is freely taken.

In recent years two rivals to the ships' libraries have sprung up: on the one hand, the ship's newspapers and on the other, the book stalls where the latest books and magazines can be purchased. These innovations are of course quite in line with the modern tendency, fostered by wireless telegraphy, to abolish that sense of seclusion, that temporary isolation from the cares and worries of practical life, which in the past was the great charm of an ocean voyage. The more we do away with those factors which make life on the ocean different from any other form of living, the more completely do we also do away with any logical reason for the existence of a ship's library as a thing apart, a group of books chosen on a principle of its own. Now that you can casually leave your steamer chair, drop down a floor or two via the elevator and purchase the latest issues of the current magazines from the news stand; or when one can look in the ship's bulletin for the latest Wall Street quotations, it is rather difficult to feel with Mr. Kipling that the workaday world one has hoped to leave behind is nothing but "a weary dream." The Atlantic highway is being converted into a ferry and soon there will be no more need of a special ship's library than on a trip to Hoboken.

But of course we all have our individual ideas about the gathering together



BOOK PLATE OF THE "OCEANIC"

of a group of books, whatever their purpose and whatever the length of shelf. Most of us have heard at one time or another Mark Twain's reply when asked what he thought of the library on a certain ship. It was, he assured the captain, the best ship's library he had ever seen. And then, after one of those pauses, which he has elsewhere explained, make up the whole trick of successful story-telling; he went on to explain to the flattered captain that the reason it was the best library was that it did not contain a copy of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Now we personally may not share this antipathy to the volume which Henry James once defined as "the spoiled child of our literature;" but we all of us have other prejudices equally vigorous. Now, to be shut up on a ship for a week or ten days with just a few books is a good deal like being thrown into close quarters with just a few people—you are quite likely to make friends even with your enemies, unless during the process you pitch them overboard. For this reason it seems to the present writer that an ideal ship's library should be a rather small one containing at least a few volumes of the sort that we all ought to read and seldom, if ever, do; it should have, moreover, some books of travel, and whatever fiction it contains should be frankly of the adventurous sort that will rouse us from somnolent day-dreams. But let there be no books of the sea in it. Travellers who are not good sailors read for the purpose of forgetting where they are: while those who love the ocean for its own sake have no use for second-hand impressions when they have before their eyes its vast and ever-changing expanse.



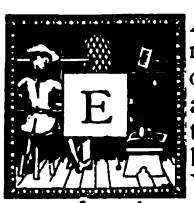


READING GAOL

THE STORY OF "THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL"

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

I



ARLY one summer morning, a train pulled out of Reading, carrying a number of Americans to Henley. They were bound for the Regatta. Yale had entered her crew for the coveted Grand Challenge Cup: An Englishman pointed out Reading Gaol. "And a soldier fellow will be hanged there—hello!—it should be about now—eight is the hour!" Some kept their eyes on the gloomy towers, while others consulted their watches. "Seven fifty-nine!" cried one. "He's surely swinging by this time," growled the Englishman and buried himself in the *Times*. "All over!" piped a freshman and returned to his discussion of "our" chances. So from without was greeted the death of Charles T. Woolridge, sometime trooper of the Royal Horse Guards, hanged July 7, 1896, for the drunken murder of his wife.

We waited for the stroke of eight:
 Each tongue was thick with thirst:
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate
 That makes a man accursed,
And Fate will use a running noose
 For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do
 Save to wait for the sign to come:
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,
 Quiet we sat and dumb:
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
 Like a madman on a drum!

The eve of the Regatta was a merry one in Henley. The Red Lion Inn had become the Sign of Good Fellowship. Healths were pledged into the dawn. At Reading, Queen's Hotel was as gay as a garden party; Chinese lanterns, dainty

frocks, white flannels, and laughter! Rosy-cheeked English girls were twitting American cousins on their certain defeat.

That night the empty corridors
Were full of forms of Fear,
And up and down the iron town
Stole feet we could not hear,
And through the bars that hide the stars
White faces seemed to peer.

The gray cock crew, the red cock crew,
But never came the day:
And crooked shapes of Terror crouched,
In the corners where we lay:
And each evil sprite that walks by night
Before us seemed to play.

If Monday night was merry, Tuesday afternoon was both merry and memorable in English boating annals. Leander had kept the cup despite the lusty cheering of Old Eli. Oxford was jubilant, but as usual discreet in her applause—a hand-clapping less remarkable than her striped blazers, which made the Thames resemble an old-fashioned garden.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,
And then they rang the bell,
And the Warders with their jingling keys
Opened each listening cell,
And down the iron stair we tramped,
Each from his separate Hell.

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garbs
With crooked arrows starred,
Silently we went round and round
The slippery asphalte yard;
Silently we went round and round,
And no man spoke a word.

For where a grave had opened wide,
There was no grave at all:
Only a stretch of mud and sand
By the hideous prison-wall,
And a little heap of burning lime,
That the man should have his pall.

There is no lesson in this parallelism, but surely there are elements both pitiful and grotesque. These constituted the gall in the cup of bitterness of the poet who chronicled the *revers* of that golden day. A distinguished graduate of Magdalen College, he had really venerated his Oxford. As apostle of æstheticism, he had lectured in New Haven, a scant fourteen years before. There was what he might have termed a "monstrous" gulf between *causeries* on blue china and on the "pleasant ways of Camelot" and the actual tearing of

. . . tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails.

"For us, there is only one season, the season of sorrow," he wrote not long after in his *De Profundis*. "The very sun and moon seem taken from us. Outside the day may be blue and gold, but the light that creeps down through the thickly muffled glass of the small, iron-barred window beneath which one sits is grey and niggard. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart."

II

There is something wilfully blind in describing as the irony of fate what even superficial analysis reveals as the inevitable consequence of folly or unwisdom. One reaps in the field wherein one has sown. But sometimes there occurs a concatenation of sombre incidents, so maliciously at odds with their victim's vaunted prearranged scheme of life, as to lend a sense of almost awful reality to this hackneyed catch-phrase.

When in January, 1895, Oscar Wilde remarked to Gilbert Burgess in an interview *à propos* of the recent production of *An Ideal Husband:* "It is indeed a burning shame that there should be one law for men and another law for women. I think," he hesitated and smiled, "that there should be no law for anybody," he spoke, of course, with characteristic flippancy. There was no foreboding of the Ides of March. A moment before he had said: "The colour of a flower may suggest to one the plot of a tragedy—but whatever actually occurs gives the artist no suggestion. . . . To introduce real people, is a sign of an unimaginative mind." This was a part of the Credo of the author of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol,* one of the most realistic poems in any language. It was a theme he had played upon for years with such variations as: "The only real people are the people who never existed, and if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least pretend that they are creations and not boast of

them as copies." To question his belief in one of these *dicta,* was to stumble into a verbal *impasse.* "What people call insincerity is simply a method by which we can multiply our personalities," would have been the probable reply, if not his intentionally cryptic: "Truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true." As well wrestle with a will-o'-the-wisp as fence according to Jevons with one of the epigram-headed puppets whom Wilde delighted to send forth from Tite Street disguised in the garments of their master. They were the foster-children of a teasing fancy, inverted Schlemihls, lacking substance, but casting a violet shadow, an elusive impertinence provocative of rage in the breast of the average beer-drinking Briton, whose fetich is common sense.

But while it was one thing to be what Arthur Symons so nicely termed an "artist in attitudes," a poet of ephemeral poses, adopted more or less whimsically to baffle the critics, advertise a novel or even to test an honest theory, it was quite another thing to have imposed upon one the rôle of a prisoner in a common gaol. It was neither Narcissus nor Nero but an already broken and ruined man who stood in the dock at Old Bailey's, May 27, 1895, and as Oscar F. O'F. Wills Wilde was sentenced by Mr. Justice Wills to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

His four successful plays had already been taken off the boards. Not very long before he had written a friend: "Personally I like comedy to be intensely modern and my tragedy to walk in purple and to be remote. . . . The public swallows, so it seems to me, honey-cakes and hellebore with equal avidity."

Wilde had at least correctly estimated his public.

III

The preface to *De Profundis* states "that it was the only work he wrote while in prison. . . . The *Ballad of Reading Gaol* was not composed or even planned until he had regained his liberty." Yet the latter is in many respects the more autobiographical of the two.

The manner of *De Profundis* differs little from that of *Intentions.* As regards the subject-matter, the author of *The Young King* might well have endured its every misery, and imagined and solved its many problems, vicariously. Substitute for Wilde's cry of "The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature . . . this is what I am looking for," his hedonistic pronouncement, "the new Individualism is the new Hellenism," and we have *The Soul of Man Under Socialism.* Though with obvious sincerity he now writes: "A pedestal may be a very unreal thing. A pillory is a terrible reality," a few years earlier he would have used the same formula only to give precedence to the pillory. Unconsciously he had become the slave to a stylistic Frankenstein which he had created unawares. So enamoured was he of pursuing some charming bit of fancy or an alliterative phrase to its logical or, its more often, illogical conclusion, that at last in a moment of astounding forgetfulness he blunders into a self-stultifying misquotation. In alluding to one of his prose poems as of "the man, who from the bronze of the image of the 'Pleasure that liveth for a moment' has to make the image of the 'Sorrow that abideth for ever,'" he overlooks the fact that his original text reads: "And out of the bronze of the image of THE SORROW THAT ENDURETH FOR EVER he fashioned the image of THE PLEASURE THAT ABIDETH FOR A MOMENT." Yet this citation is intended to prove that "all this"—referring to his doom—"is foreshadowed and prefigured in his books."

And so in spite of its appeal to the ear and the eye and to that sympathy which is ever ready to go out to all intense suffering, *De Profundis* abounds in false notes and grating discords. Wilde had begun to suspect that the double-faced proverb can be more dangerous than a two-edged sword. Whereupon he discards that Truth, "whose contradictory is also true" for the "truth in art which is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit." He was for once guilty of an axiom, one which he made a law to himself: not, unfortunately, in the prose where it appears, a document marred by its perfervid insistence on an "absolute

humility," but in his poem, the *Ballad*, with its gaunt exposition of ever-present anguish and inconsolable self-pity. He may have gone to extremes, as Arthur Symons suggests, and taken humanitarianism and realism "at more than their just valuation in matters of art," yet how difficult not to ignore every canon of Art in laying bare the feelings aroused by association with "plank bed, loathsome food, harsh orders, silence, solitude, and shame."

We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,
We turned the dusty drill;
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,
And sweated on the mill:
But in the heart of every man
Terror was lying still.

IV

Wilde was set free in May, 1897. He went to France, remaining until some time in September at Berneval, a little village near Dieppe. André Gide, who visited him there, found it bleak and gloomy. Wilde seemed content enough, however: "Did I not do well to come here? My friends wanted to order me South. I begged them to find me a secluded little spot by the sea, somewhere in the North of France, where it would be very cold and there was scarcely any sunshine." This to the Frenchman was inexplicable. As a matter of fact, it was perfectly natural. Two years before at Biskra, the Sybarite had arrogantly cried: "I am running away from art. I want to worship only the sun. The sun is jealous of art." Wilde had not forgotten.

In July he left the Hôtel de la Plage and rented a small châlet, the Châlet Bourgeat, according to Mr. Stuart Mason. To André Gide he outlined his ideas for two plays, *Pharaoh* and *Ahab and Jezebel*. There was no mention of the *Ballad* or of its subject.

On August 4th, he wrote to Leonard Smithers, "The wonderful parcel of books has just arrived—I hope very much that some day I shall have something that you will like well enough to publish."

These books may have included *A Shropshire Lad*. Certainly there is every reason to credit Mr. Stuart Mason's statement that Wilde found his inspiration in the verses of A. E. Housman beginning:

On moonlit heath and lonesome bank
The sheep beside me graze;
And yon the gallows used to clank
Fast by the four crossways.

Three weeks later, he wrote again: "Will you do me a great favour and have the poem I send you typewritten and bring it with you . . ., or if you cannot come, send it by boat to Sebastian Melmoth, care of Hotel Sandwich, Dieppe. . . . It is not yet finished, but I want to see it typewritten. I am sick of my MS."

No doubt it was Housman's poems which stirred him to action. With a feeling of admiration tinged with jealousy, he started out to better the performance. After all, except for a verbal similarity between Housman's

And sharp the link of life will snap,
And dead on air will stand. . . .

and Wilde's

But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

the two poems differ radically. Wilde's lines form a part of the verses added in October. He had forgotten Housman's exact wording.

In his search for a fitting vehicle of expression, he seems to have gone elsewhere for aid. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has been suggested as his model. That is hardly possible. It is in the sestets used by Hood in his *Dream of Eugene Aram* that are found the same stanzaic and metrical form; the same, often makeshift, evocations of the deity.

Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dare not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

Some time in September. Leonard Smithers agreed to print the *Ballad*. "He was the only publisher I could find," to quote Mr. Ross, "who had the courage to issue his works." By this time Wilde had reverted to his old-time over-confidence. He deserted Berneval for Italy. His demands for money became incessant. The good resolutions of July seem to have vanished upon his completion of the *Ballad*. The air of injured innocence assumed in his correspondence with Smithers must, even after allowing for obvious *badinage*, be taken with more than the proverbial grain of salt.

VIA POSILLIPO, NAPLES, October 2, 1897.

. . . I am asking for a small advance on my poem which you are about to publish.

When you asked me my terms at Dieppe, I said I would be ready to leave the question to you. You said you would give me the entire profits of the book.

This offer, I may say, was made before, not after dinner. . . .

I said . . . that I would take half the profits. This was agreed to.

At that time I proposed to publish it first in some paper, but since then I decided not to. . . . Previous publicity would, of course, have damaged your sale. People will not pay half-a-crown for what they can buy for a penny. Why, I cannot understand. But it is so everywhere, except perhaps at Naples. . . .

In case that you have not yet grasped the idea that an advance of £20 on my poem is really a thing that I have a perfect right to expect on business grounds, pray do so at once. Application to you for a personal loan may, and, I have no doubt, will follow later on, but up to the present time our relations have been merely the usual ones of poet and publisher, with the usual complete victory for the latter.

I also—such is the generosity of my nature—send enclosed four more verses of great power and romantic realistic suggestion—twenty-four lines in all, each worth a guinea in any of the market-places for poetry. Will you kindly . . . insert them in Part II of the poem: after the sixth stanza—the one ending "had such a sin to pay"? They come in there splendidly—and improve Part II, as it was a little too short compared to the others.

Also, I hope that you have already written to me on the question of having an illustrated *second* edition of the poem. . . .

The five verses enclosed were those beginning

> For oak and elm have pleasant leaves
> That in the spring-time shoot:

and ending

> For none can tell to what red Hell
> His sightless soul may stray.

The illustrated edition was never realised. What a chance for a Doré! Two temperaments so equally dramaturgic would have supplemented each other admirably.

On the 9th of January, 1898, he again wrote from Naples: " . . . As regards your suggestion, or request, that I should revert to 'in God's sweet world again' instead of 'for weal or woe again' (Canto II, somewhere), certainly! Pray make the correction yourself. Second thoughts in art are always, or often worst. The C.3.3., I enclose, seems excellent. As regards America, I think it would be better now to publish there *without* my name. I see it is my *name* that terrifies. [Besides] the public like an open secret. Half of the success of Marie Corelli is due to the no doubt unfounded rumour that she is a woman. . . . I have had many misfortunes since I wrote to you: Influenza, the robbery, during my absence in Sicily, of *all* my clothes, etc., by a servant whom I left at the villa, ill-health, loneliness, and general *ennui* with a tragi-comedy of an existence; but I want to see my poem out before I take steps. . . !"

This was not his only hint of the sort. During most of this period, he was living on the Posillipo, the *Pausilypon* or *Sans-Souci* of Roman times.

VI

The several revisions suggested in the last letter reached his publisher too late for the first edition. This was already copyrighted in January and eight hundred and thirty copies were issued in England early in February. Five more distinctive editions appeared before the end of the year, the second containing some twenty changes in text.

In America the *Ballad* was after all not published until April, 1899. Before the end of 1906, however, over fifteen

separate editions had been printed in this country, not to mention innumerable reprints. To France perhaps belongs the prestige of the first translation. It was in prose, as are all of the versions in the Latin tongues. Five years ago the *Ballad* could also be read in Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, modern Greek, and even Yiddish.

VII

Wilde wrote the *Ballad* as Sebastian Melmoth. To St. Sebastian, to whom he had likened Keats, he now sardonically compared himself. Also was it flattering to discover so fair a prototype in Guido Reni's martyr, "bound by his enemies," and like Wilde, "with crooked arrows starred." As for Melmoth, he was the Wanderer, compounded of Faust and the Wandering Jew by Lady Wilde's grand-uncle, Charles Maturin, that fantastic divine, novelist, dramatist, and *protegé* of Scott and Byron, who also "appears to have had no idea of measure or conduct in life."

Wilde fathered the *Ballad* as C.3.3., the occupant of cell 3 on landing 3 of Block C in Reading Gaol. To thus sink his flamboyant personality in anonymity so connotative of horror was a brilliant stroke of audacity, both a gag and a sop to his detractors.

The art of Wilde was of the nature of an opal: full of flaws, polished but undefined by facets, given to dull greys adjacent to equally bright crimsons, dependent on light for either—a precious thing long associated with misfortune, a brittle thing which a sudden blow or excessive heat might scatter into invisible dust.

In the wrath of remembered tortures, in the emotion of their quickening into the nascent word, in the agony of their parturition, Wilde's mind gave way. Like his opalescent art, it *seemed* most alive the moment before its dissipation. And so *The Ballad of Reading Gaol,* this last child of a wayward intellect, may be said to have earned that distinction by having been the first to follow his release from prison. For its creation, crucified talents were resurrected and forced to labour by a supreme and final effort of will. Because of it, his second *Intentions* were made naught—those brave intentions so wistfully expressed in *De Profundis,* his self-styled *Epistola: in Carcere et Vinculis.*

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

VI—Strange Stories of the Secret Service



THE Secret Service may be likened to the centipede, which insect derives its name from the belief that it possesses a hundred legs, and the average person in calling it "the thousand leg" credits it with ten times that number. The entomologist swears by his microscope that the ordinary centipede has but twenty-four pairs of legs and four pairs of eyes; which are really necessary in its occupation of pursuing and devouring such insects as secrete themselves in dark holes. The Secret Service, like the centipede, is regarded with repulsion by the majority of persons, who believe that it has unlimited motive power and is charged with fatal venom, which it directs against the innocent as well as the guilty. This arises naturally from the fact that we have been furnished many proofs that the Secret Service has gone into places where

it had no legitimate business; but—to follow up the analogy—like the centipede it is often chased where it does not wish to go.

THE THREE HUNDRED

In the Congressional investigation of the Secret Service, held during the last months of President Roosevelt's term of office, Assistant Chief Moran of the Secret Service testified before the committee that, though the law restricted the uses of the Secret Service to the detection of counterfeiters and for the protection of the President, it had been called to do other work. He said that during that year the Secret Service had carried on its rolls twenty men who were not necessary for the purposes of the bureau which is under the Treasury Department, for the accommodation of other departments of the Government. That the Secret Service, like the Civil Service, has an eligible list from which it may select for emergencies. The number runs as high as three hundred. These men are placed in different parts of the world, and are not connected in any way with detective agencies. If they are called into active service they are designated to the territory in which they reside, and come under the immediate supervision of the Special Agent stationed in such territory. These Special Agents are controlled by a Supervising Special Agent, and their compensation is rated at $6, $8, $8.75 and $10 per day—according to the extent of their duty and their living expenses. For instance, a Special Agent stationed at New York City should, because of the onerous duties and the high cost of living, receive more compensation than an officer of the same grade stationed at Galveston, Texas. (This statement applies to times of peace.) Under the division of Special Agents, come the confidential agents stationed in foreign countries. The most important of these are stationed at St. Gall, Berlin, London, Cologne, Yokohama and Paris. It is no wonder that the average person who believes that the centipede may even have a thousand legs, also believes that many thousand pairs of legs are set running on secret missions when the head of the service at Washington directs. To compare the Secret Service to an endless chain is logical. Not from hour to hour can our government officials say when, or where, a man will be needed in order to find out things which may be of vital interest to us.

There has not been a war in our history which has not been preceded by the silent hunting and pointing of secret agents; nor has it been possible to carry on war without them. It was a wise man who said in speaking of our relations in the Orient—"First the missionary, then the consul, and then the general," but he would have been even more discerning had he said—"First the secret agent, then the consul, then the general." If it were not for the fact that, since the establishment of our consular service, these men have been most effective in giving points about other matters than trade to the State Department, the consul's part might be eliminated in war. But very often he plays the cards for the dummy while he plays his own hand in this tense game of whist, the credit going to the Secret Service. But the Secret Service is one in which honours are negative. In war the spies who come into prominence are generally shot or hanged, and in peace it amounts to the same thing, when a man is recognised as a spy his career is practically at an end.

WOMAN AS A FACTOR

Every now and then stories of stolen codes appear in the press. They frighten some persons; especially if it is rumoured that the code is one used by our State Department in its diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations. The fear is almost groundless, for this country, and many others, frequently change the codes; not taking chances.

About the time that some of the war dogs in Washington were straining on the leash, growling and whining alternately for a fight with Spain, the most subtle force which men have to encounter, the "gentler sex," silently or loudly testified their eagerness to participate. Some were anxious to push the men of their families into the fray; others wanted to join the Red Cross; and many planned to stay home and manufacture hampering truck to be sent, along with cheering letters, to the front. In contrast to these women, were not a few who loved

adventure, in a form that would call out and gratify all the feline in their natures. They have heard women credited with being at the bottom of every mischief under the sun; and they are determined to have the game as well as the name; and, as with many male spies, they do not care what friend they may sacrifice in their schemes. If they accomplish nothing else, they usually succeed in making one more man enlist in that great army of woman-haters, of which Adam was probably the recruiting officer.

A STORY OF A CODE

In the spring of 1898, there was a well-developed romance in Washington in which the hero was a middle-aged man in the United States Diplomatic Service —in Washington for special instruction, it was believed—and the heroine a physically charming young woman who had come from her home in California to spend the season at the National Capital. She was an unreconstructed Californian —that is, she had an inherited hatred for the United States; because it practically trampled on the pride of California's first families—the Spanish—when it acquired California after the Mexican War.

In the Californian the flame began to blaze when she heard so much talk of war against Spain, and she was not one moment in deciding where her affections were; but she determined to take her stand silently. She was a favourite with many in the Spanish circles in Washington and New York, and was not long in secretly proclaiming herself with them, in case the worst came. But she did not neglect her American admirer; on the contrary, she cultivated his acquaintance the more; and even consented to be one of the guests at the little dinners which he gave from time to time in his bachelor apartment. She had extracted from him, bit by bit, in their waxing friendship, many of his duties, and he told her some things which he thought would pass in one of her pretty ears and out of the other; among these, the fact that he had use of a special code. He even showed her the big envelope in which he kept it in his desk, one evening when she was with a party at his abode, and playfully asked *what* she would do with it, did he show it to her—which he had no intention of doing.

A few weeks later war was declared, but the woman with Spanish blood in her veins did not grow cold toward her American admirer. She was biding her time, and it came one evening when she, with some acquaintances, were at his house for supper after the play. She managed to elude the others and to slip into the room containing the desk which she supposed contained the secret code. She pressed the spring of the secretly locked compartment and extracted the envelope, and was just stooping to pin it to her petticoat with some safety pins which she had provided for the occasion, when her host entered the room.

She lost her nerve, and betrayed herself to the man who to that moment had loved her. After he passed judgment and sentence, he coolly informed her that, even did she succeed in conveying that code to the enemies of his country, it would avail nothing—for the code had been changed!

JAPANESE STRATEGY

In that era when the echoes of the Civil War had ceased and no rumble of approaching war was heard, general vigilance was relaxed on government reservations. The writer personally knows how freely parties with cameras were admitted to forts, and secured many good negatives of their plans, works, etc., without special permission, or any question. When the Spanish War broke out it was different—special passes were necessary to enter some of the forts, and under no circumstances were cameras allowed, or anything which resembled a camera, or other agent capable of reproducing the plans. It was a rule which every good American respected; and it is generally observed to-day, when so many rumours of war with Japan or Mexico are heard.

Several years ago, a certain "private family" living in the shadow of the United States Capitol, accepted as a "paying guest," a Japanese student attached to the Japanese Embassy. He was one of those progressive Japanese who would like to acquire American wives; so he accordingly paid court to the daughter of the house—a pretty girl attending the

High School. She had a silly, nerveless mother, who was as much flattered at the attentions and presents of the young Japanese as was the girl; and if the irate American father had not interfered there would have been another unpleasant international marriage to add to the long list. The Japanese had to leave the house, and, in consequence, harboured a fierce hatred toward the father. The mother and daughter connived to see the Japanese, until at length he went home to Japan—from their inditing truly poetic and dramatic compositions to the fair American. In one he openly bragged that the American women would yet choose Japanese men in preference to those of their own land—for wasn't all the average American man cared for money, gambling and drinking—greatly to the neglect of the woman? He said that this girl whom he pretended to love would be glad, with thousands of others, to have a Japanese man take her from that bondage! She would help him do it!

When he was in Washington, he instructed the girl in photography, so that she took some very good pictures with the camera he presented to her. He never attempted to get in any of the fortications around Washington with it; but in one of his letters from Japan—accompanying a packet of beautiful prints of his native scenery—he asked the girl if she would not take some photographs of the inside of Washington's fortifications, and views along certain points of the river. He wanted them to make complete his Washington collection.

The foolish girl read this part of his letter—as she had read some of his poetic effusions and his rantings—to a woman some years her senior, who, truth to tell, was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair, as she held a decided race prejudice where marriage is concerned.

"The wily Jap!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you know what he is trying to do? He's trying to use you as a tool for his spying schemes. I declare, if I thought you'd even attempt to photograph a single thing in this vicinity which might give aid to those Japanese—or men of any other country, for that matter—I'd report you at the Secret Service Bureau to-morrow morning!"

The girl was thoroughly frightened. The protesting woman, however, was her enemy from that moment. Last year, that woman was thankful when she read notice of the girl's marriage to an American. This is not fiction. It is a fact, and should waken the departments at Washington to the knowledge that, in the foolish young girls and women who encourage the attentions of the Orientals, and who prattle to them all they hear about the government's doings—and some of them hear a great deal from their thoughtless male relatives employed in the departments—they have much to fear.

WASHINGTON AND THE SERVICE

The American Secret Service had its origin in the prelude to the Revolution; being then employed to find who were true to the cause of the colonists. When the war began Washington had a well-organised system of spies, and his generals had theirs, in touch with the main branch. There is a story that impassive Washington's steel-coloured eyes became misty when he read André's letter begging to be shot—not hung. For well Washington knew the inglorious, dangerous part a spy had to play—André especially so; for his talent for drawing made him valuable in more ways than one to the British Secret Service. But the people clamoured that André should die as Nathan Hale did—by the rope; and, much as Washington regretted this ignominous end to the brilliant, fascinating young officer who was his enemy, he was compelled to obey popular demand.

It appears that when Washington became chief executive the Secret Service continued under his control; and this prerogative was held by his successors for over three-quarters of a century. In 1846, war on the methods of the administration regarding the Secret Service was precipitated in the House of Representatives when Representative Ingersoll of Pennsylvania charged Daniel Webster with having perverted the funds of the Secret Service at the time he was Secretary of State in Tyler's Cabinet. Webster was firmly planted on the pedestal of Fame; and this attack on his honour aroused a storm among his admirers; though Ingersoll had many adherents, and he succeeded in securing the adoption of

a resolution calling for information as to the uses to which the service had been put. John Quincy Adams, then a member, arose to oppose the resolution; for he was utterly opposed to disclosures of the service's work; and went so far as to state that, when he was President he signed one year's appropriation for a certain mission, the secret of which he told none but his successor—and him only because the work was incomplete owing to the inadequacy of the sum already expended for that purpose.

Adam's defence heartened President Polk to reply to the House resolution, under date of April 20, 1846, to the effect that two classes of service, public and private, are authorised by the Secret Service law; and the President is sole judge of applying them. All public accounts are subject to calls of Congress, and open for public examination; but no President can expose to the public the secret business of his predecessor; if he did, the term Secret Service would be a misnomer.

Two days later, Webster hurled his great vindication at Ingersoll, concluding his declamation with the scathing consignment—"I leave the author of these slanders to the worst company I know of in the world—I leave him with himself!"

THE PLOT AGAINST LINCOLN

Long before the Civil War opened, many men and women were engaged in secret service work by helping slaves to escape *via* the "Underground Railroad," and they were in practice, ready to enlist in the services of the Union when war was actually declared. Prominent among the men—perhaps the most notable of all—was Allan Pinkerton, who under the name E. J. Allen, became field chief of the Union Secret Service. Notwithstanding the fact that John Brown committed a capital crime against the United States Government in seizing the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in October, 1859, Chief Pinkerton was proud of proclaiming the fact that he was a bosom friend of Brown's; had worked with him in Kansas, helping slaves to escape; and that, when he learned of Brown's capture and pending execution, he strived unceasingly to effect his escape.

When Lincoln was on his way from his home at Springfield to the National Capital, where he was to be inaugurated, March 4, 1861, it was revealed through agents of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad that a plot was brewing among some of the most prominent men of Baltimore to assassinate Lincoln when he reached that city, about February 23d. Pinkerton moved his headquarters from Chicago to Baltimore, and succeeded in getting two of his best men, and one of his women workers, to win their way into the confidence of the conspirators, by posing as Southrons, and so obtain the details of the plot. It was learned by two Pinkerton men, who were admitted to the secret society of men, that the assassin was to be chosen by ballot—this was proposed by the leader and president of the society, Captain Fernandia, an Italian, who was evidently adept in the black arts of conspiracy and assassination. In order that none should know who drew the fatal ballot, except the appointed murderer, the room was made black as coal. But the wily leaders did not place only *one* red ballot in the box, they placed *eight,* in order that eight men would believe themselves the appointed, and Lincoln's escape would be well-nigh impossible. So eight trembling men sat in that room, when the lights were turned high, and the maniac-like leader denounced Lincoln and the North, and hailed as a hero the man who would kill Lincoln before he had a chance to take the oath of office.

It was reasoned that a great crowd would be present when Lincoln arrived at Calvert Street depot. The detail of police, owing to the fact that some secessionists controlled the force, would be small, and this squad should have its attention diverted from Lincoln's party by a preconcerted row at the other end of the station—thus giving the assassin time to fire his shot, and then get away in the general confusion, and embark on a vessel awaiting him on the Chesapeake.

Lincoln's itinerary called for a stop at Philadelphia, on the 21st of February, in order that he might make a speech and raise a new flag over Independence Hall on Washington's birthday; then he was to return to Harrisburg on that afternoon to visit the Legislature and to make a public speech to the people of that sec-

tion. Mr. Pinkerton was in Philadelphia before Lincoln arrived, and was not long in securing a personal interview with him, for he claimed Lincoln as an old friend. When Pinkerton revealed the Baltimore plot and suggested that Lincoln proceed to Washington that night by the eleven o'clock train, and thus outwit his would-be assassinators, Lincoln, after going over the situation carefully, said he would do anything except cancel his engagement to raise the flag over Independence Hall, and meet the people of Harrisburg.

It was finally arranged that he should do that, but that he come back from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the night of the 22d, and go from there to Washington. Mrs. Warne, Pinkerton's woman confederate, had engaged a section of the sleeper for herself and an "invalid brother," and ordered that it be kept free from intrusion; which was promised. Into this section Mr. Lincoln went, about ten o'clock on the night of the 22d, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 23d he emerged from his sleeper in Washington; not even the conductor of the train knowing the stooping gentleman with a heavy shawl thrown over his coat. When Pinkerton returned to Baltimore, he found that the conspirators, getting news of Lincoln's safe arrival, and knowing their plot had been discovered, had fled.

THE SERVICE AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Until the spring of 1864, Pinkerton and his men were under the direction of the War Department, of which General L. C. Baker was the Chief Detective; but when on the field they came under the supervision of General McClellan. After leaving the Army, Pinkerton was detailed to look after cotton claims and frauds coming under the Department of the Mississippi. Fascinating bits of the history he and his men helped make may be found among the reports of President Lincoln, the Secretary of War and the Provost Marshal. Some of these narrations Pinkerton incorporated in his interesting book, *The Spy of the Rebellion.*

The best authorities on the subject of the Civil War have declared that next to the Secretary of War, General Baker, the Chief Detective, was the most important officer in the Government. His enemies were legion; for there was no man more fearless, and at the same time more subtle, than Baker, who began his career as number 208 of the silent army of 2,200 men known as the Vigilance Committee, called into existence during the lawless period of California, 1856. By his work in clearing the Pacific coast of gamblers of the worst type and "ballot-box stuffers," he showed his detective ability, which in time gained for him the reputation of being one of the greatest detectives of the world. During the war he never tired and never considered himself off duty. He could spot a deserter on sight, and no matter what the time or place, he did not waste a moment in holding up a suspect. A bronzed face showing above citizen's clothes; spur marks on boots of quiet-looking men; callous on the palm indicating where a gun-lock had pressed on the march; red lines on Government stockings—which the soldiers may not have noticed, etc., were some of the unfailing signs of a deserter that General Baker read. One time, he came across a man whom he suspected, but who had none of the marks by which the detective generally worked, and then he resorted to strategy. The man fell into a doze in his chair, whereupon Baker shouted suddenly, "Fall in, men!" at which the suspect jumped to his feet and made motions of preparing to march. General Baker immediately arrested him and proved that he was a deserter from the Twelfth New York Battery. He also arrested many female spies in men's clothes. One so attired was drinking at a public bar, evidently without any repugnance, when her male companions asked her to join them. Baker sat watching the interesting youth, and on such a slender clue as the fact that the masquerader frequently made a motion as if brushing back truant locks under her broad felt hat, he convicted her. Men who worked into the government service on the plea of patriotism, for self-aggrandisement, especially contractors and men connected with the commissary department, were creatures toward whom Baker had no mercy. He was well aware of the fact that President Lincoln's bowed back was due more to the thieves and traitors within his lines than to the open fight of the Confederates.

General Baker's reminiscences are con-

tained in a large volume, *History of the United States Secret Service,* which he published two years after the close of the war.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

When the Civil War was being waged, many minor terrors made the lives of those who remained at home scarcely less dreadful than that of those on the battlefields. In the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, a lawless gang called the Molly Maguires held sway. Its name was derived from Cornelius Maguire, who took part in the Irish Rebellion which occurred in the middle of the seventeenth century, and whose men, disguised as women, "Mollies," made forays throughout the country. The Pennsylvania Maguires were miners, saloonkeepers, mechanics, and loafers, who held regular meetings, which they opened with prayer for divine guidance, and then they planned devilish schemes to get rid of, or murder, those who interfered with what they regarded as their rights. After the Civil War their crimes became greater and bolder—or perhaps they were more noticeable when the great conflict was finished—and when, in 1871, no less than forty-eight murders were committed, numerous assaults made, and much property destroyed, the Secret Service and its outside men were called on to aid the Government in running the offenders to the gallows.

In 1873, James McParlan, who was largely instrumental in the conviction of Harry Orchard as the assassin of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, was sent into the Maguire stronghold. He was then twenty-nine years of age, with a personality which soon won him many friends. He assumed the name of McKenna, secured a job in the mines, and soon became a trusted member of the Maguires.

Stealthily he learned their ways, and every day sent reports to headquarters in Chicago. One arrest followed another, and it soon became apparent that some one was turning traitor. Some of the observant Mollies suspected McParlan, because he had managed to avoid doing this crime or that. One morning the papers published all the signs and passwords of the order. Alert as he was, McParlan failed to notice that he dropped a letter containing information while on the way to the post-office. He was held up by the Maguires, but he played his part so well, showing himself to be a terribly misjudged man, that even some of the most suspicious apologised. But there were two who did not believe his protestations of loyalty, and they determined to kill him at once. They ordered him to kill a mine superintendent, and he promised to obey. He asked the men to drink with him before he went on the death errand, and they did so, so well and so thoroughly that they were in a drunken stupour for two days. McParlan went to save the superintendent in the meanwhile, but when he arrived at the town where the man lived he found a crowd awaiting him with a rope. They were men who recognised him as a Maguire and believed his errand was murder. With drawn pistols he faced them and told the truth. The detention was fatal for the superintendent, for in some way the Maguires got wind of McParlan's ruse, and detailed another member for the deed. But McParlan secured the conviction of the murderers. The work told on him, so that he was almost a nervous wreck; but he appeared at the trial of fifty Maguires accused of murder, in 1876, and his story, which was four days in the telling, being flawless, settled the fate of the Molly Maguires forever.

BURNS AND THE COUNTERFEITERS

Detective William J. Burns—now prominently before the public for his part in causing the arrest of members of the International Union of Bridge and Iron Structural Workers, charged with dynamiting buildings in Los Angeles—began his career as a member of the United States Secret Service in 1890, working in the Southwest. In 1894 he was promoted to Washington for meritorious work. He was giving a roving commission, which took him into the Brockway-Bradford-Courtney case in New York and vicinity. Brockway was a notorious counterfeiter who went in for big things. He forged Erie Railroad bonds, gold certificates and Canadian notes. He used a woman—rather, a mere girl—employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, as his tool in counterfeiting a $1,000 compound interest note. He had her run a

sheet of tinfoil through the press to get an impression of the plate. From this he had an electrotype made, and printed notes without number, and so successfully did he operate that the Government accepted over $80,000 worth of them before it suspected anything wrong. Uncle Sam had to stoop to employ a counterfeiter to help discriminate between the genuine and the false notes. It was this counterfeiter, Ulrich, whom Burns used to capture the gang, persuading him to join it for the purpose of turning informer. The gang was arrested at their plant in West Hoboken.

VARIOUS DUTIES

After the close of the Revolutionary War, while the President was the nominal head of the Secret Service, the greater part of its work came under the direction of the State Department. In February, 1862, that department transferred most of its authority to the War Department. General Baker is credited with using the service for so many purposes that he established a precedent for its use for purposes for which it was not originally intended. Even after the Reconstruction Period it worked like an army of moles and often did damage in clean fields, so that, in 1882, Congress began an investigation which resulted in the passage of a bill limiting the appropriation and the duties of the service to cases coming under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department—counterfeiting, forging, smuggling, etc. In 1906, an amendment to the bill added to the activities of the service, "the protection of the President of the United States." Notwithstanding this limitation, men were drawn from the Secret Service at the Treasury Department to apprehend those believed to be implicated in the Panama Canal steal, the Western Land Frauds, the Agricultural Department Cotton-leak scandal, and the Brownsville affair. It was also drawn upon, so evidence shows, for strictly private purposes, as, for instance, when a Washington woman appealed to the Secretary of the Navy to find her daughter—a married woman—who had eloped with a naval officer. A Secret Service man detailed in the case found the couple, and the officer was punished by the Navy Department, not on account of his social sin, but because he failed to comply with the rule that every man in the Navy should leave his last address with the department.

FALSE BILLS AND TRUE

The Congressional investigation of 1908-09 resulted in a strict order that all such abuses of the Secret Service should cease, and the Treasury no longer lend men to other departments unless the law provided for such duties. This has made it imperative for the establishment of secret forces in other departments, in which the Department of Justice will probably lead.

But the Treasury branch will not lack work. Counterfeiting and smuggling keep it busy. Arrests for counterfeiting paper money are so common that newspaper accounts, like the Japanese War scare, are taken "with a grain of salt" by the average man, who prides himself on never having been the victim of a bad-money passer. The banks report the majority of counterfeit cases to the Treasury Department, and start the Secret Service on the trail. Gold is not counterfeited to a great extent, for there is small profit in working it over—a ten-dollar coin, for instance, can have no more than four dollars worth of gold removed, and be reasonably safe from detection. This gold is extracted from the centre of the coin, which is filled in with a base alloy. In silver baser metals are also worked, but the favourite game is to use Latin-American silver coins much below ours in value—and work these over into perfect-appearing United States coins.

In sections remote from sub-treasuries the inhabitants are suspicious of new bills, and the receiver of such generally looks both note and presenter over very carefully before accepting the money as good. In Washington, D. C., clean notes are the rule. A visitor from one of the Far West States was so delighted to handle clean, crisp money that he had his chewed-up-looking wad exchanged at the Treasury for a new green and yellow roll before he set out for his home. On the way he stopped at a little town, where the majority of the people never saw a note until it had the appearance of having

travelled hundreds of miles in a man's boot, under his foot at that. When the stranger began to pay out new bills they were certain a counterfeiter had come among them, and one of the leading citizens telegraphed to the largest town in that vicinity for help. A Secret Service man came to arrest the supposed counterfeiter, but was confused, then amused to find that the suspect was a distinguished man in his own State, and was scheduled for a prominent place in the coming administration. After explanations and laughter came a treat, paid for with the new money of the man, who enjoyed a joke at his own expense.

NARRATIVE AND THE FAIRY TALES

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

I



HE chief reason why it is so extremely difficult to tell a good story is the essential simplicity of the task. For the complex things are by their nature easier of accomplishment than the simple things which any one may in some fashion attempt. Thus it is easier to organise a vast business than merely to be good; thus it is easier to build a house, which only requires the co-ordination of a multitude of details, than to cut a gem perfectly; and thus while thousands of men have painted well and hundreds greatly, we tell it as a wonder that Giotto could draw a circle free-hand. Now, to tell a story effectively it is only needful to arouse the reader's interest at the start and to increase it until the end; or, as Wilkie Collins once put it: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em weep, make 'em wait." It is as simple, almost, as the Golden Rule; and it is nearly as difficult to practise.

It may well be that, although most of our modern story-telling gains, at least in facility, from being complex and elaborate in its form, we tend in that very complexity, in the tangle of types and schools and methods, to lose sight of the simple first principles underlying all narrative art; and that this, as well as advertising, overproduction, contempt of craftsmanship, and the natural proportion of things, may have something to do with the small percentage of really memorable fiction amid the great mass which we continually make. Now, there is one class of old stories so simple that any child can appreciate them and so difficult to make that the best of them can be counted on your fingers, which embody all the fundamental principles of the art reduced as it were to the lowest terms; and so well made that they have held a very restless and critical public for many years and throughout many lands. *The Three Bears* illustrates the whole technique of the casket scene in *The Merchant of Venice; Jack the Giant Killer* and *Beauty and the Beast* exhibit the norm of two eternally great types in fiction, the picaresque story and the story of the uncouth lover; Bluebeard is the ancestor of all mystery-stories; and a detailed analysis of Cinderella would show almost the whole craft of construction. Nor is this meant in any merely strained or whimsical sense. The fairy tales are trifles, of course; but they are perfect trifles, working models on a small scale of the same machinery which moves the greatest fiction; and the working of that machinery may be the

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of these articles is the librettist of "Mona," the opera which was awarded the prize of ten thousand dollars, offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House. A few years ago Mr. Hooker won the prize for the best Yale battle hymn with his "Mother of Men: Old Yale."

more easily observed in them, as the circulation of the blood may be more readily seen in the transparent web of a frog's foot than in the more highly organised human body. Their making had the enormous advantage of being traditional: so that their form depended not upon the skill of any one author, but was pushed and coaxed and patted into perfection by innumerable successive narrators; and in that process whatever was bad art and therefore uninteresting was dropped out and forgotten, while every touch that could enhance the tale was added by whoever thought of it. It may be interesting therefore to make some analysis of these old and simple stories in comparison with greater kindred examples: not exhaustively nor in detail, for that would be to induce a treatise upon the whole art of narrative; but casually and in passing, with a view to some of the primary essentials of the story-teller's craft.

II

To begin with, each of the more familiar fairy-tales sets forth emphatically a single idea of immediate human interest. This is in nowise to be confused with the plot or narrative outline of the story: the idea is what a story is about, and the plot is what is told about it; the idea is that impression which the artist pretends to convey truly and movingly to his audience, and the plot is the means of its conveyance. But the two are constantly confused: nine people out of ten would say that the story of Washington and the hatchet is about cutting down a cherry tree; whereas it is really about telling the truth. Thus *Jack the Giant-Killer,* as one critic and philosopher has already pointed out, is the story of the battle of the weak against the strong; the idea of *Cinderella* is the idea of the Magnificat, *exaltavit humiles;* and the idea of *Beauty and the Beast* is that love makes unlovely things lovable. Just so the idea of *Macbeth* is that vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself and the idea of *Romeo and Juliet* is that "these violent delights have violent ends;" while the plot is in each case a web of character and action wherein the idea is embodied. The idea is the soul of the narrative, and the plot its body. Now, the story which has evidently an idea behind it will always have the advantage over that story, otherwise of equal merit, which exists only to reflect the personality of the writer or intangibly to suggest some lyric emotion. Poetry and the Essay may deal with these things; but a story has no other hold upon existence than its hold upon human interest. The *Iliad* will always be more familiar than the *Odyssey,* and *The Scarlet Letter* than *Vanity Fair,* by virtue of their clearer emphasis upon the underlying idea. Furthermore, the ideas of these old fairy-tales are invariably ideas of native and fundamental concern. Even a child cares about adventure and the triumph of humility, chuckles over the clever trickery of *Puss in Boots* or thrills to the suspense of *Bluebeard;* nor has the oldest and wisest of us outgrown his interest in these things. Raffles is only another Marquis of Carabas, Kim another giant-killer, and Sherlock Holmes the opener of a succession of rather less horrific blue chambers. But observe, the idea of a story need not by any means be a statement of truth, such as can be formulated in a sentence. The idea of *Beauty and the Beast* happens to be such a one; but it may equally well be an idea of character, as in *Jack the Giant-Killer,* or an idea of situation, as in *Cinderella,* or an idea of environment and emotion, as in *Bluebeard:* such as can only be formulated in a phrase. And finally, it is worth considering that none of these ideas is treated as a moral. Most of the stories have not a shred of explicit morality about them; and although *Cinderella* and *Beauty and the Beast* are built around moral ideas, they treat these ideas as truths rather than as precepts. Every now and then, some pedagogue wishes to amend the old tales in the interests of ethics and infant psychology; but the child, like his normal elders, is not greatly concerned with ethics or facts in his fiction, but with art: he does not care particularly whether pumpkins really turn into coaches, or whether they ought to do so. What he wants is to have Cinderella go to the ball; and this not so much from any feeling that she deserves to go there as simply because he has for the time being identified himself with her and her desires.

And this identification of the reader with a single character in the story is the

first step toward arousing and sustaining his interest therein. The foundation of all is indeed the idea; and all great stories are written around ideas humanly momentous. But it is possible enough, of course, to give a great theme a very stupid embodiment, or to build like Boccaccio entertaining tales out of almost nothing. The reader must become (as the phrase goes) absorbed in the story; and that is done, primarily, by absorbing him sympathetically into the person of one of its actors, so that he shall behold the fiction feelingly as from within. This need of a Hero the nursery tales are invariably careful to supply; and so great a story as *Paradise Lost* may illustrate the disadvantage of neglecting it. It is carelessly said that the real Hero of *Paradise Lost* is Satan; but that is not structurally true. The attitude toward everything is Adam's even before he appears; but because too little of the story is actually seen through his eyes, and because Satan is better realised, the reader's personal interest is weakened. Now in the fairy tales, this *rapport* of Hero and reader once produced is scrupulously preserved. We follow the fortunes of Jack or Beauty or Fatima from beginning to end, without once turning aside; seeing the whole story, as far as possible, only through their eyes. The author knows what is in the blue chamber, but the reader does not know until Fatima opens the door; and *Bluebeard* is by this means made more enthralling than *Puss in Boots,* where the reader must see beforehand the devices by which Puss imposes upon the King. Yet even here the point of view is in part preserved, for although he understands the trickery, he realises its purpose only gradually with the Marquis. Thus even in farce, where the reader must see beyond the Hero, he must still be made to feel with him; and Epic and Tragedy, whose moving force is the working out of an impersonal law or impersonal historic event, must still be humanly felt in the person of the Hero.

III

But in order that this may be so, it is not at all necessary for the Hero in the technical sense to be heroic or even admirable. Jack the Giant Killer is a heroic figure; but his namesake of the Beanstalk is only an adventurous blunderer. Beauty is as lovely a personality as Cordelia; but Goldilocks and Fatima are very ordinary inquisitive little persons, and Puss in Boots only a cleverly disingenuous cat. These characters (as in actual life) are sympathetic to us by their very weaknesses. We sympathise with Cinderella because, having desires like our own, she is like ourselves desolate and oppressed; we should probably have married Mr. Bluebeard ourselves, in our schoolgirl days, under the spell of his Byronic personality, and pried into his family secrets afterward. We are, of course, too wise to sell a cow for a hatful of beans; but then, it was a very natural and comprehensible folly; and if we had been innocent enough to commit it we should (let us hope) have emulated Jack's courage and address in taking advantage of opportune results. Whereas I for one have always felt that the Giant Killer's invariable success made him, if not a prig, at least a creature remote and godlike; and I have wished that one of the giants might get the best of him now and then, just to bring him nearer. This principle of the fairy tales obtains as well throughout the whole of fiction. Nobody is expected to approve of Hamlet or Othello or Camille; for Tragedy necessarily puts its Hero in the wrong. But we put ourselves in their places by what they have in common with ourselves. Raffles the burglar is as near of kin to us as Sherlock Holmes the detective; Cyrano and Don Quixote are more grotesque but not less human than Odysseus; and those two young scamps Huckleberry Finn and Kim O'Hara take hold upon all our boyhood. The Hero may be wrong or blind or even absurd; but it must be in such a way that we cannot escape identifying ourselves with him. We must stand in his shoes, though they be seven-league boots; and even so wild a figure as Cyrano must, like the Greek gods, transcend humanity only by exaggerating its commonplaces. In this the nursery stories are excellent models, that their Heroes, moving among dragons and hippogriffs in a world of wonders, are themselves profoundly normal. Browning

himself could hardly have written *Jack and the Beanstalk* from the Giant's point of view; and in our detached and scientific modern fiction no fault is more frequent than a failure to humanise the Hero. *The House of Mirth,* for example, despite its flawless realism, is injured by the ordinary reader's difficulty in sympathising with anybody in it; yet he sympathises perfectly with the characters of *The Scarlet Letter,* who are less ordinary and just as wrong.

We have thus far the testimony of the fairy tales that a story should have behind it an interesting idea, and within it an interesting hero. So the portions which loom up most brightly out of huge legends are the portions which are not merely adventurous but expressive: the great loves of Tristram and Launcelot in the Arthurian cycle, and the story of Siegfried in the chronicles of the Volsungs. And so the memorable periods of history are best conjured up through the magic of a mighty name: Cæsar, Elizabeth, Napoleon. But an idea and a Hero do not make a story; and the chief problem after all is how to make things expressive of the idea happen to the Hero, in such wise that interest shall be aroused and sustained: in other words, how to construct a plot. Obviously, the simplest method is that of *Jack the Giant-Killer*—to carry the Hero through a series of adventures connected only by his dominating presence and by sufficient similarity to bring them all into relation with the idea. Jack fights only with giants, one after another until the narrator's invention fails; and the interest is kept up by making each giant more monstrous than the last, in a sort of crude climax. Simple as this type is, it has a long line of famous examples, from *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote* down to *Huckleberry Finn.* This, however, is practically to write a number of stories about one Hero; and modern literature, with its keen technical consciousness, tends frankly to recognise their separation, as in the case of the Sherlock Holmes series. The problem still remains, how to make the individual episode interesting, so that the reader shall desire more. And here *The Three Bears* furnishes a suggestion at once fascinating and mysterious: that the mere iteration and parallelism of events is somehow interesting, like the repeated refrain of a song, provided some one feature be changed; and that this is most attractively done in threes. Each bear has a stool, but they are of different sizes; each a bowl of porridge, but differently flavoured; each a bed, but variously stuffed. This balance of things alike in all respects but one is the mainspring of *The Comedy of Errors* and of most farces; while in the counterpoint of character against character and scene against scene, it is almost universal in literature. And the triple iteration, with an unexpected climax, is everywhere —the three caskets, the three tilts of Ivanhoe and the Templar, the three attempts of Bedivere to fling the sword into the lake, the three episodes of Greek Tragedy, and even in the vision of Elijah the lightning, the earthquake, and the still small voice. Indeed a glance at the pervasion of the number three through all myth and mystery suggests an almost magical appeal to the imagination of mankind; but there is no need to seek so far after a reason for the triple climax in narrative. It interests by presenting something first as to come, then as about to come, then as coming: rise, suspense, and fall; beginning, middle, and end. The reader is aroused, held, and satisfied; and with that we have a glimmering of the very essence of narrative form.

IV

Yet the device of iteration, valuable as it is, belongs rather to the tactics than to the strategy of fiction: it pertains rather to single scenes and episodes than to the narrative as a whole. It suggests, indeed, the germ of all artistic form, that the work shall create in the observer a desire which the work shall satisfy; but in order to see more fully the specific application of this principle to the working out of a narrative plot, it will be necessary to analyse in detail some more artful and organic structure than we have yet examined; and for this purpose we select *Cinderella* as the most perfect piece of sheer plotting among the fairy tales. Its theme has been already stated; and in this particular embodiment, whose formula may be phrased "abuse the Heroine," it is one of the most successful stories of all time. Iphigenia, Antigone, Griselda,

Elaine and Undine, Esmeralda, Amelia, Jane Eyre, the Two Orphans, Pompilia and Tess—the list is limitless; and Shakespeare himself has no more favourite character than the hapless maid. The reason why this story should have a Heroine instead of a Hero is obvious enough; but there are subtler reasons why the office of the Villain should be divided between two female characters. First, it tells the truth; for hell has no tormentor like an envious woman in power over the woman she envies; secondly, although one sister could maltreat Cinderella effectively enough, two can maltreat her in divers and contrasting ways; and there are other reasons to be observed as they appear.

The story opens with a rapid sketch of the essential situation. The Heroine is at once introduced as in a position both unfair and unhappy; and the reader is immediately in sympathy with her because her troubles and her wants are so humanly easy to understand. No little girl likes to be dirty and hated, and to have to scrub kettles while other girls go to a ball in fine clothes. The reader desires already precisely what the narrator has in mind for a conclusion—the triumph of Cinderella and the discomfiture of the sisters; and for the moment, he wants exactly what she wants: that she shall go to the ball in spite of them. This is not merely because she deserves better things: if she were represented as a saintly creature who deserved no less than heaven, and presently went there, the situation would be far less poignant; or if she desired not dresses and dancing, but freedom to develop an artistic temperament or to uplift the masses, and this desire were granted, the solution would be far less satisfying; or if she received not her special wish, but something greater and better for her, we should all be disappointed, children and elders alike. The appeal is merely to the basic human sympathy with the under dog. Through identification with a character the reader has been brought into the story, and made to want something: his interest is aroused.

At this point, the narrative begins to move. The initial situation is brought to a head by the departure of the sisters in their finery, leaving Cinderella hopeless among the ashes; and then by the appearance of the Fairy Godmother the whole face of things is abruptly and emphatically changed. There is no more exquisite bit of truth in all fiction than this introduction of the god (or Godmother) from the machine at the commencement instead of at the close of the action. For so in life the beginnings of things are arbitrary and miraculous, like the Creation or the beginning of love; whereas their working out is commonly ordered and logical. Moreover, and perhaps for this reason, one accepts the improbable most readily at the outset of a story. Only less admirable than the truth of the episode is its technical economy. The Fairy Godmother is left unmentioned until the moment of her appearance, because to anticipate her would have weakened the suspense; and the accessories of the Heroine's rescue are craftily transformed out of the very details of her desolation: her robes are made from her own rags, her horses and attendants out of mice and rats, and her coach out of a pumpkin. Here is not only suggestive symbolism but clever structure as well; for the artist should get his effects from the materials ready to his hand, and there is no surer test of form than the turning of single details to several uses. But the structural keystone of the whole episode is the strict injunction laid upon Cinderella to return before midnight, without telling her what will happen if she disobeys. By this device the very satisfaction of the reader's interest is made the means of sustaining it: he has been given what he wanted in such a way as to make him want more.





VALMY

THE ART OF WILLETTE

BY GARDNER TEALL

TO make a business of life's pastime, a pastime of life's follies, a life out of the whole of the world's light-heartedness —that has been the occupation of Montmartre. William Caxton's mountain of martyrs has long ceased to concern itself with acts of piety, and the sounds of the gaiety of the Boulevard de Clichy as surely invade the quietude of the Sacré-Cœur as do the tones of its famous bell, "Françoise-Marguerite," *La Savoyarde de Montmartre.*

But it is not Balzac's Montmartre, nor Heinrich Heine's (he sleeps in the Cimetière du Nord), nor the tuneful Offenbach's, nor yet the Montmartre of Henri Murger, who discovered Bohemia, or the Montmartre of the kindly Théophile Gautier with which this paper deals, but the Montmartre of the group of French artist-illustrators who have made it what it is to-day—Caran d'Ache, Steinlen, Forain, Léandre, Toulouse Lautrec—most of all of Adolphe Willette. Steinlen has shown the world the brutal, sodden side, the under-seams of life on the mount of martyrs. Caran d'Ache entertained it with his merry-making from the day his silhouettes cast the shadow of his great gifts upon the little screen of the *Chat Noir,* and Léandre set forth its



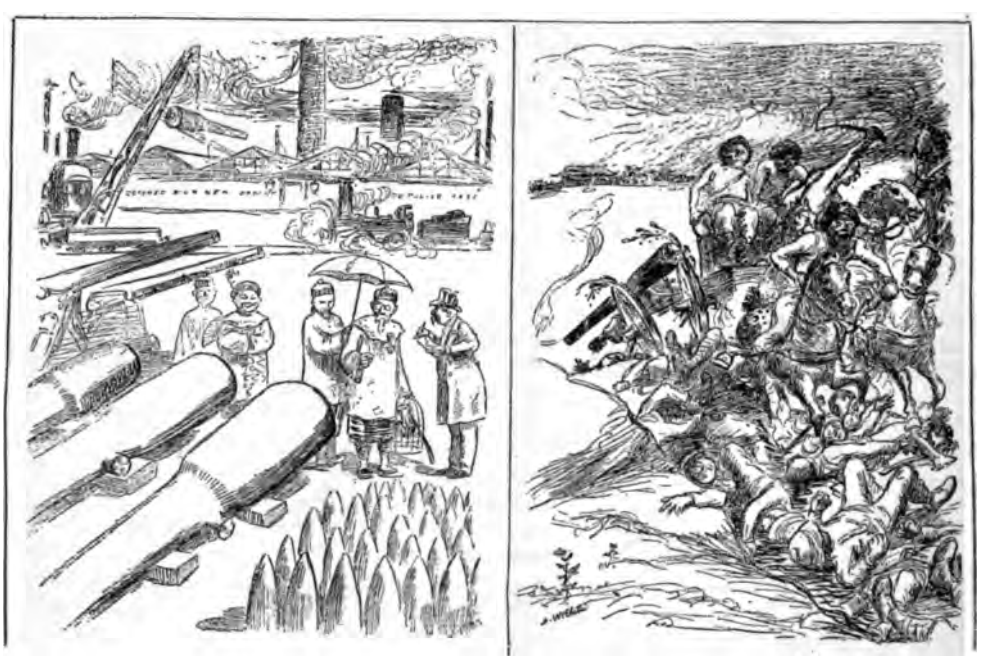
VALOUR

hilarity, but above them all Adolphe Willette has entertained Montmartre the most gracefully.

Willette, who was born fifty years ago at Chalons-sur-Marne, came to Paris from the provinces in the days before Rudolph Salis started his famous *cabaret* of the *Chat Noir,* which later Willette was to help to make famous, where all Paris afterward went. Those were the days when the mount of martyrs became the Mount of the Windmills, the playground too for the *Quartier Latin*, when the *Boul' Mich'* became too tame. How this Paris opened the eyes of the young Frenchman! Adolphe Willette from that day has never seemed to lose his early enthusiasm. Of course there was hard work and hard study before him—fame in Paris was no more easily won then than now. He had been an indifferent student in the lycée at Dijon, where his father, Colonel Willette, had sent him. Willette entered the École des Beaux-Arts, under Alexandre Cabanel. Ch. Blanc, also, was his master in æsthetics. But it was Montmartre, above all, that developed young Willette's art. In the old Moulin Rouge, in the Moulin de la Galette—well every place in this realm of fantasy he found inspiration for his especial talents. He inherited all the joyousness that was Watteau's, all that which was Fragonard's, and his art remained essentially



A GRISETTE TYPE



WHEN THE CHINESE BUY ARMS IN EUROPE, THAT IS CALLED CIVILISATION

WHEN THEY USE THE ARMS AGAINST EUROPEANS, THAT IS CALLED BARBARISM

French, expressing itself in a way all its own. Just who Willette's intellectual masters were is hard to say—but one may guess Voltaire, Madame de la Sablière, and Fontaine among them.

Je m'avoue, il est vrai, s'il faut parler ainsi,
Papillon du Parnasse et semblable aux abeilles
A qui le bon Platon comparait nos merveilles:
Je suis chose légère et vole à tout sujet,
Je vais de fleur en fleur, et d'objet en objet
A beaucoup de plaisir je mêle un peu de gloire.
.

Je suis chose légère et vole à tout sujet; je vais de fleur en fleur et d'objet en objet: that brings one to the art of Willette, an art never indifferent, in its thought of beauty, to things of the heart, of pity, of enthusiasm.

When Salis founded a little journal, *Le Chat Noir,* his *cabaret* became its editorial offices, and thither Willette, Steinlen and the others found their way. Then Jules Roques founded the *Courrier Francais* in 1884 and brought many French artists' names into prominence. Willette probably has never surpassed the drawings that appeared in the *Courrier Francais.* They won him his greatest renown as an illustrator, though he is likewise a painter. Besides the *Chat Noir* and the *Courrier Francais,* Willette has drawn for the *Journal, Le Rire, L'Assiette au Beurre, Pierrot* and many other French illustrated periodicals.

The very mention of Pierrot to a Frenchman brings to mind Adolphe Willette. Who else has depicted poor Pierrot so delightfully? Indeed Willette *is* Pierrot! And to Willette Pierrot has be-



TO ARMS! THE COSSACKS!

The Russian troops visiting France at the time of the cementing of the Dual Alliance were received with great enthusiasm. To the aged veteran of the Crimea, however, the sight brings strange memories. Instinctively he reaches for the scythe at his feet, and utters his cry of warning.

come a symbol. He draws him every way, everywhere, in every conceivable situation; it is Pierrot more often than not who strikes poignantly the heart of French sympathy when Adolphe Willette has a lesson to teach, a rebuke to administer. Some day some one will collect Willette's Pierrots—he will bring them all together; there will be gentle Pierrots, cruel Pierrots, joyous Pierrots, and *Pierrots malheureux*—and then the Colombines, and *Pierrette*, and Pierrot's baby! And then, when Pierrot is dead, *voilà! la veuve de Pierrot*—smiling!

Life, again, is sometimes depicted by Willette pêle-mêle—almost always in his painting; the writer finds greater interest in his drawings. Perhaps few artists of France have done more than Willette for the propaganda of peace, through the strikingly haunting lessons conveyed by his depicting the horrors of war, despite the fact that the "glory of France" is ever dear to his heart. In considering his paintings—one may see them in the Hoentschel Collection (*Le Marié*), the Bal Tabarin, the Hotel de Ville and elsewhere in Paris—one remembers that Willette was a pupil of Cabanel, but his invention is always happy and his exuberance here, as in his drawing, is always natural.



A WILLETTE PIERROT

SONG AT ENDING DAY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Meseems as though a ghostly light
 Had round me flung its beams to-day—
An airy mantle, warm and white,
 To keep the cold away.
 Sad things are of a sudden gay,
And in me wakes an old delight.

The heaviness, the pain are fled,
 Filled as with music are the rooms
Where yesterday a human tread
 Rang hollow as in tombs;
 And all the garden blows and blooms
With lilies white and roses red.

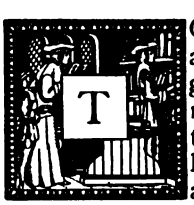
Has she returned, who went from me?
 So near she is, so near, so near—
It seems that I might almost see
 Her happy eyes, and hear
 Her gentle chiding for the tear
That wakened in my ecstasy.

Here by the high-walled garden's gate,
 Here is the bench she loved so well.
Perchance she comes again, elate,
 Some mystic thing to tell!
 My heart is as some far clear bell,
Tolling. I close my eyes—and wait.

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION

OF THE PRESENT DISHEARTENING CONDITION AND QUALITY OF FICTIONAL LITERATURE WRITTEN IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGES

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



TO the sensitive and well-attuned observer two great facts relating to the modern fictional literature written in the English languages must be apparent, and must cause him deep distress. One is the great falling off in the number of novels, and the other is the great slump in quality.

It is not my intention to draw conclusions from the merely amateurish remarks of the general reader of fiction, who may have bought a novel with a perfectly good three-colour portrait of a girl on the cover. His opinion is worthless. He may read novel after novel, remarking regularly, after each is finished: "Rotten, punk, all to the bad!" but his critical ability is negligible. He might say the same of *Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*. Probably he would.

Neither shall I exemplify my contention by drawing from the scathing words

of the professional critics. We all know too well that the critics of to-day do nothing but scathe. Many a critic has taken a novel that was at least as good as anything done by Balzac, and scathed it all to pieces. We all know that the critic does nothing but condemn. And he gets free copies, too!

No, these are not signs of the times. The reader may hoot and the critic may scathe, and they leave us unconvinced, but when the publisher himself voices his discouragement, we may well listen. Particularly true is this when his depression appears in the public prints, and regarding fiction put forth by himself. The fact is this: the publisher is utterly disheartened. Time was when a publisher could present a book of fiction to his public with a few words of recommendation. He had a belief in the merits of his wares. But to-day he is so disgusted, so sick at heart over the sort of fiction he is obliged to put forth, that his optimism is dead. It is in the tone of his announcements that we read his hopeless depression and the small opinion he has of the novels he prints. Not once, so far in 1911, have I read an announcement in which a publisher ventures even the modest assertion that a novel of his printing is "the greatest work of fiction ever produced by the hand of man." When the publishers feel thus the condition of fiction must indeed be low.

In most instances the publishers actually disparage the novels they are offering. I suppose they are ashamed to say a good word for them. What can we think of a novel of which the publisher has no more to say than that it is "tremendously dramatic . . . presents a fascinating character . . . ?" Or of another in which "the characters are particularly strong and convincing . . . a big book in more than one sense of the word . . . a fine, clean, spirited romance of sentiment and action?" If that is all the publisher has to say it is evident he does not think much of the novel.

A few sporadic instances such as these might indeed prove nothing. The publishers putting them forth might be suffering from dyspepsia or chronic melancholia, and the novels might really possess merits, but when this same deprecatory tone appears in all announcements of new fiction we can and must believe that fiction is in a bad state. Of the books of the Spring season the publishers have nothing better to say than such things as "weird and alluring . . . conceive that Du Maurier . . . Poe . . . Hugo . . . De Maupassant. . . ." or "the year's best novel. . . . One of the great novelists . . ." and "the reader remains enthralled . . ." and ". . . quiet strength. is infused with sincerity. . . ." and of another " . . . sensuous charm of word and idea, the grace and flexibility of style . . . render even more beautiful a love story, the intrinsic charm of which makes an instantaneous appeal." The publishers hardly seem to care whether any one buys their books or not.

This reserve of expression is not due to modesty on the part of the publishers, either. Publishers are not modest. In the past they have, on occasion, been known to mention that such or such a book was good. The truth is that they have not the heart to speak words of praise for the spring crop of novels. If they had would they damn them with such faint praise as

. . . told with vigour and full of cleverness and freshness.

An engrossing mystery story.

The sprightliest romance of the season.

The "Prince of Story Tellers" in a new vein.

Displays . . . the lost art of Poe.

An engrossing romance.

The detective story of 1911.

. . . inimitable flashlights. . . .

One of the most extraordinary detective tales ever written.

. . . few stories so sweet, so tender, so humanly convincing, . . .

. . . masterly understanding, . . . brilliant perception, . . . intense power.

. . . a strong story.

One of the cleverest, most captivating, most complicated, most delightful of love stories.

. . . a virile story.

. . . sparkles with humour.

. . . transcends the limits of mere fiction.

. . . without parallel in contemporary fiction for sustained and quiet beauty.

. . . throws into the shadow all the novels of the last decade. . . .

. . . original, powerful, different. . . .

. . . stirring. . . .
. . . brilliant. . . .
. . . vivid and enthusiastic. . . .
. . . clever. . . .
. . . delightful. . . .
. . . Strongest. . . .
. . . fascinating. . . .

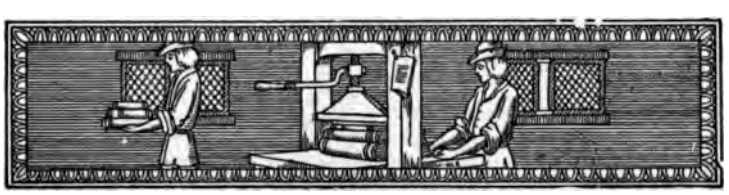
Would they? They would not! The publishers have evidently lost faith in the English-writing and translating-into-English authors. They see nothing hopeful in the outlook. They are distinctly pessimistic, as may be seen from the few excerpts quoted here.

The fault is with the authors. Our fiction writers are not satisfying the publishers. No wonder the publishers openly condemn the novelists in such cutting words as "Miss ——— has rare gifts for character drawing and her talents have been used to the full." It is cruel to condemn an author in this ruthless manner, but the taunt is deserved. Even those who have done well in times past seem to have lost their ability. As one publisher says, "Mr. ——'s first novel since '——— of ———,' and the greatest of his life work." This is an admission of lack of confidence that touches the hardest heart.

I see no hope for the future. That is the worst of it. The authors are authoring as hard as they can, but the publishers are steadily losing faith. As one publisher says, "First edition to be 175,000 copies," thus utterly condemning the book in question in advance, for if the publisher shows no faith in his books how can he expect the public to have faith in them?

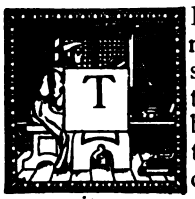
But, if the outlook is black, now is the time to make an appeal to the publishers. The time of panic is the time to talk prosperity, and the time when our publishers feel as their announcements indicate they feel is the time when they should try to arouse the drooping art of fiction-writing by throwing a word of praise into their advertisements now and then. I propose that every publisher of fiction hereafter, in announcing a new book, drop some little word of praise into the advertisement. It need not be much—just some mild little phrase such as "this novel, by far the greatest the world has yet seen, will go thundering down the ages. It will live forever," or "Cervantes, De Foe, Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Thackeray, Dickens and Shakespeare must weep with jealousy to think they, alone or in company, could never have produced a novel so noble, so thrilling, so true, so world-without-end everlastingly jim dandy as this."

If you are a publisher, do this. If you are a friend of a publisher, beg him to do this. If you are a reader, write the publishers to do this. Tell the publishers. Telephone them. Urge them to look on the brighter side of things. Who knows? Perhaps in a year fiction may take an uplift. Perhaps in two years things will be brighter. At present only six books are able to find their way each month into the fold of the "six best sellers." If the publishers will only say a few good words for their publications, when advertising them, fiction may take such a brace that in a year or so there may be twenty, or thirty or even forty "six best sellers" every week.



THE COMEDIANS OF THE EDITOR'S MAIL

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



HE editor of one of the most widely known short-story magazines, the editor of one of the combination fiction-special article magazines of large circulation and the present writer were indulging in a shop-talk not long ago over the midday mutton chop and baked potato. In the course of his assault upon the paprika-sprinkled vegetable accompaniment, the first editor hazarded the remark that, in his own way, he, too, was a species of Diogenes. "I am looking," he supplemented, "for that one honest contributor who, in the letter he sends with his manuscript, will state his case simply and straightforwardly instead of indulging in attempts to be funny or smart for the perfectly obvious purpose of 'jollying' the editor." And the second editor coincided so enthusiastically with his colleague's opinion that he accidentally ordered three forty-cent fancy-tales in his excitement.

Subsequent conversation with numerous metropolitan magazine editors and the direct evidence that has come before the present eyes certify that something like eight out of ten persons who send their fiction products to the periodicals usually seek to ingratiate themselves subtly with the editors through the enclosed aid of facetious letters. These eight persons are the so-called volunteer contributors, that is, the contributors of the literary outlands who believe in their heart of hearts that they possess the writing genius of Chesterton, Shaw and Phillips combined and who, despite this beautiful belief, have yet to see their first products in print. Indeed, statistics indicate that even the other two persons, the more firmly established contributors, have not always been above the practice of the humorous, or quasi-humorous, enclosure, although, to be sure, the latter proportionately small class of writers is by no means a regular offender in this regard. Frequently the letters of the outland contributors employ the semi-ironic style in their effort to get the editor's eye and subsequently win that eye over to the attendant manuscript. But one and all, the letters are meant as levers to gain the editor's possibly recalcitrant smile and one and all are set down in the inside editorial circle as the work of the so-termed "contributing comedians." A reprint of some of these subsidiary contributions may throw a new light on this comparatively obscure branch of the curious magazine editorial tree. But before quoting it must be insisted that the reader remember that no general opinion as to whether or not these letters prove effective in their intended purpose is hazarded.

The editor of one of the New York fiction periodicals recently received the following letter from a feminine contributor in Philadelphia:

MY DEAR, DEAR EDITOR: I am not going to be conventional and start off by assuring you I have read and enjoyed your magazine for many years. True, I have taken the trouble to read three numbers, but I have not liked them. What your magazine needs is stories like the one I am sending you by this mail, love stories that *are* love stories and not the usual "conservatory smugglers." I am not writing you in this vein just to attract your attention to my manuscript, because I feel sure that you are the sort of editor who knows in his heart that the stories he is printing are really not the kind he wants. Here, then, is your chance! If you are anything like the picture of yourself I saw printed in a weekly publication the other day, you are a strong enough type of man not to be bound by the cut-and-dried sort of fiction you have used in your magazine in the past.

The manuscript that followed this letter, upon reading, proved to be a pultaceous story of the Glyn-asterisk brand, and the editor, in returning it, could not resist the temptation to write the lady that she had been mistaken. "That photo-

graph you saw," he dictated, "flattered me."

The managing editor of several fiction magazines not long ago showed the writer the quoted script that, he said, had been the resistance piece of the season in his office. The author was the editor, so he wrote, of a small newspaper in an even smaller town in Nebraska. (The adjectives were, of course, not his.)

REVERED COMRADE: Your publications have a circulation of several hundred thousand. Mine has a circulation of one thousand. You do not come into direct contact with your readers. I do! I know, therefore (and I think you will grant the truth of what I say), what the reading public wants. It wants *news* with a capital *N*. The newspapers, following this idea, make barrels of money. Why, then, if the magazines followed the same idea, would not they make more money than the newspapers? More, I say, because they would print stories in addition to the news and would give readers, therefore, twice as much for their money! In accordance with what I think on this subject, I am sending you a combination of the two ideas, namely, a fiction story built around the character of an editor, or man who knows and gets the news. If you will use it and send me a cheque for it, I will send you at intervals other editorial tips as good as the one in this letter.

At the bottom of the letter, in fine handwriting, was this postscript: "Read the story—it's only 2500 words in length—and then decide which of us is crazy—you or I!" The editor read the story and discovered it to be anything but devoid of merit, the letter, as may be guessed, having been written purposely to mislead the editor as to its author's mental balance and to get him to read the manuscript out of sheer curiosity. This method is said to be a not uncommon one among the contributing comedians.

In the all-star cast of comedians of the editor's mail women play the leading rôles. Probably, therefore, this paper should employ in its title the term comediennes instead of the masculine form of the word that has been used. Here is a sample letter from one of the array of comediennes, received two weeks ago by the managing editor of one of the all-fiction magazines

"Honourable Sir!" (*in soft tones*) "do you like the story I sent you yesterday?" (*Editor's gruff voice*) "I haven't read it yet!" (*Softer tones*) "Please, will you read it soon and write me you will accept it?" (*Editor's gruffer voice*) "Yes!"

Oh, I thank you so much. You are a perfect dear.

Sample number two, received by the same editor a month ago:

I have been told that the proper way to send a manuscript to a magazine editor is to accompany it with some little gift in the form of an embroidered linen handkerchief or a dainty pen-wiper or something of the sort. I am going to be original, however, and not do anything of the sort. But I should be delighted to embroider you a handkerchief with my own hands if you will let me know what initial you wish on it. *This is not bribery*, because I feel confident my manuscript is good enough to stand on its own merits. I simply mean to do the handkerchief for you as a mark of my gratitude toward you for reading my story, which is my first effort. Please do not misunderstand my motive. I am not endeavouring to bribe you. You must believe me! My story, as you will see by the title, is relevantly called "The Princess's Handkerchief."

The present writer, in the preparation of this article, asked the managing editor of one of the well-known fiction magazines to show him what he considered to be the best "comedian letter" that had come to his attention recently. The editor pulled open his desk drawer and drew out this masterpiece:

You naughty man! You have spoiled my baby's nose and it will go through life looking totally unlike its parent. Why, oh why, did you change the name of the heroine? Why, oh why, did you do so and thus alter the contour of my brain-child's chief feature. Eucalypta seemed to me to be a far better name for my New York society girl character than the less euphonious Clarissa which you bestowed upon her. I have known several society girls bearing the name of Eucalypta. However, I will forgive you if you will accept the new story I am sending you to-day. I have left the name of the heroine blank this time and herewith submit several names that may please you. You can choose the one you

like best. As you know, my own first name is Hilda.

On a separate sheet of paper were these four names: Hilda, Trathura, Doloretta and Varoyilla. The editor confided to the present writer that he had written the comedienne in question to this effect: "The last three names you have submitted may be suitable for race-horses and petticoat silks, but I scarcely believe would look well (aye, even decent) on a 'society girl.' Moreover, the story you have submitted resembles the names in that it may be suitable for some publications but not for ours."

A contributor from Chicago recently sent this letter to one of the editors in New York:

I am sending you my first story, 2,200 words in length. I am employed in a garage and get fifteen dollars a week. Unless you accept my contribution and pay me well for it I will graft enough out of automobile repairs and gasoline fillings to pay me for my trouble and time in having written the story. So help a man keep in the straight and narrow path. Acceptance is the best policy!

Many of the comedians lie in ambush until they ferret out a typographical error or author's error in a magazine and then seek to take advantage of such an error in referring to the merits of their own particular contributions. One of the most interesting instances of this kind on the magazine records follows:

My Dear Editor: Why will American authors, in their effort to be learned or smart, insert foreign words and phrases in their stories when they are not even able to spell those phrases or words correctly? In a story in your last number (citing title) there appears a French word that is misspelled. I believe the writer did not know any better. I am a Frenchman and I am sending you an English story with numerous French words and phrases which, you will discover, are all spelled correctly. You will ingrate yourself with me if you accept this story.

The editor's reply to the Frenchman is appended:

I have looked up the French word in the story entitled —— and agree with you that it was not spelled properly. Will you kindly accept my thanks for your criticism and, as a mark of my gratitude, accept this bit of criticism in return? In the last sentence of your letter I see the word "ingrate." The word you wish to use, I believe, is "ingratiate." With sincere regards, believe me, etc.

Writers of verse are given to the species of letters under discussion in even greater numbers than the prose contributors. Every poet, be he a good poet or a bad, bad poet, believes in his soul that he is something of a letter writer. The standing of the contributors of poetry subsequently treated shall not concern us. Their letters will suffice. In the same envelope with a bit of verse sent to a magazine a few months ago, came this letter:

As a magazine editor I presume you are deficient in poetic sense and lyric appreciation. Permit me to tell you, therefore, that the poem I am sending you is possessed of deep merit and amply worth the space you may assign it in your esteemed publication.

Poet sample number two, received by the same editor, reads as follows:

Oh, gentle man, if e'er you can
Accept my poem, pray please do!
For if you can't I must e'en rant,
For my apartment rent is due.

The editor's reply to this effusion may not be uninteresting: "Dear Sir," it went, "which poem do you wish to submit for publication? The one about your rent being due is far and away the better of the two. Poetically yours ——"

Let us quote a third specimen of the handiwork of one of the poet-humourists.

From Arcady, oh editor, I greet thee! 'Twill be as nectar to my lips if you, in your infinite wisdom, will print my humble effort and give me an ample stipend therefor. Read my little poem. 'Twill make you a better man—and you can certainly stand improvement. (Now I am even with you for turning down my last contribution!)

Even the volunteer contributors of special articles are said not to be above the comedian letter-writing sin. In witness whereof, a reader on one of the general magazines submits this feminine outburst:

I suppose you employ a special staff of men to get up your special articles and I would

not intrude were it not for the fact that I believe there is one subject they can know little about and that they might suffer some embarrassment investigating the same. I refer to "The Art of the Kimono." Accordingly I am submitting to you an article on this delicate subject, handled as only a delicate creature like myself can handle it. I realised that you are a man and that you may foolishly dismiss my article after merely glancing at the title. For your benefit and education, therefore, permit me to tell you that the kimono is to the home of the present day what the "God Bless Our Home" motto used to be. If you don't believe me, ask your wife. Or if you are not married, ask your aunt. If you want to please your women readers, accept my article. If you don't want to please them, use in its stead one of the conventional specials on "The Alaskan Controversy" or some other such fit-only-for-curl-papers topic.

THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN THREE PARTS—PART III

WINDOW DISPLAYS



HERE is probably no form of work into which vanity enters more charmingly and subtly than authorship, and nothing delights an author more than a window display. Also it is a most effective form of advertising. The mere piling-up of books is convincing to the passer-by; he is the last one to guess that nine-tenths of them are only the paper-jackets. But this device, like all devices, will occasionally fail—a well-known house displayed a nature-book for three days in perhaps the most prominent New York window with no results whatever; but, on the other hand, it has been known to succeed under the most unlikely circumstances. A certain dealer bought a lot of dictionaries which refused to leave his shelves. One day a broken-down vaudevillian struck him for a quarter, and this gave him a bright idea. That afternoon a man stood in the window and juggled dictionaries; he kept three going at once —more than had ever gone before; and by assiduous barking within, the display was a complete success. Yet no one would have said that an appreciable number of people would be reminded that they needed anything so staid as a dictionary by the sight of it spinning in the air. The chief form of advertising for *Mrs. Wiggs* was a window display of the cabbage patch. *Max* was so arranged that the books spelt the title. A model of a cowboy on horseback handing out a miniature copy of the book and the whole picture framed in real copies, formed a striking exhibit for *The Virginian*. The display of *The Lightning Conductor* was the best that Holt ever put out. It was a toy automobile and various firms supplied the models. Possibly it was this fact which set going the persistent yarn that the book was written to exploit a certain car, a story which the authors vehemently denied. *The Plum Tree* was displayed in the window of a bookshop in Atlanta by a small real tree with one dollar bills tied to its branches to illustrate this story of graft. The tendency of publishers now is to educate their booksellers to stimulate demand; here was a bookseller that didn't need to be educated. Booksellers, once started on the right line by due incentive from the publishers, proved to have plenty of ideas, and they have themselves arrived at some of the best schemes for display.

DEVICES AND DODGES

There have been innumerable devices and dodges to get a book or author into the public mind. Long ago Mr. R. H.

Davis, in London, sent a messenger boy, Jaggers, to Chicago with a letter. The boy landed in New York and went at once to the Stock Exchange to wait for his train. This striking preference on the part of a messenger boy naturally caused much discussion in the papers. The Arthur Sterling device—that the book was an actual autobiography and the writer had in dispair committed suicide by plunging from the deck of a Hudson River boat—entirely deceived the newspapers, and they gave the book great Sunday stories; it was some time before this ruse was discovered. A firm

"CAB NO. 44" CREATES MUCH WONDER FOR TOM FLYNN

Finally Traced Down by Policeman Who Finds it at Bennett's Store.

"Cab No. 44."

Big, bold letters and figures on the outside of a cab, and a boy with yellow paper inside telling all about "Cab No. 44," caused Street Commissioner Flynn and a policeman much wonder and many steps yesterday

Up and down this street and that through the retail section of the city this mysterious cab with the mystic term emblazoned upon it pursued its devious way For a time only the driver was visible and it left nothing in its wake. Then in a few hours people who kept watch on it observed a boy within throwing out yellow paper. He literally strewd the streets with this yellow paper.

"Here, what's all this about?" ruminated Street Commissioner Flynn, whose streets were being so nicely groomed for the Sab-

CAB NO. 44 IN OMAHA

once decided for private and personal reasons to withdraw a book. Seeing themselves at a dead loss of several thousand dollars, they thought they saw a chance to make some of it good. They induced a certain person to sue both them and the author for libel; and thereupon announced that while both parties had been quite unconscious of the offence, they would withdraw the book. The result was that they got an immense amount of advertising for nothing, more perhaps than the original cost of the book. The cleverest publishers' device of our day was, however, entirely unsophisticated, incredible as it appears. A lady really *did* write to Harpers that as the doctor had given her only a few more weeks of life she would be very grateful if they would tell her how *The Masquerader* turned out. Harpers obtained permission to publish this letter, but it was later withdrawn by request of the lady's relatives. But facts rarely play so neatly into the hand, and the advertising staff is driven to constant invention. Some years ago the public was informed through the advertisements in the papers that in one of the enormous stack of books in a certain department store was hidden a hundred dollar bill—the edition was cleaned out before evening. A variation of this device was used in Providence. On a certain morning on Weybosset Street you must have a copy of *Graustark* in your hand, and if you said a certain phrase to the right man, you received a crisp hundred dollar bill in return. Stokes advertised *Cab No. 44* —a yellow book with dark stamping—by a yellow cab with No. 44 painted in large numerals both on the side and on the top. The first time they sent it out they were stopped by the police; but after they got a permit through, the yellow cab was a familiar Fifth Avenue sight for a fortnight. A dry goods house in Omaha employed the same device, and with true Western fertility added other elements. A boy inside literally strewed the street with yellow slips, and a row was worked up between the driver and somebody on the sidewalk. Cab No. 44 was not called off the job until the Omaha newspapers had told every citizen a great deal about the book. The idea had its origin with the author, it was said; at any rate friends of the publisher avow that for some time he steered clear of Fifth Avenue and any mention of yellow cab was unfortunate.

TITLES, COVERS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

When we see a book we are either attracted or unattracted by it. Provided we know nothing of the author, we do not as a general thing dip into a paragraph or two for a taste until we have felt this slight attraction. Thus the title, the cover, and the illustrations are important advertisers of a book.

A bad name is a fatal handicap. As the publishers must have foreseen, *Holy Orders,* by Marie Corelli, was doomed at the start by its impossible title. One questions how much of a success *Pigs is Pigs* would have been under its first title, *A Guinea Pig's Story.* Happily one of the editors of the magazine in which it appeared expressed his disgust at so uninteresting a name and suggested the one it now bears. It is hardly thinkable that Mr. Major wanted to call *Knighthood* by the hopeless title of *Sunday Afternoons,* because he wrote the book on Sundays for his family. Can you imagine half a million people buying a book called *Sunday Afternoons?* The mere name of the leading character secures no interest whatever, unless on account of its oddity or suggestiveness it carries a picture. The ideal title has euphony and meaning, and catches the mind with a concrete image or the imagination with a vague suggestiveness. There can be no doubt that *The Glory of the Conquered* and *The Garden of Allah* were distinctly helped by their titles. Also it should be short—a long title will not stand out in display-work. Yet a happy combination of words can laugh at brevity. No more brilliant title was ever devised than *How to be Happy Though Married,* and thousands of people bought the book on the strength of it. The euphony of a name and its easy speakability have not been given sufficient thought. The day is gone by when alliteration is very effective, though there can be no doubt that *Bob, Son of Battle,* is much better than Tom, son of battle. The idea of Mr. Vance in *The Brass Bowl, The Bronze Bell, The Black Bag,* is probably to get the cumulative effect of the "b's": Mr. Churchill uses the same motive in the key of "C." Many books have suggested a well-known title in the heyday of its popularity. When *She* was the sensation of the hour, there rapidly followed *He, They,* and *It.* The success of *Elizabeth* started many "garden" books; and *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* was spoken of as an American Elizabeth. It was very successful and the first of a long series, for the charm of *Elizabeth* showed other writers that the story of a garden could be developed in a personal human way. It is said that all of the "house" books in the last few years have succeeded; and the "how" and "when" books are innumerable. Sometimes colours are the rage: *Under the Red Robe, The Red Badge of Courage, The Red Cardinal, The Reds of the Midi; The Yellow Aster, The King in Yellow; White Mice, White Magic*—all of these came out near enough together to gain some fleeting attractiveness of title by the similarity.

The cover of a book is a valuable asset. Few people on the hotel piazza last summer failed to notice the bright purple of *The Rosary* against the white gown of the summer girl. *Janice Meredith,* issued just at the beginning of the historical novel craze, greatly profited by the miniature on the cover. The picture was brought in casually one day by P. L. Ford, and the publishers had an inspiration to use it. A genuine inspiration it was, for almost no binding before its day had sported a colour insert. In the days when "a candy-box cover" was a rarity, this must have sold a great many copies. *The Maxims of Methuselah* was advertised extensively; but its best advertisement, says its publisher, was the cover. This was the face of an old man with a white beard somewhat geometrically arranged; it was not immediately intelligible and roused curiosity; and the face when deciphered proved to be different from the mastodon head with two curving tusks which it at first resembled—the whole thing giving, through these various steps of psychology, as well as in itself, an effect of satirical humour which particularly fitted the author's idea. Whenever an artist can be persuaded to embody the author's conception an excellent advertisement is achieved. But this, alas! is rare. "Book salesmen," says *A Publisher's Confession,* "will tell you that pictures help to sell novels. But the illustrations rarely convey anything but confusion, and the conventional illustration of the conventional novel marks the lowest degradation of the present-day publisher. But the artist has the benefit of commercial doubt on his side." There are, of course, many buyers who think an illustration of any sort is better than none at all; but there

are also many who get an unfavourable impression of a book from its vapid and meaningless illustration. And now that the appreciation of art has become more widespread, it is probable that the latter number is beginning to equal and perhaps to exceed the former. After all, a man has reached a certain point of culture when he buys a book. Nor is it entirely proved that the other kind of person thinks a good deal about the illustration anyway. The one new thing in a theatre edition is the illustration from the real scene on the stage, and—as has been said—a theatre edition is very rarely successful. The days, too, of advertisement by cuts have passed, as have also the days of posters—a business which the book took over from the magazine; and possibly no publisher nowadays would see his money coming back if he hired artists' models and posed them for hero and heroine, as was done in the advertising of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Possibly even a new set of Gibson illustrations would no longer be thought sufficient excuse for doubling the price of a book already on the market, which happened when the *Rupert of Hentzau* illustrations compelled a new Gibson edition of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The question, "Does illustration pay?" even if it had been settled ten years ago, would now need going into again.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF ADVERTISING

While *Mrs. Wiggs* and *The Lady of the Decoration* steadily made their way with almost no advertising, and *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* sold through seven editions without a line of it or before the firm even decided to get out an American edition—there have been books whose behaviour when advertised was nothing short of weird. It took one year to start *Nancy Stair* big, and its history seemed to have nothing to do with its exploitation. No results appeared from the small appropriation with which it began its career. In six months it began to show some signs of life, which the publishers concluded to coax along; by way of recognition for this friendly turn, it not only refused to grow any more but stopped dead altogether. In about a month some slight stir again appeared, and at length it seemed to decide to go on. In view of past experience, the Appletons declined to meddle with its growth for fear of discouraging it, and only when it began to sell five thousand a month did they venture to lend a helping hand again. Books, indeed, seem to go their own gait, and there is a mysterious fascination in their often unaccountable response. No one could have foreseen that in spite of its locality and its rumoured connection with Grover Cleveland, *The Honourable Peter Stirling* would first demonstrate its selling powers in San Francisco; and it is no less than fantastic that Texas proved one of the best markets for *The Divine Fire*. It is, of course, very easy to overadvertise a book as every once in a while a too indulgent husband again proves to a publisher; but it is not so generally understood that a campaign may be on entirely wrong lines. The entire field must be each time surveyed and every little peculiarity noted—Waterloo was lost because of a sunken road. When Macmillan published *Nathan Burke*, the book was heavily advertised in advance and sold very well in advance orders. But for some reason it didn't leave the shelves. When the firm discovered that every copy sold so far had cost them seventy cents in advertising, they decided that its being a historical novel was keeping it back. In a very intelligent series of advertisements they set out to counteract such an impression and to show the public that historical novels had occasionally been good in themselves. The scheme was successful. It is part of a publisher's business to discover what may be in the public mind about the book he is issuing. In spite of the huge publicity given to Peary, for instance, Stokes spent an unusual amount in advertising *The North Pole*. The newspaper publicity had been of a nature to throw derision on the whole subject, and it had to be neutralised by a judicious insistence on the idea that the book itself was valuable. This the firm accomplished by fully explaining its contents. Occasionally the most trivial idea will stick in people's minds about a book, and it is good advertising to take advantage of it. *Lady Baltimore* is an illus-

tration of this. Some people were disappointed when, buying a book of that title, they found the scene laid in Charleston; others remembered that they had eaten a cake of the same name. Both these ideas Macmillan used. One of their advertisements was a frosted cake cut in slices, and down the edge of each slice was printed a reviewer's comment. This attracted a great deal of attention among the trade, and booksellers kept asking for that particular circular. The firm was heartily ashamed of the crudity of it, but it was as successful as any advertising they ever did. A publisher might just as well in the beginning take advantage of anything odd about a book, no matter how trivial, because the public will force him to do so in the end. All the reviewers eagerly seized upon Em'ly, the hen in *The Virginian*, and she became famous from one coast to the other. The firm had many requests for "the book with the hen in it." Indeed, it sometimes happens that publishers do not foresee public response to what proves afterward, in the light of it, to be the chief idea in a book. *No. 5 John Street*, says the Century Company, was a great surprise—for no one would have been justified in thinking that there was so much interest in socialism among the novel-buying public. When the firm found out that it was this element which was responsible for the large sale, they greatly helped the matter along.



"THE CHIEF FORM OF ADVERTISING FOR 'MRS. WIGGS' WAS A WINDOW DISPLAY OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

TRADE CONDITIONS

Publishers have often to force a demand on the part of the dealers when they are uncertain of a proposition or fail to size it up. In putting out *The Masterpieces in Color*, Stokes was confronted with the greatest reluctance on the part of jobber and retailer to handle the book. It was something new and in spite of considerable enthusiasm, natural conservatism made them hold back. The series numbers over forty volumes now, and the total sales have been at least one hundred and fifty thousand. Another very successful book, *The North Pole*, met with the same experience; the jobbers said that the newspapers had made the public sick and tired of everything relating to the Pole. When Macmillan issued *Richard Carvel* in the summer season and began to advertise it widely, every one said they were crazy. But its success was only another illustration of the fundamental law of advertising—do a new thing and it attracts attention. *The Rosary* was one of the first novels to be sold net, and the booksellers were anxious to push it on account of the greater profit. Publishers are finding out nowadays that it is best to follow a book right through the retail trade. The bookselling business is after all comparatively small, and the average bookseller is not alert; and publishers as a class have not gone as thoroughly into schooling the retail trade as have other manufacturers, who send out lessons in salesmanship and travellers whose sole business it is to educate clerks to create a demand. Bookselling is now more concentrated than before and its direction chiefly rests on the publisher. He is beginning to force the bookseller to do business by giving him window displays or offering prizes for the cleverest

ones, by distributing picture postcards and large reproductions of illustrations, and by giving books to clerks to work up a personal interest. "Book-buying," says *A Publishers' Confession*, "is just beginning to be general and, the few existing bookstores utilised, there is no organised machinery for finding more buyers except the book agent. Publishers are working in a business that has not as yet been developed, that is behind the economic organisation of other kinds of manufacturing and selling, that awaits proper organisation. The real problem is to find book-buyers whom we do not now reach, for the masses even of intelligent folks have yet hardly fairly begun to buy books."

A manifestation of this imperfection in the machinery of distribution is the universal feeling on the part of publishers that for certain kinds of books there is no satisfactory advertising medium. Musical books, for instance, receive comparatively little response from the recognised musical organs and from concert programmes. Special books of this sort always need specialised publications. A garden book, for example, gets its best responses from such papers as *The Garden Magazine, House and Garden, Country Life;* an art book from *The International Studio, The Craftsman, Arts and Decoration;* health books from the various magazines devoted to that subject and from all the "new-thought" periodicals.

Another manifestation of this—and one more within the publishers' power to control—is the fact that so few of them are equipped to get directly at their public. There is a surprising difference in the travelling force of publishing companies. Even some of the leading ones have only two travellers. The number depends more or less, of course, on the kinds of books dealt in, and whether they run additional lines like picture- or novelty-books or calendars. But whatever the reason, the result is that there is a surprising difference in the number of books that are sold direct and those that are sold through the jobbers. It would seem to the outsider that the firm having the greatest travelling force was certainly taking the first step in setting about wisely to find those people whose ungettable-ness the publisher above-quoted deplores, "the people who live out of easy reach of the bookstores."

HOW BOOKS ARE ADVERTISED IN WAYS THAT ARE NOT SEEN

Yet even if the machinery for the distribution of books is still very inadequate, the amount of individual attention which they receive from publishers is quite unappreciated—not only by the public but by the average author—simply because it is not perceived. The work that is unseen, however, is sometimes more important advertising than that which is seen. It is just as much publicity work as anything else is, and it sometimes begins months before the book appears. As has been shown, the decision about the title, the cover, and the illustrations can be a very important one. The result, which is the product of careful study of the special conditions, becomes apparent to the general public later; but the next important move remains undisclosed. This is in connection with the travellers. The firm must be able to impress its travellers, and they in turn must be able to get at and impress the trade. Some curious manifestations of personality come in here. "I would much rather," said an author to a publisher, "know that some one in the firm had a special interest in my book than that you should promise me a big amount of advertising." Being an experienced author, he saw the way such a special interest would work out. Suppose a novel, like *Sister Carrie* for instance, impresses a serious-minded traveller as a critical view of life—in his territory the book will do better than in that of a traveller who does not take to it. He will get booksellers interested, since out of the great number of books he is handling this one has attracted his particular attention; and on account of his warm interest the bookseller will find that this, of the thousands of books mechanically thrown at him, stands out in his recollection. A traveller for Stokes, for instance, took a great fancy to Mrs. Marah Ellis Ryan's *The Flute of the Gods*. He was struck with the fact that although it was a romance, the author had not allowed the demand

of her artistic form to interfere with her serious study of Indian life. As a result of this, he recognised that there were greater possibilities of returns in the West than in the East; and his sagacity was confirmed. But to impress the traveller is, however, only the beginning. He and the firm must then co-operate with the dealer in special work (like displays or special advertising or circularising) directed immediately to the latter's customers. All this special work is done quietly, and wherever there is opportunity to do it well it is more effective in tangibly producing results than any other kind of work. Another method of unseen exploitation is more general—in correspondence, in furnishing circular material and information for public distribution, and in assisting the jobber or the seller to take advance orders through the agency of posters and illustrations and "dummy" copies. For this last purpose, a publisher often furnishes a hundred dummies, sometimes entirely filled with blank leaves, sometimes containing a few chapters of the forthcoming book. A dummy is by no means an unimportant factor; it seems to have a curious psychological effect on all classes of people. "All books turn out pretty nearly the same," said a traveller, "but if I can show a man a book made up, even when there's nothing in it, I can often induce him to order." A reviewer of my acquaintance told me his imagination was much stirred by a dummy containing four chapters of a novel soon to appear, and that when it did appear he finished it with a more personal interest. Unbound sheets have been known to impress a critic. This is another illustration that, even to a hardened person who knows the game, anything unusual is advertising.

Then comes the effort to interest people whose influence counts in making others buy. This is done either by sending out full information and circulars, or by the distribution of complimentary copies. The beneficial influence of complimentary copies lies not so much in eliciting a laudatory letter which can be used for advertising purposes as in getting people to read the book while it is as yet entirely fresh and untried, and in thus providing them an incentive to talk about it. As a rule, a publisher does not use much from even the most discriminatingly enthusiastic letter; the greatest benefit results from the little centres of influence which the recipients become. The reader of an advance copy is like a first-nighter: he feels his connoisseurship, and if he discerns anything of special excellence he is eager to speak about it before the critics have an opportunity to do so. This is particularly the case when the book is by a new author or one who has not yet gained his spurs, and all the more because the reader pleasantly feels himself a patron of literature.

The next step in the publishers' unseen advertising is the general distribution of review copies. This, of course, is done for practically every book published. It is impossible to influence the character of the reviews and no reputable publisher ever attempts to do so. "Some of the best reviews I get," said a publisher, "come from papers I don't give ten dollars a year to in the way of advertising." Very seldom, too, is there an endeavour on the part of a paper to make any connection between the review and the advertising departments. In sending out review copies there still, however, remains some legitimate discrimination to be made. When a publisher knows the taste of certain literary editors and the kind of work they are particularly interested in, he can direct their attention to a book they will be glad either to review personally or to put into the hands of some particularly competent or congenial critic. For such information, too, literary editors are generally grateful. It happens not infrequently that the reviewer condemns the book that is thus brought to his special attention, and the very man that welcomes such special information is generally the most independent in his judgment and the least likely to be influenced by what the publisher may say—but what he writes is the more discerning and consequently the more interesting on account of his special interest. It is in the direction of bespeaking the attention of the most competent reviewer on the staff that the latest device in book-advertising has arisen—a publisher offers a substantial prize for

the most satisfactory published criticism of a recent novel. This is, in its precise form. a new idea, and like all new ideas in advertising it will probably be productive of excellent commercial results.

Finally, the wise publisher perceives that the best booksellers of the country are now welcoming news of the same character as he sends to the literary editor. This news they put into the hands of their best book clerks. While it is doubtful if such information much affects books of general appeal, it is of



THE HEAD DESIGNED TO EXPLOIT THE NOVELS OF HALL CAINE.

great importance with books of any local interest. An author, too, generally knows when his book bears any special appeal, and in such case his suggestions are very helpful. An organisation, for instance, is likely to take a particular interest—in such a book, let us say, as *Woman and Labor*—and here is presented an opportunity for specialised publicity. Such specialised publicity means an immense amount of time and labour, but correspondingly little expense. The publisher of a line of books—law, medical, scientific—conducts his entire publicity work in this way, but every general publisher is doing it for some book every season.

The mere appearance of large-sized and frequent advertisements in popular publications is by no means, then, the only method of exploiting books; and many a book which has had only a modest amount of display advertising is yet being handled in the way most effective for that particular proposition. If authors could be brought to recognise how important all this unseen advance work is, they would not bring so much pressure on publishers to put out their book within a few weeks after the final manuscript has been delivered. "Very seldom," says Stokes, "when we have yielded to the wish of the author to bring the book out at once, has the sale been as satisfactory as we should otherwise have anticipated—and when it has been so, it has come much more slowly." Sometimes an unexpected delay on the part of the publisher has postponed a book much to its benefit, because it has afforded a longer time for the preliminary work of launching.

As far as the public goes, the postponement of a widely announced book often works as an excellent advertisement in awakening interest. A delay of this sort, however, is generally due to the author. The supreme instance of this is *Chantecler*. Because Mr. Allen was not ready with the *Choir Invisible*, the announcements came out three months before the book, which thus got the benefit of the double advertisement as well as whatever stimulation of interest there was. Certainly the constant announcement of Mr. William Winter's *Life of Mansfield* stirred up persistent curiosity which must have made some people go to the book to find the cause of the repeated delays.

THE MODERN THEORY

"Sometimes an ingenious scheme will sell information books in large numbers," says *A Publisher's Confession*, "and advertising of this kind of book has been at last reduced to something like a science. But nobody really knows much about the advertising of novels or has worked out a general principle of much value." Perhaps the answer to that is "there is no general principle." At best there is only one so large as to be of no certain guid-

ance: to utilise anything which is new or likely to be popular in the book. And this principle, it will be granted, demands constant and costly experimentation by the publisher. He must find out with each novel what is the specific thing he must get into the public mind about it to make it sell.

But if this is an ever-new and ever-elusive question, the advertising department has in all other ways become systematised as never before. Most publishers, for instance, have made up their minds on the matter of expenditure. About ten per cent. of the book's sale is perhaps on the high side—and this includes circularising, catalogues, and publicity in its widest sense. A certain amount is assigned for the book; if it goes beyond the sale expected a larger appropriation is made. Secondly, they have, pretty generally, returned to the original idea of direct communication with those known to be readers and buyers. And thirdly—after experimenting with pictorial advertising, with mere publicity of name, with writing alluring announcements, with various attempts to press-agent a book in the theatrical way—they find that they have never departed for any length of time from the fundamental idea of book-exploitation, the use of the quotations of others. Quoting from other people is the special basis of book-advertising. The initial impulse of a buyer springs from the praise of an uninterested critic or friend. Nobody buys a book on account of a publisher's praise. "What else," says the public, "would you expect of him?"

Yet it is on the cards that there can be no immutable law in advertising. *The House with the Green Shutters* is an excellent illustration that even this most obvious of rules does not always work. This book started off very modestly and with little expectation. Only after some time was it seen that a fair amount of advertising and judicious exploitation would help it along. The campaign was exceedingly discreet, but it virtually amounted to this: we do not expect to make any money on this book—we are publishing it because it is rare and genuine literature, and because we feel that fifty years from now its name on our list will give us distinction. Week after week the publishers quietly repeated the statement that the story had a very limited appeal and that only lovers of the best literature would buy it, until the people to whom the advertisement was directed began to feel that they could not afford to neglect it—especially as the purchase proclaimed them persons of unusual quality. Certainly half the readers of this subtly powerful tale must have bought it in response to this artful campaign of mere publisher's appraisement.



THE ORIGINAL JAGGERS TO-DAY—EUGENE SANGER

When Mr. Richard Harding Davis sent Jaggers, the messenger boy, from London to Chicago with a letter, he supplied the American newspapers with many columns of copy. The original Jaggers, however, was Mr. Eugene Sanger, the stage director, who superintends the theatrical productions of Harvard, Princeton, Yale and other American universities. When Mr. Sanger was a young actor he enacted the part of Jaggers in the interest of Mr. E. H. Sothern, who was then playing in "The Highest Bidder."

But, after all, only half—for in its day the admirers of *The House with the Green Shutters* (unconsciously taking their cue from the publisher) formed themselves into a sort of cult, and each novitiate hastened to introduce one more

rare spirit into the upper circle. The enthusiastic recommendation of friend to friend is, when all has been said, a book's most effective advertisement. If people don't talk about a play at the breakfast table the next morning, the end of that play is approaching. So with a book—it is the individual advertising which counts. Only in this way can be explained the surprising popularity of some serious books. Harper's sold Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe* for two years like a romantic novel—an abstruse treatise of almost pure philosophy. Granted a fair start and moderate persistence, a book will find its own. And—even more significant of the value of individual commendation—it will not find in the long run any other than its own. Fourteen years after publication, *The Gadfly* is the best selling of Holt's older novels, but only in the regular edition. Although they have tried it in a cheaper reprint, it almost sentiently refuses to make any appeal to a lower class of buyers. By this time it has been thoroughly advertised, the very fact of reprint shows that it has been successful; some people must of course buy it. But they are evidently not the kind of people who like it enough to recommend it to others. Here, then, is the place where all this extensive machinery of book-advertising stops. Having presented the book to the reader, it must wait to see what he will do.

SEEKING A PATH AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is one of the commonplaces of criticism to say of a young author, "Oh, he is still seeking his path, he has not quite found himself." In other words, he has not yet discovered, among the many possible ways of doing a certain kind of work, the one way which would be, beyond question, the best way for him; or perhaps he has not even found the particular kind of work that in his case will produce the best and most lasting results. Every beginner in the craft of writing must necessarily do a certain amount of experimenting; and those who almost from the beginning see their path lying straight and clear before them are numbered among the favoured few. If we run over in our minds the names of novelists taken almost at random, we shall realise that there are not many who attained their growth without a certain amount of wasted effort, a certain number of false starts and recommencements. Even a writer of Zola's magnitude, who could plan and execute unfalteringly gigantic schemes, had to begin gropingly with much ineffectual work and at least one glaring blunder, *Les Mystères de Marseilles*.

But if looked at from a slightly different angle, the work of every writer from first to last is in the nature of an experiment. No author wishes to stand still, to go on indefinitely doing precisely the same thing with each succeeding volume. There must always be the ambition to make the second book stronger than the first, the third book finer and deeper than the second. And when a writer ceases to do this, when his books fail to show any advance, it is then that he begins to hear that much dreaded com-

ment, "Oh, So-and-So has written himself out!" But there is a vast difference between growth in some definite direction and growth in half a dozen different directions at once. It is easy to measure the degree of improvement, month by month, year by year, in a workman whose sole ambition is to make shoes, the best possible kind of shoes. But you cannot gauge the forward or backward movement of a man who this month makes a creditable pair of shoes, next month, a satisfactory wheel-barrow and a little later on, a batch of palatable griddle cakes. Such things have no common denominator; they are incommensurate. Yet this is precisely the sort of mistake that a good many authors have made and are still making quite deliberately. Instead of discovering the one straight road, they are continually straying into bypaths, exploring unknown territory, trespassing on other people's grounds. This sort of experimenting is necessary at the outset of a career; but when success has once come, when two or three volumes have taught a young author the sort of work that he can do with assured strength, then, it seems to me, he is losing headway, retarding his growth, if he abandons his successes and strives to make a new start in a different direction. There are some writers who seem constitutionally unable to adhere to any one form of work. Take, for instance, the case of Alfred Ollivant. We have from his pen one remarkable animal story, one inimitable allegory for grown-up children and the best historical novel produced in the past decade. Yet it would be exceedingly difficult to sum up Mr. Ollivant, to assign a definite place to him in current fiction. He has made three separate beginnings; he is like a prospector who has started three separate tunnels and in each case ceased digging after extracting a single nugget. Mr. Owen Wister affords an analogous case: a collection of short tales of Western life, a single big novel of almost epic dimensions, a dainty and delicate picture of Southern life, told with a subtlety worthy of Henry James, and one of the cleverest satires on the life of the college undergraduate that has yet been given—this makes up the sum and substance of Mr. Wister's literary production; and like Mr. Ollivant, he is distinctly hard to place. Luckily, however, he has identified himself mainly with a certain phase of Western life, and it is in this connection that he is going to be remembered and measured.

But of course the glaring instance of a writer who seems unable temperamentally to stick to his last, is that of Mr. Kipling. When the author of *Mine Own People* deserted India and began instead to write of flying machines and wireless telegraphy, the general public was of course wrong in assuming that his powers were on the wane, that the old Kipling was dead, that the new Kipling had nothing to give us that was really worth while. Yet the instinct back of this popular idea was a true one. In changing his material and methods, he made it necessary to weigh him in the balance all over again. It was as though the public had said to him: "We know precisely what kind of shoes you can make, we would have gone on indefinitely taking your shoes in preference to those of almost any one else; but we don't know anything about your wheel-barrows and we are not even sure that we want wheel-barrows, anyhow!" Now Mr. Kipling was under no contract to go on for the rest of his life giving the general public the sort of thing which it had made up its mind that it wanted; furthermore, if he had reached a point where he knew that he could no longer do as good work as formerly in that particular vein, he was wise to make a change. But in making this change he gives the impression of a man who in mid-career finds himself at the crossing of many ways and cannot make up his mind to follow any one of them to the exclusion of the others. Genius has the right to be eccentric; but eccentricity is not in itself the cornerstone of genius.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is still another instance of a writer who, having won an enviable reputation in a certain definite type of work perversely turned aside and tried to win fresh renown. It was *The Stooping Lady* that marked his break with his old material and manner and his transition from mediæval romance to more or less modern actualities. Now it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Hewlett that these later books were not failures;

but, on the other hand, they were not glorious and far reaching triumphs. The earlier Hewlett, the Hewlett of *The Forest Lovers* and *The Queen's Quair*, was a solitary and lofty figure, unique and inimitable; the Hewlett of *Halfway House* and *Rest Harrow* is a fine artist, but we realise that he no longer stands alone; there are other craftsmen in the same rank with him—some of them indeed a few paces in advance. All of which furnishes a very good reason for rejoicing over the fact that Mr. Hewlett's latest volume reverts to the old familiar style and subject. *Brazenhead the Great* is not going to be remembered as one of Mr. Hewlett's biggest achievements. There is in it a somewhat irritating note of extravagance, almost of burlesque. But, on the other hand, it is the old Hewlett back again, with all his rich embroidery of words, his fantastic play of imagination, his inimitable trick of giving you the impression that the tarnished, timeworn figures of ancient tapestries and frescoes had suddenly stepped from their settings and taken on the freshness and the brilliancy of life. Captain Brazenhead is not a new creation, we have met him before in Mr. Hewlett's earlier volumes. But here we have no less than four of his adventures, each of them unique, each of them surcharged with concentrated vitality, and each of them conveying that special refinement of pleasure which we get from the realisation of an inimitable artistry. As for Brazenhead himself "who was born greatly, lived greatly, loved greatly, and died greatly," there is none quite like him in extant fiction. The product of a coarse age, whose business, as he himself laconically sums it up, is death, Captain Brazenhead is not over nice in his speech; but to those who are not unduly sensitive to the crudities of Elizabethan English, there is a certain enjoyment to be derived from a mighty blast of words like the following:

"Brazenhead the Great"

> Who eat me chokes, for I am like that succulent that conceals, d'ye see, his spines in youthful bloom. You think you have to do with a stripling: not you, pranking boy, not you. I am a seamed and notch-fingered soldier, who belched Greek fire while you were in your swaddling-clout. I was old in iniquity ere they weaned you. Or do you vie with me in perils, by cock, do you so? Five times left for dead; trampled six times out by the rear-guard of the host I had led to victory; crucified, stoned, extenuated, cut into strips; in prisons frequent, in deaths not divided—what make you of it? And you to tell me that your green guts can pouch old Leather-tripes, for so they dub me who dare? Foh, you are a bladder, I see!

Yes, Brazenhead the Great rightly takes his place among the big swashbuckler heroes of romantic fiction, and his death, like his life, refuses to be forgotten. In this final adventure, Mr. Hewlett has done a remarkable piece of work, one that fits in perfectly with our sense of what is adequate, and yet at the same time utterly foreign to his usual methods. Brazenhead's death is allegory, pure and simple. He is a mighty warrior, Herculean, invincible. To satisfy our sense of fitness he must meet a warrior's death, he must fall in a fair fight; and yet on the other hand, we could not bear to have him meet a mightier foe than himself. Mr. Hewlett has hit upon a way of satisfying us in all these respects. He sets his unconquered, unconquerable hero face to face with his own youth, with the man that he was fifty years earlier. The scene is a deep valley, the whole event is strange, portentous, titanic, a picture such as Doré might have drawn. And here Brazenhead falls, slain by his own youth since "none but his own youth could have slain him, nor any slain his own youth but himself"—which of course is only another way of stating the universal truth that it is our past life that is apt to prove our worst enemy. *Brazenhead the Great*, although not one of Mr. Hewlett's biggest efforts, contains certain scattered pages, single episodes that rank with the best that he has ever done or is ever likely to do.

The Claw, by Cynthia Stockley, furnishes a case where the author has been lucky enough to find her path almost at the outset. When her previous volume, *Poppy*, brought her into sudden prominence a year ago it was

"The Claw"

evident that here was a writer who had her own chosen field and could match the strange flamboyant colouring of her African setting with an equally tense and vivid play of human passions. *The Claw* is a worthy successor to the earlier book. It is written in a somewhat lower key and the tragic note is not so insistent. But it shows the same rare sense of colour values, the same power of making you see and hear and feel the compelling magic of a strange and far-off land where "every morning the sun turns a gaunt country into a blue and golden world," and where at night, "darkness falls in dim, purple vales embroidered with silver stars." It shows also the same keen understanding of human nature, the same ability to strip off the outward cloak of pretense and conventionality and show the naked human story in all its sordidness. The significance of the title is found in the early pages where the heroine, who tells her story in the first person, remembers upon her arrival in Mashonaland how a certain brown-faced man with vivid blue eyes had once spoken to her of Africa as *She*, "and with a mingled hatred and love that conjured up a vision of some false, beautiful vampire, who dragged men to her and fastened her claws into their hearts forever." The special story of this book is simply the oft told tale of a young woman who falls in love with a man of whose past she knows little or nothing and around whom the idle gossip of a colonial town has woven an elaborate tissue of evil-minded lies. What gives the book its distinctive value is, in the first place, the compelling clearness with which we are made to see and understand the vindictive jealousies, the small-minded meanness, the lax morality begotten by colonial life through the combined influence of idleness, discomfort, and a climate ruinous to temper and complexion. The tragedies of border warfare, the grimness of a state of siege during a Matabele uprising and the miraculous way in which one brave-souled woman can keep the spirit of hope alive in a whole community are just one side to a book whose many merits make it quite distinctly a conspicuous volume in the fiction of the current month.

"The Golden Silence"

The Golden Silence, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is another African story told with the pictorial skill characteristic of these authors, and with a certain dramatic strength quite different from their usual vein. The plot is based upon certain initial absurdities which seem gratuitously uncalled for; but even these cannot rob the main part of the story of a certain tense and sustained interest. As a piece of structure, the opening and the close are exceedingly bad. A young Englishman, chiefly out of chivalry and pity, has bound himself to marry a vulgar, half educated American girl whose father, after a prolonged legal battle to prove himself heir to the Englishman's estate, has died leaving her destitute. The young man's unspoken distress at the mortification her vulgarities cause him makes rather good social satire for two or three chapters; but it has no structural importance. They agree to postpone the marriage for several months until she can come to America and wind up certain business matters. Meanwhile, he accepts an invitation to visit a friend residing in Algiers. On his way thither he encounters on the steamer another American girl of a radically different type from the first, a girl of great refinement and a delicate, almost child-like charm. From her he learns this remarkable, almost preposterous series of facts: she has a sister ten years older than herself; while she was still a child her father died and her mother, finding the sister an encumbrance, married her off to the first man whom chance threw in their way and who happened to be an Arab, an officer in the Algerian army. From that time to this the sister had vanished from sight and no clue could be found to show whether she was alive or dead. The younger sister has cherished throughout these years a single purpose in life: to go to Algeria and learn for herself what has become of the missing one. To equip herself for the task she has secretly perfected her knowledge both of French and colloquial Arabic; and to defray the expenses she has taught herself professional dancing, and during one successful engagement in New York has managed to save ten thousand dol-

lars—all of which is somewhat of a strain on the reader's credulity. But when we once safely reach Africa and interesting things begin to happen with a breathless swiftness, we forget the naïve improbabilities of the initial situation and the book really gets a grip upon us. It is not too much to say that there is a certain *Garden of Allah* atmosphere about the central part of the story; a sense of limitless desert, burning heat, a strange shimmer in the atmosphere and everywhere a pervading suggestion of mystery, sinister and impenetrable, the unconquerable mystery of the Orient. Of course, eventually the young woman finds her sister and the young man rescues them both; and then, at the end, the other American girl, who ought to have been in Canada or in London, unexpectedly arrives in Algiers solely for the purpose of intimating that she also loves somebody else and is quite willing to forego the privilege of an English title for a sufficient amount of cash in hand. But these absurdities luckily are easy to forget. What one remembers is the glow of colour, the strange, fantastic scenes and people, the whole motley and flamboyant panorama of northern Africa.

A Spirit of Mirth, by Peggy Webling, inevitably recalls Frank Danby's novel of a few years ago, *The Heart of a Child*. Like Frank Danby's heroine, Euphrosyne Moore is born in sordid surroundings, her father being known in vaudeville circles as The Human Eel. Unfortunately for the child, he slipped and fell one night during certain eel-like contortions and she was left to look out for herself as best she might. Now there is no special point in going over in detail this chronicle of her young life, until she makes a name for herself as a dancer of unusual grace and charm and finally achieves a happy marriage. There is nothing especially remarkable about all this. The merit of the book lies in the simple accuracy of its character drawing, the actuality of little everyday details and more especially the lesson that it unpretentiously teaches of the far-reaching and tonic influence of an inborn spirit of mirth, a genuine joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings. There is more in this pleasantly told and rather simple story than in many a more pretentious volume.

"A Spirit of Mirth"

The Shadow of Love, translated by Alfred Allinson, from the French of Marcelle Tinayre, is a gloomy, compelling and distinctly unpleasant story. The theme is the love of a man who is an invalid in an advanced stage of consumption for a splendidly vital and robust young woman of culture and refinement, but sprung from a sturdy peasant stock. The setting of the story is in the district of the Limousin, and the pages are redolent of the breath of woods and hills and wide, open spaces; you catch the fragrance of many flowers, the song of many birds, the whole symphony of nature in one of the fairest corners of all France. The young invalid has been sent here to live in the household of a local doctor of some fame; and it is this doctor's daughter whose glorious health and fine womanhood fire him with a new desire to live; and in the course of the long fight waged month after month against the disease that has gripped him she in her turn finds herself gradually veering from pity to love. Of the culminating incident it is not necessary to speak in detail; it belongs to the class of pathological fiction such as so often tainted the works of the late Catulle Mendes. In fact, if memory is not at fault, it was he who utilised the underlying idea of *The Shadow of Love* in a most repellent short story called "La Consolatrice." It seems a pity that a book containing so much that is really strong and fine, such wholesome and sane views of life, such tenderness and sympathy, such genuine love for life as it is, should be disfigured by an episode which inevitably narrows its appeal, robbing it at once of its wide general application and placing it in the ranks of the morbid and the exceptional.

"The Shadow of Love"

The Coward of Thermopylae, by Caroline Dale Snedeker, is a historical novel of ancient Greece and is based upon certain passages in Herodotus, wherein it is mentioned that at the time of the death of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, two of

"The Coward of Thermopylæ"

the number happened to be ill from a painful disease of the eyes which made them for the time being blind, and on this account they received permission to leave the army and return home. When the news came to them that the Persians had learned of the secret pass and that their comrades were being massacred, one of the blind men had himself led by a shepherd to the battlefield and there perished with the rest; but the other, seeing no merit in such a useless sacrifice, made his way back to Sparta and was ever after branded as a coward. From these meagre facts Caroline Dale Snedeker has woven a tale which has the merit of seeming to be alive. Although obviously painstaking in her antiquarian material, she has escaped that most frequent blemish of historical novels, the taint of midnight oil, the flavour of the professorial chair and the antiquarian museum. How or where the book was written the present reviewer does not know. But it is impossible to read it without feeling that the author had diligently gone over every foot of the various journeys that she makes her characters accomplish, and that every temple, every landmark, every wayside shrine which she so vividly depicts were sketched in from first-hand observation. It is a careful piece of work and one that brings those far-off centuries surprisingly near.

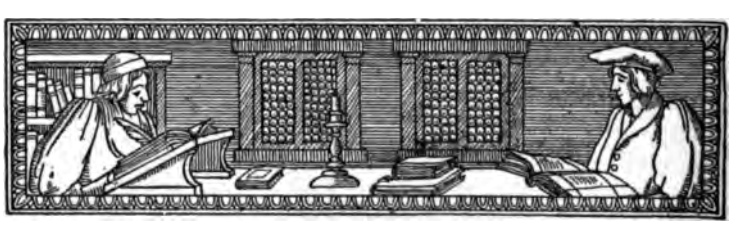
"The Visioning"

It takes no special critical acumen to perceive, in reading *The Visioning,* that Susan Glaspell is steadfastly moving forward along the same path upon which she entered with no uncertain footstep when she wrote her first book, *The Glory of the Conquered.* The only difference is that this time she sees more clearly what she is trying to do, and she does it with a simpler, more effectual directness. Let us first take up the surface meaning, the obvious human story. Katherine Wayneworth Jones, known familiarly as Katy Jones, is an army girl and as to the reason why she is an army girl the author quotes the words of a certain floundering friend, "Well, when you know her, you don't have to be told, and if you don't know her, you can't be!" At all events, for her to marry outside the army would have amounted to treason. Now, on a certain day, when Katy Jones is alone by herself on the river bank meditating about marriage in general and Captain Prescott in particular, she sees an unknown young woman approaching the water and realised with horror that the young woman's purpose is suicide. Rising to the emergency, Katy Jones shrieks for help and feigns illness. The ruse is successful; the strange young woman comes to her aid and is tricked into helping her home and furthermore into remaining with her. There is clever work in these pages which achieve the difficult task of making us believe in that exceptional feminine subtlety through which this young woman, driven to desperation by unrevealed troubles, is persuaded to stay on indefinitely, to accept Katy's prodigal bounty of hospitality, new gowns, even a bank account, and to answer to the fictitious name of Anne, with which Katy in a rush of inspiration christens her. There is a tragic grimness in the surface comedy of this trick played upon the ultra-conventional social circles of an army post, this foisting upon them of an unknown, possibly quite disreputable young person, through a mad caprice, an impulse of the moment. And all the while one realises the other side of the story, the strange metamorphosis taking place in the other girl, the conviction slowly dawning upon her that there are in the world people who act without sordid motives, people who are sincere and who give pleasure to others because the giving is in itself a pleasure to the giver. This episode of the strange young woman is one of the two threads that form the central pattern of *The Visioning.* The other thread is furnished by an equally strange young man—or at all events, a man still young enough to escape the implication of middle age. He is not of the army; he lives alone on an island in the river and he is known by no other name than that of The Man Who Mends the Boats. All unknown to her friends and family, Katy has become acquainted with this strange man who lives so quietly and who knows so much; and it is through him and his wisdom more even than through the glimpses of unfathomed depths that she gleans from the half confessions of Anne, that Katy ac-

quires new measurements of value, new standards of living, and eventually awakes to a realisation that there are worse treasons in life than that of marrying outside the army. Now Katy has a brother with the rank of captain and with brilliant opportunities ahead of him because of his remarkable invention of an improved rifle. When she rescued "Anne," she little thought what a danger she was throwing in her brother's path; and when she does finally awaken to the tremendous fact that this girl has been in the past well-nigh everything that she ought not to have been, that she loves Katy's brother and that he loves her in return and proposes to marry her regardless of conventions and regardless of the army—worse still, that it is partly for her sake that he has tendered his resignation—Katy's whole being rises up in revolt. And yet, although she cannot see it for the moment, she herself is about to do something far more disloyal to all her traditions. She is about to marry The Man Who Mends the Boats—a man not only of obscure origin and slender fortune, but who once was an enlisted soldier and served a five years' term in Fort Leavenworth prison for striking a superior officer. Incidentally, Miss Glaspell has some unmistakable convictions regarding what is the matter to-day with our American army and why, as she puts it, "there have been more than fifty thousand desertions in the last twelve years." And somehow she has such a quiet, earnest, persuasive way of stating her case that she can hardly fail to win converts. But that, as already implied, is merely incidental, a side issue. The wider, bigger meaning of the book is summed up in the closing paragraph.

> Everything the matter with everybody was just that they did not wholly understand. She grew tender toward the whole world. There arose before her a vision of a possible day when all would understand; when none would wish another ill or work another harm; when war and oppression and greed must cease, not because the laws forbade them, but because men's hearts gave them no place.
>
> "I see it!" she whispered unconsciously; her face was touched with the fine light of visioning. . . . "Why, 'tis *love* must save the world."

Such in very inadequate form is a rough outline of this exceptional book, strong, brave and far-seeing; one that unquestionably will enhance its author's already widely established reputation.



TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

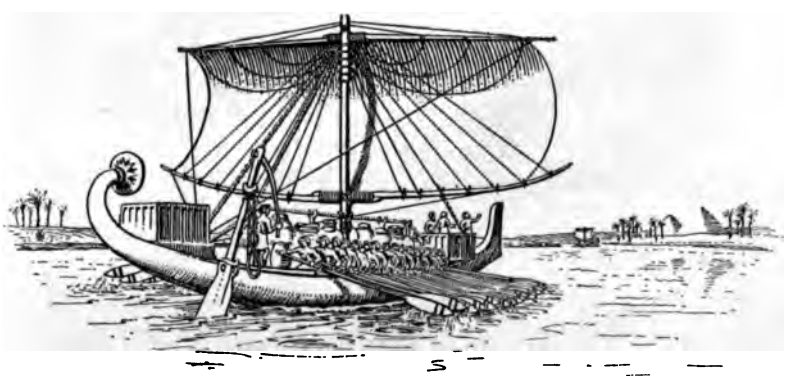
E. Keble Chatterton's "The Romance of the Ship"*

Following up *Sailing Ships and Their Story*, and *Steamships and their Story*, Mr. Chatterton has in a measure combined the two in his new volume, *The Romance of the Ship*. Apparently he is not entirely in sympathy with the old Scotch engineer of the Kipling poem who was stirred to disgusted anger over the question "Mr. McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" Nor is he quite of a mind with the youth whom McAndrews referred to as "the Viscount Loon." In his eyes the romance has always been there whether the propelling power has been the paddle, the oar, the sail, or the turbine. The first man to trust himself to the support of some object floating upon the waves is lost in the mists of antiquity. The first ship was a log on which the primitive mariner sat astride, with a branch for his primitive paddle. Then the log was hollowed out, thereby becoming more manageable and gaining greater carrying capacity. For a time man paddled, then discovering this work to be exceedingly fatiguing he attached a paddle to each side of the boat and bound them to the hoe with leather thongs. He had learned the principle of rowing. The next step was to harness the wind. The skin of a killed animal was first utilised for this purpose, and the sailor could sit at the bottom of his boat without doing any work. Later the spar came to be used for the mast, and instead of a chance skin, one specially prepared for the purpose of a sail and cut to suitable shape, was adopted.

The first ships of which there is any record were those of the Babylonians who had settled in Egypt. The mast and square sail of these ships was set very far forward in the bows. There was a cabin in the stern of the ship for the commander, while in the bows there was also a small platform on which the lookout man could stand. The steering of the ships of the Niles was effected by a number of men placed in the stern, varying from two to six according to the size of the vessel. Each of the six men was supplied with a steering paddle and took his orders from the pilot. Egyptian illustrations show that enormous crews were carried on these ships in proportion to their size. As many as forty-five are shown in one instance, including the six steersmen, the man on the cabin-top, the commander, twenty-nine oarsmen and eight other men, whose work, besides keeping a lookout, probably included the lowering and raising of the mast and attending to the sails. The navigation of the Egyptians was not restricted to the waters of the Nile. They certainly navigated the Red Sea and cruised along the East African Coast and the Mediterranean.

After the Egyptians came the Phœnicians, who became so prosperous as seamen, traders, explorers, fishermen and

*The Romance of the Ship. By E. Keble Chatterton. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.



AN EGYPTIAN SHIP OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY, ABOUT 2500 B.C.

manufacturers that their influence dominated the Mediterranean. There is reason to believe that not only did these Phœnicians sail round Africa (starting from the Red Sea and arriving back in Egypt after three years), but that they crossed the Bay of Biscay to Breton, the North Sea to Norway, and even the Atlantic to South America. As the Phœnician ships became bigger, the sail grew in proportion and area. Along the bulwarks ran a line of shields to protect the crew, while the bow terminated in a ram. As in the Egyptian ships the stern was still reserved as the place of honour for the commander, and in the case of the admiral's ship this portion of the craft was further distinguished by the erection of a staff with a crescent at its top as well as by an overhanging rich carpet. Flat-bottomed, long, and narrow, these vessels sometimes reached a length of three hundred feet, and their speed, either when running before a wind or when propelled by oars, must have been anything but slow.

As early as the thirteenth century B.C. the Greeks were on the sea. The typical Greek war galley had one large square sail and mast, without boom, and double steering oars at the side of the stern. The bows at the water line frequently terminated in the shape of a boar's head, which projected forth like a ram. Eyes were also painted on the bows of the ships, as the ancients believed that she might be able thus to see her way over the sea. In the bows was constructed a forecastle, which afforded protection for the ship against a heavy sea. From there a flying deck ran aft to the stern, so that the marines could do their fighting without interfering with the sailors below who pulled at the oars. Practically the whole manœuvre of warfare consisted in getting alongside of the enemy for hand to hand combat or in ramming the enemy's ship. Sails were used merely as auxiliaries, and the main propulsion was by means of oars. The Greek and Roman galleys never went into battle with sails up; before the engagement the mast and sail were taken down. When Rome was at the height of her glory, the luxury of the land had a counterpart afloat. Not merely were sails ornamented, but vessels were built with every conceivable regard for elegance and physical comfort, until they became rather floating palaces than seagoing ships. Magnificent saloons, bronze baths, rooms decorated with exquisite marbles and paintings, statues in rich mosaics; deck houses, libraries, vine-rows, trees, jewels, dancing and concerts —these were the accessories of the great galleys of Caligula as he sailed along the coast of Campania.



A VIKING SHIP

Far different were the ships of the Vikings. For the roughness of northern seas were needed vessels of bolder design and build. The sail of the Viking ship was square in shape and was made of flax, strengthened around the edge with hide. A single row of oarsmen was on either side of the ship and these were protected by shields from the enemy's darts. There were five separate compartments, the commander's room being at the stern. Then came the room for the second in command, and the place where the arms were stored. Ahead of that was the central section of the ship, where the rowers did their work and the mast was stepped. There was a gangway running down the centre of the ship, the rowing benches being placed on either side. Forward beyond this midship portion, the bow section of the ship was divided into two, where the pick of the crew was placed, to whom fell the duty of preventing the enemy from boarding

the ship. Here also was the standard bearer. One or two small boats were carried on board, and she also carried rowers for beaching and launching. The sailing seasons of the Vikings were restricted to spring and summer, and in the autumn the ships were hauled ashore. Though they had no compasses, they were able to make voyages of considable length, not merely to the southern coast of England, but to Constantinople, the Holy Land, to Iceland, and from the latter island to the nearest shores of North America.

The foundation of England's sea power was laid by Alfred, who in order to cope with the aggressions of the Vikings, began to build ships of the same type, but twice as long, much faster, and of greater freeboard. Saxon England boasted not merely single ships of great size, but powerful fleets. In the time of Edgar there were no less than four thousand ships to guard the island, divided into four fleets of a thousand ships each, for duty on the north, south, east and west coasts. The ships in which William the Conqueror invaded England were of the same enlarged Viking type. While the galley had gone on increasing in length, the merchant ships had also been encouraged to a very large extent, and were growing to big dimensions. These merchant ships were in use during the Crusades for the purpose of transport. As early as the time of Richard I there was a big three-masted vessel, powerfully built, and capacious enough to carry fifteen hundred men. A merchant ship sometimes carried as many as eight fighting castles or platforms, from which destruction could be hurled down on attacking pirates. In the bows of the ship was built one of these towers, and to this can be traced the origin of the word "forecastle," as denoting the fore-end of a vessel.

The beginnings of the modern English navy can be traced to the Tudors. In Henry the VIII's reign the famous *Great Harry,* a big four-masted ship, was built. These Tudor ships were elaborate affairs. Painted green and white—the Tudor colours—they had nettings spread over the ship's decks to catch falling spars and missiles when in action; but in celebrating a triumph, they were covered in and curtained with rich cloth. Yet these vessels and those of Elizabeth's time were exceedingly clumsy, with a length about three times their beam, built up far too absurdly at both bow and stern. Their very ponderousness became a hindrance to their fighting qualities. As a result the galleon type of ship was introduced, soon to make way for the "great ship" or "ship of the line." By the time that the famous Armada came sailing up the English Channel this "great ship" type was established. Her example was followed for succeeding centuries and found its fullest expression at the battle of Trafalgar.

The sailing ship reached her zenith with the clipper which had her origin not in England but in America. The bow was made so that it "clipped" or cleft the water instead of pounding into it and the lines of the hull and stern generallly were so altered as to diminish the resistance. Other improvements, including the cut of the sails, were made. As a result the Yankee clippers of the forties and fifties obtained the blue ribbon for quick passages, to the great loss of British prestige and trade. Between 1860 and 1870 the clippers were at their best. There was the American *Red Jacket,* built in 1853, which held the record for quick passages. She once made 3184 miles in ten consecutive days, during one of which she logged four hundred miles. The British clipper *Thermopylæ,* of about two thousand tons, started in 1868 from Gravesend, and



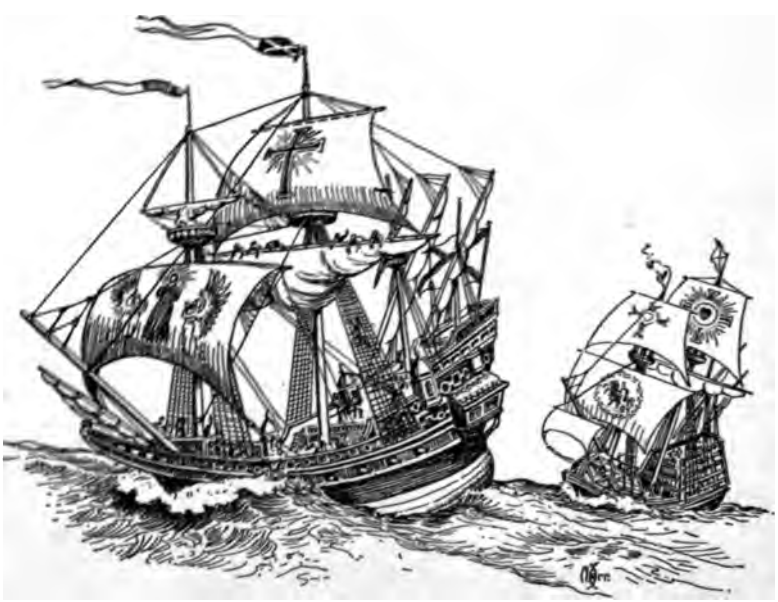
DUTCH AND ENGLISH WARSHIPS AT THE TIME OF CHARLES II



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DUTCH YACHT

went around the world, breaking the record on each passage. Leaving London on November 7th she arrived in Melbourne, Australia, in sixty days. From Melbourne she went to New Castle, New South Wales, where she took in cargo and proceeded to Shanghai, arriving there after a passage of twenty-eight days, which made still another record. From Shanghai she sailed back to London in ninety-one days, which created another record, but even this was beaten a fortnight later by the *Sir Lancelot*, another famous clipper, which did the journey in eighty-nine days.

The first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah*, a ship of three hundred and fifty tones built in America, fitted with a low pressure engine giving only ninety horse power, with a pair of paddle wheels which could be easily detached and taken on board. In 1819 she started from New York, and after a voyage lasting just under thirty days, arrived safely in Liverpool. After her return to America, however, her engines were taken out of her, and she became a sailing ship again. People were still inclined to give steam rather a chilly reception. However, by 1835, a little auxiliary steamship named the *Falcon* reached Calcutta, going round Cape Horn, and in the same year the *Enterprise*, a larger ship, made the same voyage, and during one hundred and three out of one hundred and thirteen days of her journey was propelled not by sails but under steam power. It was 1838 before the sceptics were thoroughly convinced. During that year four vessels crossed the Atlantic under steam power all the while. They were the *Great Western*, the *Sirius*, the *Royal William*, and the *Liverpool*. The British



SPANISH GALLEONS

government was so impressed that it invited tenders for the carrying of the American mails in steamships instead of the old brigs which had hitherto done the work. The Cunard Company was established and began its service with the *Britannia,* of approximately twelve hundred tons, which left Liverpool on July 4, 1840, and reached Boston after fourteen days and eight hours.

Although as early as 1853 the Cunard Company had placed six iron screw steamships on the sea, passengers for some inexplicable reason still preferred the old-fashioned paddle wheel craft. It was not until 1862 that the *Scotia,* the last of the paddle wheeled Atlantic ships, was launched. She was a big ship in her way, with a tonnage of 3871 and a speed of thirteen knots. Four years earlier the *Great Eastern* had been launched, with the then enormous displacement of thirty-two thousand tons. This size was not surpassed until the White Star *Baltic* was built in 1905. The *Great Eastern* had accommodation for four thousand passengers, as well as a crew of four hundred. She was fitted with six masts, but no bowsprit. Propelled by paddle wheels, in addition to her screw, it was thought that she would develop considerable speed, and be ably to carry all the coal needed for the trip around the Horn from England to Australia. That she was a huge financial failure is now a well-known historic fact. Nevertheless Mr. Chatterton says that it cannot be denied that she was constructed with the greatest ingenuity and that some of the experiments in her building were shown to have been justified when afterward put to practical use. From 1862 to 1884 the great ocean liners were fitted with single screw. The first twin-screw vessels were the *City of Paris* and her sister ship the *City of New York.* These were followed quickly by the White Star liners *Teutonic* and *Majestic.* These last-named boats held the record between them until 1892, when the Cunard line launched the *Campagnia* and the *Lucania.* Afterward for a time the speed supremacy of the sea rested with the Germans until won back for England by the turbine engines of the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania.*

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II-III

Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labour."* Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage"†

That so many different phases of the woman question are being discussed with such frankness and dignity bespeaks the strength of the movement which aims not so much to give women the same rights as men, but also to give them their rights as women. That in all spheres of the sex relations there are wide injustices and inequalities no one will gainsay; *why* these are historically and in *what* lie the remedies constitute the themes of two remarkable books by Olive Schreiner and Ellen Key. They make no pretence at dealing with the same phase of the question, though they touch in several places. Had Olive Schreiner finished the book which was destroyed in the Boer War, from the outline she has given in the preface of *Woman and Labour,* the problems of marriage and the personal relations of men and women in the modern world—which is more specifically Ellen Key's theme—would also have been discussed. As it is, the eminent Englishwoman has been content to offer a fragment dealing mainly with the economic side of the situation. To her "sex-parasitism"—the dependence of the female on the male—is the core of the woman problem; while the distinguished Swede argues love is the root of the question. But the two authoresses are *au fond,* as Havelock Ellis says, "prophets of a movement which transcends merely isolated measures of reform." The woman question is also a man question; on the juridical side it lies in his power to make an equality through the basis of enfranchisement; on the temperamental side it rests in his own evolution to meet the demands of the more highly endowed of the opposite sex and thereby make for mutual advance; on the economic side what he chooses to give or keep makes easy or more difficult the claims of the new

*Woman and Labour. By Olive Schreiner. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

†Love and Marriage. By Ellen Key. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

woman to an equal part in the labour of society. It is this latter phase, as mentioned, which chiefly concerns Olive Schreiner. Living as she did for years in South Africa and in contact with primitive peoples, her interests were first aroused in the earlier relation of the sexes and their divided sphere of activity.

Women have always laboured: the savage man and woman wandered and worked together; when wandering ceased woman hoed while man battled, woman nurtured the race and man bore his wounds; later, when wars became less, more men took woman's place in the fields and woman became the weaver and the dresser. With the centuries, however, machinery has gradually done the work of man and crude muscular labour has sunk in value so that intellectual keenness and manipulative skill have increased in importance. To-day large numbers of males have arisen who have discovered, that while the ancient fields of labour have slipped from them and in the modern world there is little place for them, never before, with the increased complexities of modern civilisation, has man's field of remunerative toil become so wide. This excessive share of labour, in contrast with earlier times, has devolved upon the male a large number of parasitic females. This is true because woman's old occupation is gone; woman's domestic labours have contracted, and with increased science infant mortality is less, and less expenditure of woman's vitality is needed in the passive labour of child bearing.

> We do not ask that the wheels of time should reverse themselves, or the stream of life flow backward. We do not ask that our ancient spinning-wheels be again resuscitated and placed in our hands; . . . or that man should again betake himself entirely to his ancient province of war and chase, leaving to us all domestic and civil labour. We do not even demand that society shall immediately so reconstruct itself that every woman may be again a child bearer . . . or that the children whom we bear shall again be put exclusively into our hands to train. This, we know, cannot be. . . . We demand that, in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes and relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honoured and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labour of the children of woman. We demand nothing more than this, and we will take nothing less. This is our *Woman's Right.*

As the old fields are closing up women thus demand entrance into new. The problem of the male and female unemployed is not the same; "find labour or die" is the man's alternative; with woman it is "find new fields of labour or sink into sex-parasitism." The greatest contribution to the decay of the ancient civilisations was the increased dependence of the female, for she is the first to feel the enervating effect gained without labouring. Women have also relied too much on their mere *potentiality* as child bearers without bringing forth children of men or contributing the equivalent to society. Women must contribute to society and bear its burdens together with men—or that society will die. The woman movement to-day is no mere theoretical argument: the unrest is deep-seated: the rapidity of change tearing from old traditions and formed habits, the wide and almost unparalleled dissimilarity between those who have advanced in adapting themselves to new conditions and those who have not, and the deep subjective conflicts bred of the age, have made the problem acute. To Olive Schreiner the answer, economic and otherwise, rests in woman's added demand that *all* labour should lie in woman's province; "those large fields in which it would appear sex plays no part and equally those in which it plays a part." In language always eloquent if at times not always logical, she dismisses the usual plea of organic differences as limiting those fields of opportunity; with the occasion will come the adaptability: as external conditions vary so will there come inversion in values. As for war, women have fought; they know better than men the price of each human killed, since "men's bodies are our woman's works of art." Having this knowledge of the value of each human life, with the power, women will lessen war.

> There is no battlefield, howsoever covered with slain, which has not cost the women of

the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost on all human life, . . . while even in the matter of death the probability that the average woman will die in childbirth is immeasurably greater than the probability that the average male will die in battle.

The claims made that women under increased opportunity to enter into new fields of intellectual labour would lose their sex charm and attraction is dismissed:

The study of all races in all ages proves that the greater the freedom of woman, the higher the sexual value put upon her by the males of that society. . . .There is no ground for the assumption that increased intelligence and intellectual power diminish sexual emotion in the human creature of either sex.

The lives of Sophia Kovalevsky, George Eliot and Elizabeth Browning are examples. Those to-day who oppose the furthering of the woman movement are generally those of her own sex who wilfully or organically belong to the parasite class, and the men whose "sex purchasing power," whether in marriage or otherwise, would be limited. But the movement itself is being met and fostered by the *New Man*, who in his evolution demands of woman active companionship and co-operation rather than passive submission.

We have called the Woman's Movement an endeavour to find new fields of labour as the old slip from women, as an attempt to escape from parasitism and an inactive dependence upon sex function alone; but, viewed from another side, the Woman's Movement might not less justly be called a part of a great movement of the sexes toward each other, a movement toward common occupation, common interests, common ideals and an emotional tenderness and sympathy between the sexes more deeply founded and more indestructible than any the world has yet seen.

Such in brief is the general direction of Olive Schreiner's book: its rush, its passion and sustained eloquence makes it captious of the reviewer to attempt to criticise it. It has the quality of an exhortation intending to move and convince by reason of its sweep rather than by its impeccable reason. As such it will no doubt do more for the woman movement than any book on the subject. Doubtless its end would have been defeated had the authoress been more in touch with some of the advanced thought on the subject of sex; for she seldom keeps in mind that no man and no woman is wholly masculine or feminine, but a composite of the two qualities. This reacts upon the economic problems more subtly than the author's sharp demarkation would have us believe. Further, toward motherhood she is too exclusive; she leaves out entirely man's psychic part in its fruition; since helplessly bearing the pain of a loved one's suffering can sometimes be a deeper contribution to the child and society than mean functional bearing. Further there is a neglect, quite natural perhaps, to touch on peculiar pathological conditions, which to a male at least are frequently his only arguments against woman's capacity in certain vocations. But aside from this, the book is full of deep understanding and vision into the problem of the day. It should be judged by what it intends and quite rightly will it become the battle call of the woman movement.

So far as *Love and Marriage* touches this theme of labour, Ellen Key feels, too, the need of labour, but that its field should be limited.

To every thoughtful person it is becoming increasingly evident that the human race is approaching the parting of the ways for its future destiny. Either—speaking generally—the old division of labour, founded in nature, must continue: that by which the majority of women not only bear but also bring up the new generation within the home; that men—directly in marriage or indirectly through a State provision for motherhood—should work for woman's support during the years they are performing this service to society; and that women during their mental and bodily development should aim, in their *choice* of work and their habits of life, at preserving their fitness for their possible mission as mothers. Or, on the other hand, woman must be brought up for relentless competition with man in all the departments of production, . . . and the State must undertake the breeding as well as the rearing of children in order to liberate her

from the cares which at present most hinder her freedom of movement. Any compromise can only relate to the extent, not to the kind of the division of labour; for no hygiene, however intelligent, no altered condition of society with shorter hours of labour or better pay, no new system of study with moderate brain work, can abolish the law of nature: that woman's function as a mother, which at times interferes with her daily work if she obeys the need; while if, on the other hand, she disregards it, it revenges itself on her and on the new generation.

This suggests the tragedy of woman to-day: her desire as a human being and as a personality: the life of the soul or the life of the family—which are two equally strong and often divergent impulses. But economic necessity and *Zeitgeist* are more and more forcing women into labour, and unfortunately, they are slipping into men's fields while the callings of wife and mother have lost attraction. The question becomes either the abandonment of work which produces a living or the limitation of the number of children: the conflict between the renewal of the race and outward self-assertion.

Only by society undertaking the support of those women who by well fulfilling the duties of motherhood have produced the highest social asset can the question of married woman's bread winning be solved. And only if women put their personal creative desire into their mission as mothers during their children's first years will the problem be solved of woman's self-assertion and of her simultaneous devotion to the mission of the race.

All women should therefore strive in those fields of society where their own *special* characteristics may not be harmed but find their best expression. In social and civic activities women should tend to exercise a "collective motherliness." Women with careers should find employment which makes use of the *mother* in them, and thus her special endowment is not wasted to society.

On the other phases of the woman question as it touches marriage, motherhood, divorce and the more intimate life, Ellen Key does not follow to extremes the modern feminists, though she does shock the Mrs. Grundys. Marriage, she feels, is made for man, not man for marriage; no marriage can be better than the man and woman who compose it. While strict monogamy will still remain an unrealised dream, there is no proof it is the final answer for the race. In her chapter on the "Evolution of Love" she traces society's attitude toward it, showing how love and marriage were for many centuries differently recognised conditions, which seldom included each other. There is truth that "while God walked in Paradise and founded marriage, the Devil went about in the wilderness and instituted Love."

There are biological differences in the standards of sexual morality; but the only real test of love is what she calls the "life enhancement" which any relation, in or out of matrimony, will bring the individuals concerned. Experience alone, unfortunately, can solve this, and women as well as men should not be condemned for the full expression of that call; love must create new values to society and the individual if it does not produce children. The private life of the individual is no concern of society; but the child is. The regulation of the first is a personal affair and should include the regulation of the second.

A eugenic purpose should be consciously at work through a culture of the erotic nature; then and then only will the claims of the heart and of the race be not opposed, but be identical. True monogamy will thus only come when love and marriage are made one through "love's selection."

Freedom for love's selection, under conditions favourable to the race; limitation of the freedom, not of love, but of procreation, when the conditions are unfavourable to the race—this is the line of life.

Legalised unions can thus, without this standard of enhancement, be more harmful to the race than some of those outside of wedlock. Motherhood, too, is not only woman's right; it is her privilege, and there are occasions when the unmarried woman should claim it, just as the married have the right to exemption from it. It is only a step from these ideas to

free divorce. In a remarkable chapter on this subject she passionately pleads for a divorce which will depend solely on the will of both parties or of one. "We not only assert love's freedom to unite without external tie, but also man's right more freely than at present to loosen that tie, when real union is no longer possible." All phases of this growing question of the day are fearlessly discussed, and one feels the author's deep understanding of its bitterness and inevitability. But much of the tragedy of modern married life could be solved only by a new marriage law, for our present marriage laws date from the time when the importance of love was not yet recognised. It is needless to repeat these "new laws" here, as they deal somewhat with woman's situation in Sweden, but it is important to see they urge more and more for the freedom of the wife before the law, with rights over her property and person, that marriage should be a civil one, that divorce should be free and that state subsidy, under certain conditions, should be given to mothers.

Whether one agrees with the details of this is not the question. What is important is that a deep stimulating book has been written with sincerity and dignity. And on all vital issues of modern life can there be a better incentive to progress than such discussion? A phrase in Meredith's famous letter to the *Times* seems appropriate: "This subject is kept too much in darkness. Air it. Air it."

George Middleton.

IV

Three Prefaces and Plays by Bernard Shaw*

A bright-eyed Jewish newsboy in the New York Ghetto once tried to sell the present commentator a copy of a Yiddish newspaper. "But I can't read Yiddish," with the protest, "what should I do with the paper if I bought it?" His answer was instantaneous—"Aw, turn it upside down and laugh at it." The boy's retort offers a succinct explanation of the literary procedure of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Instead of giving a real reading of the world, in his plays and prefaces, his novels and his criticisms, Mr. Shaw merely turns the world upside down and laughs at it. In his general campaign of standing the world upon its head, Mr. Shaw has been actuated by an earnest and a laudatory purpose. Many things in life, as it is at present organised, are indubitably wrong side up; and therefore the only way to make us see them rightly is to turn them upside down. In pursuing this procedure Mr. Shaw has laboured as a champion of truth. Also, since he has perceived that most of the truths we cherish are merely half-truths after all, he has striven to jolt us into a consciousness of their incompleteness by calling attention to the other half of them. But the other half of any truth is but a half-truth also; and Mr. Shaw too often has announced it as if it were the whole truth, and were destined to supplant, instead of complement, the half that we have always recognised.

Like all very clever men, Mr. Shaw has secured a public of his own; and like nearly all men who secure a public, he has to some extent succumbed to the necessity of giving his public what it expects of him. Now Mr. Shaw has taught his public to expect from him the unexpected. Consequently, in his later work, we feel a certain straining to increase the radius of that unexpectedness which he feels to be demanded of him. He is famed as an apostle of dissent; and to sustain his popularity, he must argue on the unpopular side of any question that he chooses to discuss. If Mr. Shaw should ever agree with the majority, he would sacrifice his vogue.

The Doctor's Dilemma is an interesting play of plot. A certain great physician has discovered an apparently efficacious cure for consumption; but he already has so many cases on his hands that for the present he can undertake the charge of only one more. A very charming woman who is married to a young artist of genius begs him to cure her husband. He falls in love with the woman and recognises the genius of the artist; and these facts give him two honourable reasons for wishing to save the latter's life and one dishonourable reason for wishing to sacrifice it. But soon he dis-

*The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married, and The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

covers that a worthy colleague of his own is afflicted with the same disease and might be saved instead of the artist; and also that the artist, unknown to his wife, is a bigamist, a thief, and a blackguard. The knowledge of these added facts so complicates the doctor's dilemma as to call for a delicate decision of the conscience. The motive that turns the balance is his discovery of the profundity with which the woman idealises and idolises her husband. In order to save her from the disillusionment which must surely come to her sooner or later if her husband is allowed to live, the doctor turns him over to a famous but unaccomplished colleague, in whose charge he dies; and in his own hospital he saves the other man. In a rather flippant last act, the doctor confesses the facts and the motives of his procedure to the widow of his victim, and asks her to marry him; whereupon he is told that she has already married some one else.—This, as was suggested at the outset, is inherently a melodrama in which the chief character is harried by an artificial train of circumstances of the dramatist's devising; but Mr. Shaw has treated it as a comedy and embroidered the essential plot with satirical attacks on nearly every current phase of the medical profession. And in the preface—which contains more words than the play—he turns the entire profession upside down, and tells, as if it were the whole truth, the other half of what is currently regarded as the truth about physicians. This preface, though entertaining, is somewhat laboriously controversial; and the reader feels occasionally that the author is having a rather hard time in endeavouring to remain on the dissenter's side.

Getting Married is a lengthy conversation about matrimony. It is as long as a five-act play; but the dialogue is entirely continuous from the outset to the end. It must be hard to sit through in the theatre, because the curtain never falls to let you smoke. The piece has no plot, and scarcely any action; it is merely a running current of talk. Each of the characters—whether or not the author intended them to be so—is insane; and this extraordinary aggregation of mad people exchange remarks of an inspired brilliancy. The satire is marred by the fact that it has no reference to life, since none of the beings involved in it are human; but the wit of the lines is all the more scintillant because it is absurd. In the preface, which is in this case much more reasonable than the play, Mr. Shaw argues against the institution of matrimony as it is at present established in England and pleads for an unlimited extension of divorce. The argument is to some extent weakened by Mr. Shaw's constitutional inability to understand that there may be such things in the world as children, or love, or the domestic sentiments, or economic interdependence; but it is a brilliant arraignment of the evils of the marriage system now in vogue.

The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet is prefaced by an able argument for the abolition of the censorship of plays in England, an argument which for American readers will seem self-evidently just, since we have no censorship of plays at home. But this one-act play itself, which was prohibited in London by the Lord Chamberlain, is an even better argument against the censorship than its controversial preface. The play exhibits a number of rogues and blackguards, who profess to be as bad as any one can be, condemned inexplicably to do good in certain difficult dilemmas by a Higher Power imminent within them, which they rebel against but cannot controvert. The reading of this play reminds us of Matthew Arnold's definition of God as "the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness." But apparently the Lord Chamberlain considered it blasphemous for anybody in this highly irreligious age to think seriously about God, and indecorous to speak His name in public. The play has been acted in Ireland; and it is better suited than either of the other pieces in the present volume for theatrical production in New York.

Walter Clayton.

V

Frank M. Colby's "Constrained Attitudes"*

Every writer who is anything of an artist dislikes trite phrases. Every man

*Constrained Attitudes. By Frank M. Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

who tries to think things out distrusts statements which have become axiomatic. The more of them he examines the more fully he realises that only the surface of things is self-evident. If in addition he is an individualist, he is particularly apt to question categorical imperatives. Mr. Colby, who is a good deal of an artist and whose philosophy is distinctly individualistic, finds the obvious remark annoying in proportion to its obviousness; and his thousandth encounter with a maxim arouses in him a stronger reaction than their nine hundred and ninety-nine previous meetings. At the same time he is fully aware that the commonplace is one of the most ancient and most honoured of institutions and he appreciates its social value. The common notions which hold together every social group, from the corner gang to the concert of nations, become articulate and are transmitted only in the form of commonplaces. He realises, too, that the stereotyped phrase is not only inevitable but also generally welcome; that most people like what they are used to and resent the unexpected. This perpetual conflict between his feelings and his experience he frankly exposes, and his gibes at the trite are frequently followed by expostulations with himself and like-minded readers concerning the folly of expecting anything else. There is nothing so eternal as an undisputed truth except, possibly, an unchallenged falsehood.

It is this exception which does most to make Mr. Colby feel that life is worth living. When he runs across a commonplace which seems to him mainly untrue the artist and the philosopher in him are at one, and he runs it down with a single mind. That is why he called an earlier book *Imaginary Obligations* and calls this *Constrained Attitudes*. The two titles express substantially the same idea. All traditional obligations are more or less galling, but those that are necessary can be borne not merely with resignation but with a certain grace. It is the fetters we need not wear that make us shuffle so clumsily through life. When Mr. Colby jests at our stupidity in submitting to needless servitudes, he wears his Motley with a diffidence; he is really preaching the truth that should make us freer. He is, if you will, the apostle of the simple intellectual life.

All this, however, is between the lines. In the author's attitude there is no sign of apostolic or other constraint, nor is there in his satire any hint of a sermon. "True satire," he tells us, "includes the satirist—is always self-ironical;" and whatever message he has to deliver is addressed quite as much to himself as to his readers. Nor does the consciousness of an underlying purpose hold him to any fatiguing continuity of treatment. He does not hesitate to digress, and some of the best bits in both books have no obvious connection with obligations or constraints.

Among the persons whose attitudes the author finds constrained and unnatural are newspaper editors, college presidents and chief executives, when they address the public; biological sociologists and muck-rakers; professional lovers of nature; devotees of revolt who know nothing of the conditions against which they are revolting; writers who turn out stories or plays according to approved recipes and critics who insist on comparing these commercial products with recognised literary masterpieces; pedants who carry on the "drier criticism" of literature; and members of literary cliques and disciples of philosophical schools to whom (as to primitive kinship-groups) every outsider is an uncouth and inferior person. This catalogue is not complete, but it will give some notion of the range of the book. There are few readers who will not find some of their enemies in pillory, and, what is better still, there are few who will not suffer the wholesome shock of finding some of their friends, if not themselves, in a similar constrained attitude.

The reviewer, for example, has taken great pleasure in making an anthology of Mr. Colby's tributes to journalism. He describes the editorial "we" as

> Somebody trying to be everybody and all gone to vulgar fractions in the process.
>
> An editor's soul will usually disappear long before it leaves the body.
>
> I would not bring back the times when editors were shot or horsewhipped for what they wrote, yet I do miss the kind of man

whose absence would be noticed if by chance somebody did kill him.

Journalists have always been our most old-fashioned class, being too busy with the news of the day to lay aside the mental habits of fifty years before. Constrained to chase the aviator in his aeroplane on the front page, they sleep with Thomas Jefferson in the editorial columns.

At the same time the reviewer has derived equal enjoyment and probably greater profit from some of the author's studies of the academic person. There is no keener or juster satire in the book than in the pages on biological sociology. The outline of "a chapter on the Functions of Polite Human Conversation that were once performed by Tails" might be a résumé of a sociological dissertation; so much so that the author's surmise that it has already been written seems highly probable. And every college professor, even if he be not a professor of languages or literature, should read the essay on "Impatient 'Culture' and the Literal Mind."

Mr. Colby's digressions, as I have said, are among the best parts of his books. The essay on "International Impressionism" is, except for one paragraph, entirely digressive; for although the attitude of the "nation-taster" is conventional, it can hardly be called constrained. As the author himself remarks, it is easy for the literary man "to characterise a country; his imagination has peopled it." The single paragraph in this essay which deals with a real constraint is so typically Colbian that its reproduction will make further characterisation of the writer unnecessary. In a friendly British book about America Mr. Colby finds the statement that among "all classes of Americans" there is "a deep and noble desire—sometimes pathetic but always dignified." That the Mother Country should understand "her offspring of the West." On this he comments:

> If the writer, who, to judge from his book, is an uncommonly serious person, found everybody nobly and deeply concerned with the Mother Country's opinion, it was no doubt the result of conversational embarrassment. . . . Those of us who have had conversational bouts with serious Britons recall the desperate straits to which we were often reduced, the false interests, the impromptu enthusiasms, the nervous garrulities, merely to keep the ball rolling. One finds one's self becoming almost hysterically sociable with phlegmatic persons. If one man says too little, the other says too much. It seems a law of conversation that if one remain a centre of gravity the other shall with rather foolish rapidity revolve around him. . . . An American is unnerved by the British pause following an introduction. He will snatch at any topic. . . . He will profess the most unnatural ardours—asking after a stranger's country as he asks after a friend's wife; not because he finds the wife interesting, but because he hopes she interests the friend. People spoke warmly of the Mother Country in order to warm this visitor. We overheat our conversation as we do our rooms.

The general acquiescence in conventional lines of thought and the prevalent tolerance of platitudes have led Mr. Colby, in the reviewer's opinion, to overestimate their real popularity. The saving remnant is probably larger than it seems to him in his gloomier moments. Cheering evidence of its numerical strength is afforded by the statement of the publishers that *Imaginary Obligations* has already run through several editions. *Constrained Attitudes* ought to be equally prosperous.

Munroe Smith.

VI

Royal Cortissoz's "John La Farge"*

While obviously intended to be in no sense exhaustive or even definitive, Mr. Cortissoz's book about Mr. La Farge is a very adequate preliminary statement of the claims of the great artist, and will at least serve until the work of biography and criticism can be done on a more comprehensive scale. The present volume is pre-eminently distinguished by its personal note. Mr. Cortissoz lived on terms of such intimacy with Mr. La Farge that he is able to paint his portrait not only in the broad lines, but with those little touches that create the illusion of reality in pictorial art. He has likewise poured freely into his mould the many facts and memories that the older man turned over

*John La Farge. A Memoir and a Study. By Royal Cortissoz. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911. Net $4.00.

to the younger for the express purpose of being woven into a biographical record. This was much in the minds of both of them, and Mr. La Farge, who was prevented by ill-health and by the volume of his work from making a more systematic statement of the events of his career, used to impart the material piecemeal either by word of mouth or by letter. Mr. Cortissoz's account of this queer and episodic collaboration is of much curious interest. Sometimes a message like the following would be received from the artist: "Perhaps to-morrow, at some off hour, you might be tempted to come and be surprised, and perhaps entertained, by a little story I have to tell. It's queer, and worth turning out of one's way for. I thought of Sunday, because it is labelled a day of rest. I forgot that such people as you and I may choose that day otherwise." Those who, like the writer of this notice, had the rare pleasure of hearing Mr. La Farge talk at table unrestrainedly, will recognise not a few of the anecdotes here incorporated in the artist's own words, and will perhaps miss, a little, the living gesture and the peculiar, half-mocking manner that made each scene or incident spring instantly into vivid relief. For, while it is true that he wrote as he talked, and that his letters and travel notes are the best records we can hope to possess of his verbal art, something vital is gone with that breath on which his words were borne with a strange and compelling magic amid the wreaths of his tobacco smoke. One of the best that we remember is that of his uncle's little negro boy, David, brought from the South as a slave, and finally spirited out of the country to escape the wrath of the Abolitionists, who took no account of the fact that his master's scruples about giving him up were entirely religious, he having stood as godfather to the boy. Finally he was settled in Paris, "where he married, prettily, a young negro with the prestige of singularity and capital, being a *trouvaille* in that sort of circle in Paris. And there, in 1856, I had the pleasure of calling upon him at his picture framer's shop, which was *my* small duty." As thus written, the anecdote is but the skeleton or framework on which the raconteur, responsive to the delight of his charmed auditory, wove an infinitude of delightful detail. We shall never forget the exclamation of a lady who was present at the telling of this story, when the point of the marriage was reached: "What! Do you mean to say he married a *white* woman?" "Why not," rejoined Mr. La Farge in his blandest manner; "you see there was only *one* of him." The excellent story about William James and an early painting exploit was also given on the same occasion in a much expanded form, and with a subtlety of nuance lacking in the printed record. Such as it is, however, Mr. Cortissoz's collection represents a precious salvage of perishable freight, and the fascination of the man, no less than the greatness of the artist, is clearly established in this pleasant and discerning essay.

Horatio Hartford.

VII

Stewart Edward White's "The Cabin"*

We are informed that the child enjoys no "store" wagon as he does the one he makes of an old soap box. It has also been asserted that the man who saws out and fits together a bookshelf with his own hands derives a singular pleasure from the task and from the finished product as well. Of a certain number of us this last is probably so. Of a large number it is certainly true that the handicraft of other amateurs has an attraction for them. When this handicraft takes on the dimensions and form of a house—even one so modest in its plan as that which Mr. White and "Billy" put up in the Sierras, six thousand feet above sea level—the accomplishment well deserves a chronicle of its own.

The writer knows of no one else than Mr. White who could make just as good a book on the subject. It is one thing to lead a friend up to a log cabin and tell him how it was raised and what are its attractions while his own eyes fill in the details and corroborate your explanation of the beauties of its setting. It is quite another thing to put down these points on paper so that the planning and build-

*The Cabin. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

ing and furnishing of the place escape the dulness of a table of materials and measurements, the description of its surroundings, the flatness of a railway folder. It is testimony, not only to Mr. White's craft as a writer, but also to his understanding of the other man's point of view that this new book carries the reader's interest through nearly three hundred pages without falter, and that one rises from it with a sense of intimacy with the place and its people such as usually is born only of first-hand impressions. Finally there is a delicacy in the imagery, an almost poetic appreciation of the beautiful in the author's vision which makes remembrance of many of his descriptive passages a positive delight. What more inviting, for example, than these few sentences in which, halting on the forest's edge, we look upon the place where the cabin is to be?

> Before us stretched a long, fair meadow, green as new fir tips, enamelled with flowers. It fell away from us with a dignified spaciousness, to come to rest in a group of aspens. Behind them reared huge sugar pines, and all about stood others, solemn and aloof, drawing back in courtesy to give room with its azalea fringe, its trickle of flowing water, its flowers, its floods of sunshine.

The Cabin is indeed the story of what Mr. White and Billy saw and did amid the great sugar pines and other giant stems of the California forest. The building of the Cabin itself makes but a few chapters. After that it is all about the trees, the mountain meadows, the stream, the birds, a nearby lumber mill, the ridge, the big country beyond, the trout, and such things. Nor can it be denied that some of Mr. White's most delightful pages have to do with the personalities, human, four-legged and feathered, which are his neighbours. "Short," the square-set mountain carpenter who helped him with the heavier framing of the cabin; our old friend, California John, with his shrewd philosophy upon the work and pleasure of life; the monster totem bird, Theophilus; Tuxana and the other dog of the camp; Flapjack, the mule—these might all be our own companions, so well do we come to know them.

Mr. White built his cabin in this forest-encircled meadow four or five years back. Early of each summer season he and his wife make their way to it to live there on what they can pack in, and what they can get from the land itself, until cold weather is at hand. If—and it is to be supposed they do—they get each year from their woods the pleasure a good many thousands of readers are going to get from the invigorating pages of their book, then they may be congratulated. For *The Cabin* earns for itself a place beside those two capital volumes by the same hand, *The Forest* and *The Mountains,* and is in most respects—always excepting the matter of style, in which Mr. White has steadily progressed—at least quite as definite in its appeal to every healthy man's interest as are the half dozen and more tales of adventure by that author of which the most widely known is *The Blazed Trail.*

Churchill Williams.

VIII

Mr. Weale's "The Unknown God"*

Ten or a dozen years ago Mr. Kipling brought something new into literature when he gave us in *Kim* the epic of India. Some one—some time—will do a like work for China. If an examination were to be held of the men now writing, the process of inevitable elimination would leave but one candidate for this high calling—Mr. Putnam Weale. Mr. Weale has as yet done nothing that could, under the most generous critical interpretation, be regarded as the epic of China. Nevertheless, he has displayed qualities and qualifications which, properly fused, might conceivably go to the making of a very noteworthy book. First of all, he knows China as Kipling knew India. Born and educated in the East, speaking the language as his native tongue, he has perhaps come as close to the Oriental heart as is possible for the mere Occidental. In a series of weighty books he has shown his familiarity with the politics and diplomacy of the Far East, his insatiable curiosity, his shrewdness in interpreting and fathoming motives. And

*The Unknown God. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

familiarity has only deepened for him the sense of mystery that invests the Chinese character. He has understood enough to know that he can never understand all. Then he is indubitably a born novelist. His short stories—there is a capital collection of them entitled *The Forbidden Boundary*—are witness to a lively perception of dramatic values. That racy and palpably true book, *Indiscreet Letters from Peking,* boyishly, exuberantly shocking as it was, told of his sharp sense of character. In *The Human Cobweb* Mr. Weale proved that he could construct an admirable plot, full of interest and suspense. If none of these books has been precisely a great achievement, at least none has been entirely negligible. Here was obviously talent of no mean order seeking its true outlet.

Mr. Weale's newest book is not the great novel of China. It is not even the rattling good story that *The Human Cobweb* was. Yet it seems to me to carry the author a good step forward toward the realisation of my ambition for him. It is a more thoughtful work than the fictions that have preceded it, and this is at once a hopeful sign and a cause of partial failure in the immediate event. Mr. Weale has convictions, and for once he has allowed them to get the better of him. The theme of the book is the Christian missionary in China. Mr. Weale believes the missionary is a failure, and he is at such pains to show why this is so, that for the first half of his book the story has to shift for itself. His missionaries are indeed a sad lot. No doubt he tries to be just to them, and perhaps he has tried to make them interesting—but if so his heart was not in the task. He has not even realised the tragedy of failure, but only the stupidity of meddling incompetence. Whether he has been entirely fair is a question to be debated by those who can pretend to equal knowledge with him and a less biassed outlook. The result is not in doubt so far as the story is concerned.

Yet even under this handicap he manages to present a sharper realisation of the romance of China than he has hitherto. The heat, the monotony of the scene in this interior country, the unfathomable aloofness of the people, their calm superiority as they look down from the height of their antiquity on the upstart foreigner, their baffling simplicity, their equally baffling subtlety—these are impressions that smite hard from his pages. And halfway through the book he rouses to possibilities of a real story, involving real persons. A dawdling, unconvincing love affair goes by the board for the moment. One of his characters, a young man who has come out from England to a missionary station with beliefs which have slowly dissolved under rigorous contact with facts, starts on a tour of the mission posts in the remote mountains of Western China. He learns what Mohammedanism is in China—a momentous fact, according to Mr. Weale, inasmuch as the Prophet already commands the allegiance of twenty millions of Chinamen. Young Paul Hancock encounters an incipient Mohammedan rebellion, is captured, and owes his life to his strange meeting with his former rival in love—a huge, eccentric Englishman, a man of weight and power, student and fighter, a creature of the coldest practical sense and a visionary believer in the future of Mohammedanism. It is hard to resist the conviction that this man is essentially a study from the living model. There is in the recital of this adventure the interest of a real thing.

Throughout this pilgrimage Paul Hancock is attended by a small Chinese boy whom he had attached to himself, and whose devotion knows no reservations. Here was Mr. Weale's real opportunity. Had he been content to leave his missionaries undisturbed in their feeble stupidity, he might have built his epic of China around this second Kim, with his amazing wisdom, his preternatural faculties of sense and mind, his elemental simplicity of feeling. Perhaps there is still a story to be told of this child whose dark eyes reflect the mystery of China. If it should ever be told in full, the great novel of China will have been written.

Burton Bancroft.

IX

Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed"*

This story by a newcomer in the field

*Queed. A Novel. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

of fiction is an example of that semi-whimsical and discursive sort of which there have been several specimens of late. Their immediate explanation lies, no doubt, in the vogue of Mr. De Morgan's works, but farther back they seem to betoken a revival of the influence of Dickens superinduced by the fervent propaganda of Mr. Chesterton and others of the cult. Only a little while ago, all young writers turned naturally to Thackeray as a source of inspiration and a model for their art. Then they were all for a kindly cynicism and a shrewd worldly estimate of life. Now they—or their successors, in the swift passing of time—are equally emulative of the homely human note, the sweet and somewhat lyrical sentiment appropriately expressed, and the note of the eccentric in character, of the fantastic in adventure and action. Such a book was *Once Aboard the Lugger* which appeared last year, which enjoyed more than a passing vogue, and which may have played its part in determining the literary purposes of Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of *Queed*, a first novel of no little interest and distinction. Better constructed and better sustained than Mr. Hutchinson's book above-mentioned, it is somewhat less fluent and easy in its style, less sure in its comic portraiture, less infectious in its humorous good spirits. It is harder, apparently, for the young American writer to escape the accepted conventions of fiction-writing than it is for the young Englishman, and there is a very large part of the conventional story of American life to-day in this narrative of an eccentric and self-centred young student of sociology who comes to a Southern city (name unspecified) in response to the summons of an unknown father.

The name of the "little Doctor," as he is called by his associates, is Queed, and this thoroughly Dickensian appellation is indicative of the method used to portray his peculiarities both in personal appearance and in mental habits. He is intensely self-centred and so consumed with seriousness and conceit, that he presents an easy target for the witticisms of his fellow-boarders and chance acquaintances. He is engaged in writing a magnum opus on the fundamental principle of human evolution toward a higher type. But to meet his current expenses, he is obliged to do editorial work for a local paper, and he writes upon the subject of taxation in so technical a manner that no one can read his articles. The story of Queed is the story of his human redemption, chiefly through the agency of two young women, one of whom, a consumptive child, Fifi, fades away quite in the manner of little Nell after shedding her beneficent influence upon the hero of the book. The other, Sharlee Weyland, shows herself a master manipulator of the strings of destiny. She is a very fresh and buoyant young creature, and none the less likable, on the whole, because she is made the mouthpiece of the shallow American philosophy of service, so preached at us on every side nowadays. The chief trouble with the book is that from time to time it comes perilously close to being a sermon on this theme, while, on the imaginative side, Queed, in his earlier stages, is clearly a man of straw constructed by the author to draw his lightning. Manifestly he is too purely caricatural to serve in establishing the case against the *savant* in American life. On the other hand, when he emerges, as it were, from his abyssmal pre-occupation with his own intellectual concerns, he is merely the quiet, efficient, honourable young American, another *Gentleman from Indiana*. The process is not so much one of essential transformation as the mere removal of a mask worn without much illusion of reality, and with correspondingly little conviction on the part of the reader. This is in a way fortunate, for one would hate to see a real scientist of genius lured away from his life-work by the specious arguments and the arrant impertinences of a Sharlee, no matter how charming she might be. She is true enough, and she brings home with a sense of uneasiness the devastating rôle of the commonplace pretty American girl —a perfect type of the ignorant dictator —in American life. At his best—and there are many delightful passages in the book—Mr. Harrison writes lightly and brightly, and needs merely to rid his style of certain *clichés*, particularly of the

feminine description to become a decided addition to our group of younger fiction writers.

W. A. Bradley.

X

Owen Wister's "Members of the Family"*

Most novelists are on our annual visiting list, so to speak; they send us a new volume at fairly regular intervals after the fashion of a Christmas card or an Easter greeting. Mr. Wister is not one of these. His volumes are like angels' visits and so deserve a special sort of greeting. *Members of the Family*, his latest volume, is not a literary event in the sense of being unknown and unforeseen. The stories it contains have become more or less familiar to us already from their appearance from time to time in magazine pages. But it is none the less pleasant to have them assembled in book form and thus get a comprehensive glance over his more recent development of the short story form. The volume has, furthermore, the special interest of a rather personal preface partly biographical, partly in the nature of a literary confession of faith. Mr. Wister tells us, for instance, that so far back as 1884 Mr. Howells had "felt his literary pulse and pronounced it promising;" that "a quickening came from the pages of Stevenson; a far stronger shove next from the genius of *Plain Tales from the Hills*;" and oddly enough that "the final push happened to be given by Prosper Mérimée." All these influences with the exception of the last are obvious enough. But without this direct acknowledgment we might have guessed a long time before discovering any indebtedness to Carmen on the part of the author of *The Virginian*. It is less surprising when Mr. Wister goes on to say that there is still another who must bear with his gratitude and to pay a heartfelt tribute to Henry James:

> It is significant to know how this master seems to be teaching a numerous young generation. Often do I pick up some popular magazine and read a story (one even of murder, it may be, in tropic seas or city slums), where some canny bit of foreshortening, of presentation, reveals the spreading influence, and I say, "Ah, my friend, never would you have found out how to do that if Henry James hadn't set you thinking!"

And he might have added that never would he himself have thought of writing *Lady Baltimore* in the peculiarly subtle form which gives it its reason for existence had he not learned the trick at the hands of this same master. As for the stories which make up this volume, some of them are frankly humorous as, for instance, "Happy-Teeth," in which the easily aroused superstition of Indians is cleverly utilised to drive out of business a new post-trader who has acquired a monopoly through unfair means; or again "In the Back," in which a hasty, although perhaps mell-merited kick, delivered by an army captain to one of his men, becomes the subject of serious investigation and infinite red tape, and is finally paid in full with accumulated interest. But the stories that deserve to be remembered are "Timberline" and "The Gift Horse." Imagine yourself a tenderfoot, unskilled in the ways of the West, and without the clues that would help you to read character. Imagine that you have done a kindness to a man who is locally eyed askance; and that he, to mark his gratitude, has insisted upon lending you a splendid specimen of a horse for the season. It might or it might not strike you as peculiar that before giving you the horse he should enquire so particularly as to your plans and get your definite statement that you will remain throughout the summer on a certain side of a certain mountain range. Imagine, furthermore, that you suddenly change your mind and cross that range in quest of a certain legendary spring which according to Indian tradition has a way of strangely appearing and disappearing. You find the spring and simultaneously find an enclosure wherein there are many horses, stolen horses with fresh brands not yet healed; at your very feet lie a pile of branding irons; and before you can collect your thoughts you are looking into the muzzle of a pistol, you are surrounded by a company of omi-

*Members of the Family. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

nously quiet men, one of whom carries a coil of hempen rope. These men do not care to listen to explanations, they simply cite the significant fact that you are here, that the branding irons are here and that the horse you ride is a stolen one. Such is the awkward predicament narrated in "The Gift Horse," and there is a grim little touch at the end which makes its artistry well-nigh perfect. But even stronger than this is "Timberline." For sheer economy of means and a steady rise in dramatic force to the culminating tragedy, it stands as easily the best story in the collection, indeed one of the best that Mr. Wister has ever written. It is simply the account of a man, little more than a boy, who having been the unintentional instrument of a murder, has accepted a bribe to remain silent and slowly, inexorably, has found himself dragged back by conscience to the scene of the crime, forced under the spell of extraordinary and awe-inspiring convulsion of nature to make confession, restore the money and by his own spectacular death reveal the hiding place of the other victims at the bottom of a cañon a thousand feet below. An old idea, elemental in its simplicity—but, like many of the world's great short stories, owing its value to a finished workmanship, an unerring instinct for telling neither too much nor too little. In his earlier work, Mr. Wister cared little about rules of form; his strength lay in his ability to hold the attention, whether he shortened up a story or unduly prolonged it. In other words, he told his stories in a certain form, not because it was the best form, but because that happened for the moment to be his form, the form that came instinctively. The most interesting thing about this new volume is that it shows, comparatively, a more careful, more conscious constructive art. *Felix Trent Carney.*

A SKY LINE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I know a windy hill
 That leans against the sky;
And there, through Winter's dusk and chill,
 I watch a host march by.

A line of silhouettes
 The barren trees reveal,
A little troop of marionettes,
 Sharp as an old profile.

Ladies and lords I see,
 And galleons from Spain,
And kings that from a far countree
 March through the purple rain;

Gaunt horsemen, hooded dames,
 Maidens with wind-blown hair;
Torch-bearers with their moveless flames,
 And strange grotesques are there;

A bandit with his cloak,
 Old witches with their sticks—
A curious train of curious folk
 That curiously mix.

And there, high on the right,
 A gallows with its string. . . .
But mercifully falls the night
 To hide the cruel thing.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. Their History and Character. By Francis W. Gilpin. With an Appendix and a List of Books of Reference. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1911. Net $2.50.

"I am not very musical," says a character in Mr. Chambers's latest book, "but every creature likes to emit some sort of melody." It is hard to realise that this is the primitive principle of melodic impulse which is at the bottom of the patient industry and perverse ingenuity which has produced the amazing variety of instruments described by Mr. Gilpin in his fascinating book. Here every type of string and wind instrument—and every other kind as well—is taken from its first appearance in the British Isles and followed through its successive stages of development. Many, of course, were not exclusively native, but were imported into England from other European countries or from the Orient, though it is sometimes a question whether an instrument commonly supposed to have been brought back by the Crusaders was not actually known and used in England at an earlier age. This is the case with the oboe and its predecessor, the shawm. There is evidence that the double reed pipe, of which these are typical examples, existed in Saxon times, and was doubtless derived from the Roman *tibiæ*. Indeed, many modern instruments are of classical origin, and even the Christian organ was invented by Ctesibus, in the second century before our era, and consequently some time before it was reinvented by Saint Cecilia, whose name, moreover, does not occur in this strictly scientific and historical treatise. Other instruments, like the rote, or lyre, go farther back into purely British history—into Keltic times—though this particular one can be traced even more remotely, to Chaldea.

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. With the Funeral of Pericles. Newly Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Bernadotte Perrin. Frontispiece. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911. Net $2.00.

Nine years ago Professor Perrin published *Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides,* and planned to follow it with three other volumes presenting respectively Cimon and Pericles, Nicias and Alcibiades, Demosthenes and Alexander. Failing eyesight, which forced him to give up his academic work at Yale, has now definitely made him abandon the fourth volume. The third, however, will soon follow the second, which has just appeared. All are planned to be of assistance primarily to the student of Greek history in the fifth century B.C., and carry out Professor Perrin's plan, so successfully inaugurated by him at New Haven, of utilising the monuments of classical literature as sources for the study of ancient history.

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By John Allyne Gade. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911. Net $5.00.

Every year the tide of foreign travel sets more and more strongly toward Spain, and where, a few years ago, a handful of travellers left the Mediterranean ships at Gibraltar, now scores begin from that point their pilgrimage through the Iberian peninsula. To all these this work by a New York architect, dealing in turn with the cathedrals of Salamanca, Burgos, Avila, Leon, Toledo, Segovia, Seville and Granada, will be of the greatest use and interest. It contains a number of admirable photographs, and is a handsome, well-made volume in every respect.

DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS.. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911. $1.25.

Mr. Baring is a type of those happy writers whom much learning has not made heavy. A broad background of literary and historical culture spreads behind these witty little scenes wherein travesty of famous personages becomes often subtly interpretive of the past on its human side. A breakfast scene between Catherine Parr and Henry VIII seems to bring us appreciably nearer both of those characters, while the dramatisation of a contemporary stage rehearsal of *Macbeth* is worth a dozen volumes on the theatrical history of the Elizabethan age. "Caligula's Picnic" and "Lucullus's Dinner-Party" have a touch of Anatole France despite the farcical note and the absence of philosophical preoccupation. This is because, like his distinguished French contemporary, Mr. Baring has in a high degree the valuable sense of historical perspective and the literary art to employ it effectively.

SIXTINE ROME. By J. A. F. Arbaan, D.Ph. Illustrated. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. 1911.

It is to convert the reader "from the opinion that in Rome there are only ruins and statues and the Renaissance, and nothing after it until Bernini," that Dr. Arbaan has written this book, which is a revery upon a single phase

of the Eternal City. The presiding genius of that aspect of Rome which he has chosen to celebrate is the great Pope, Sixtus V., around 1600, who built the Lateran Palace and founded the Vatican Library, and whose name is immortalised in the Sixtine Chapel. These were but a few of the works of this great builder, who planned even more than he built. With him is associated a group of architects, chief among whom was Domenico Fontana, to whom a long chapter is devoted. The volume is invaluable to all who are making more than a superficial survey of the monuments of the Italian capital.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Collected, Edited and Arranged with Memoir, Textual Notes and Bibliography, by J. H. Whitty. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911. Net $2.00.

In 1849, while on his last visit to Richmond, and just before starting north to secure the publication of his works, Poe made a careful revision of a number of his poems and tales in the office of the Richmond *Examiner*. Proofs of these were preserved by one of the printers of the paper and eventually came into the possession of the poet's old friend and associate, F. W. Thomas. He planned to issue an edition of the poems based upon the final revision, but the volume never appeared. It has remained for another Richmond newspaper man, Mr. J. H. Whitty, to edit what the publisher, with much apparent justification, presents as "probably the final and definitive text." Though most of the changes are of the slightest, and will scarcely affect the general appreciation of Poe's poetry one way or the other, the book constitutes a most important event in the history of American letters as settling forever all questions, amid conflicting earlier revisions, as to what reading, in each instance, Poe himself preferred. Several hitherto uncollected and unpublished poems are also included, among which may be cited the following characteristic fragment entitled "Spiritual Song":

Hark, echo!—Hark, echo!
'Tis the sound
Of archangels, in happiness wrapt.

To F. W. Thomas's "Recollections of Edgar A. Poe," written as a preface for the earlier projected edition of the poems in the 1849 revision, and never published, Mr. Whitty, who has long been a student of Poe, owes many interesting details concerning the poet, the main lines of whose life are now fairly well established.

THE MEDIEVAL MIND. A History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1911. Net $5.00.

To call Mr. Taylor's two bulky volumes a book is an understatement of which we shall not be guilty. It is a veritable encyclopedia, as well as a carefully selected anthology of medieval literature. In it the student can trace "the development of intellectual energy and the growth of emotion" through an immensely wide range of concrete instances carefully related so as to make the picture complete and continuous. Some idea of the impartial and artistic distribution of light and shade may be gained by noting the manner in which the chapter on "Mystic Visions of Ascetic Women" is followed by one picturesquely entitled "The Spotted Reality." In the same way, throughout, the attempt is made to contrast the ideal with the actual in religious concerns and in society. The whole purpose of the book is at once to reveal the middle ages truthfully with their own individual aspects, and to humanise them by bringing out what, in that remote period, is of common and universal significance. The work is a veritable world that few, perhaps, save scholars, will care to explore thoroughly, but into which most curious and questioning readers will dip here and there with delight and fascination.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

6. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Louvet. Rivers. (Brentano.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
3. The Lead of Honor. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Pleasures of Life. Lubbock. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Motor Girls at Lookout Beach. Penrose. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.
3. Fortunata. Patterson. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAuley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Under the Open Sky. Schmucker. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. While Caroline Was Growing. Bacon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. A United States Midshipman in China. Stirling. (Penn.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Later Pratt Portraits. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. Bar—20 Days. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
3. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Truths: Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself. Lowry. (Forbes.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
2. The Antigone of Sophocles. Harry. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Robert Clarke.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Wild Flower Fairy Book. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1,25.
4. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Path of Glory. Haworth. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. Chesterton. (Dutton.) $2.00.
4. Europe Since 1815. Hazen. (Holt.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Philippa at Halcyon. Brown. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Book Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. "813." Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Writings of Fiona Macleod. Sharp. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Heroes of California. James. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

4. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Social Basis of Religion. Patton. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man's Library. (Dutton.) 35 cents.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. What's Wrong With the World. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Pélléas and Mélisande. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Diary of a Refugee. Fearn. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Manual of Spiritual Fortification. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald. (Crowell.) 50 cents.

4. Lyrics from Cotton Land. McNeill. (Stone & Barringer.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
3. Midshipman Ralph Osborne at Sea. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Fruits of the Trees. Bryan. (Revell.) 35 cents.
4. Moral Education. Griggs. (Huebsch.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. A Guide to the Great Cities of Western Europe. Singleton. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.
4. Social Adjustment. Nearing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Batting to Win. Chadwick. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.
2. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. From Memory's Shrine. Sylva. (Lippincott.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. Hearts and the Highway. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Individual and Society. Baldwin. (Badger.) $1.50.
2. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. Later Pratt Portraits. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Barbarous Mexico. Turner. (Kerr.) $1.50.
4. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
3. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Man with an Honest Face. Wells. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Behind the Screens. Adam. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Gleam. Albee. (Holt.) $1.35.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Everybody's Lonesome. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
5. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Plays. Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Plays of Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Pony Riders. Patchin. (Altemus.) $1.00.
3. Manual of Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Plays of Ibsen. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
5. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
6. The Spirit Trail. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Getting On. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Barbarous Mexico. Turner. (Kerr.) $1.50.
4. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy with the U. S. Survey. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. "A Senator of the Fifties." Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
4. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. England and the English from an American Point of View. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast. Woods. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.
4. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.

Non-Fiction

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. American Government and Politics. Guitteau. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. Cutten. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. What Happened at Quasi. Eggleston. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of 'Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
 The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Musson.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. What a Young Wife Ought to Know. Drake. (Briggs.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Valor of Ignorance. Lee. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

Juveniles

1. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A	book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	279
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	210
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30	170
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	147
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	109
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20	85

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIII JULY, 1911 No 5

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An Old Friend

The Century Company in making an announcement of *Thorpe's Way,* speaks of Morley Roberts as an English writer better known in England than in this country. We think, however, that we have heard the name before. Was he not the gentleman who at the time of the Venezuelan controversy wrote, "No Englishman with Imperial instincts can look with anything but contempt on the Monroe Doctrine. The English, and not the inhabitants of the United States, are the greatest power in the two Americas; and no dog of a Republic can open its mouth to bark without our good leave"?

Thackeray's Daughter

While so much is being written about Thackeray it seems that something should be said about the talented daughter who has contributed so much to later editions of the novelist's works. In the first volume of the BOOKMAN there appeared an account of a visit to Mrs. Ritchie made by Constance Cary Harrison some time in 1894 or 1895. At that time the visitor found her "a woman taller than the average of her sex, dignified in bearing, holding herself erect, of fresh complexion, clear eyed and wholesome, although she claims her share of the disabilities of delicate health; in manner genial, outspoken, and impulsive; soft of voice and choice of language; to children, her own and others, kind, playful, tender, with the forbearing indulgence Thackeray showed in a thousand ways toward the young. Dressed in a high gown of black velvet, with a bit of lace worn capwise upon her brown hair touched with grey, she seemed to me an ideal English gentlewoman, shrined in the sunshine of a happy English home." It is a pretty picture, but the brown hair touched with grey must be white now, for beyond the allotted three-score and ten is the elder of the daughters to whom Thackeray alluded in the closing lines of "the White Squall:"

> And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,



LADY RITCHIE (ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY)
TAKEN IN 1894



LEONARD MERRICK

And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

An English author who seems destined, after many years, to win an American audience, is Mr. Leonard Merrick, whose *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. His work is not entirely unfamiliar to Americans who have travelled about Continental Europe, for four or five of his novels at least have been published in the familiar Tauchnitz Edition. In England he had long been well known to a fairly wide circle of discriminating readers. If high praise from dignified sources could have won recognition Mr. Merrick would have been a striking literary figure years ago. Dr. (now Sir William) Robertson Nicoll once asked: "When will the public find out that Leonard Merrick is the best narrator living? The day must come." J. M. Barrie is quoted as saying that a new novel by Leonard Merrick is to him one of the events of the year. Mr. William Dean Howells, in a paper in the *North American Review,* wrote, "When you have named Jane Austen, whom shall you name next for 'form' in English fiction? To have 'form' in novels is so difficult that I can think of no recent fictionist of his nation who can quite match with Mr. Merrick in its excellence." Commenting upon this opinion of Mr. Howells Andrew Lang said: "I used to think that the eminent American critic and I had but one admiration in common, Jane Austen, but to our pleasant surprise we found that we agreed in admiring Leonard Merrick."

Leonard Merrick

Another English novelist who is being introduced for the first time to this country is Gertrude Page, the author of *Winding Paths,* which has recently been published by the Appletons. Six or eight of her novels have already appeared in England, some of which, so we are informed, have reached very large circulation and have achieved considerable success. One

Gertrude Page



GERTRUDE PAGE

English reviewer has termed her "the wizard of Rhodesia," and it was by a Rhodesian novel, *Love in the Wilderness,* that she first won public attention. Another Rhodesian novel, *The Edge o' Beyond,* is now in its eighteenth edition. Miss Page's home is now in that portion of South Africa where the scenes of her novels are laid; but she still spends some months of each year in her native England. Her books are said to have considerable vogue in the English colonies, especially in Australia.



PLANS OF RACE ROCK LIGHT. FROM A REPORT MADE BY MR. SMITH TO THE GOVERNMENT

In the article "Pen and Pencil," to be found elsewhere in this issue, there are allusions to the various professions in which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has been a success. In his capacity of marine engineer and architect Mr. Smith has constructed the Race Rock Light, the sea wall around Governor's Island, the sea wall at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and the foundation for the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. Perhaps the most important of these works is the Race Rock Light House off New London, shown in the accompanying design taken from an official report made by Mr. Smith to the Government at the time. This was erected between 1871 and 1877 and was the scene of Mr. Smith's novel *Caleb West.* The Keyport of the book is New London and the "Captain Joe" of the story was drawn from Captain T. A. Scott of New York City.

Race Rock Light

Despite the very sound series of novels upon which the literary reputation of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins rests we are inclined to think that he will be remembered longest as the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda.* He

How Hope Worked

has become a more finished workman, but something of the romance, the buoyancy, above all, the youth which animated the story of the loves of Rudolph Rassendyl and Princess Flavia seem irrevocably gone. He lives on an elaborate scale in a great house somewhere in Portland Place. but somehow we like to think of him best in association with the little narrow structure at 16 Buckingham Street, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, which contained the den where he put on his working clothes (the one



ANTHONY HOPE'S OLD DEN

with the hole in the sleeve) and sat down with the punctuality of a bank clerk to the work of the day. "I reached there," he once said, "at a quarter to ten in the morning and worked on till four in the afternoon or even later." In this way *The Prisoner of Zenda* was produced. Soon after the book had taken the London reading public by storm, the author was seated next to a very pretty young woman at dinner. Afterward she was asked if she had spoken to him about *The Prisoner of Zenda*. "Oh no," she replied. "I did not think that that would be the kind of a book in which Mr. Hawkins would be in the least interested."

Once upon a time many years ago Anthony Hope began a serial causerie in an English magazine entitled "The Fly on the Wheel." In it he played with the problem of an author's method in writing stories. In a lady's mouth, he says, the question runs, "O, Mr. Fly, how *do* you think of those lovely stories?" In the mouth of a man, "I say, Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" The fly confessed that the question was too much for his candour, and as he had no desire to make a secret of his method he proposed to exhibit it in the form of a diary—the record of a day. "Let us suppose," he said, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working den at 9.45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10.00—Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.03—Light pipe, and sit down in large armchair by fire.

10.15—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10.45—I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11.15—I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11.45—Hullo! Will that do?

12.00—Hang it, that's no use!

12.30—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then! (*Scribble.*)

1.00—Lunch! Good, I believe it's going!

1.30—Now I'll just knock it off. (*Scribble.*)

2.15—Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh, yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3.00—One, two, three—three hundred words a page. Well, I've put that in in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40—Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4.00—She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4.15—Oh, confound it!

4.45—Now, let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good! I'm in the straight now!

5.00—Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5.03—It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25—Pretty smart ending!

5.30—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5.35—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

There it is—How a Story is Written. By One Who has Done It. . . . That remark about the "dozen men in England" represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion.

Some Wills in Fiction

Virgil M. Harris, lecturer on wills at the St. Louis University, has written a book on the subject of *Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills.* In it he devotes a chapter to "Wills in Poetry and Fiction." He calls attention to the fact that Dickens was a great will-maker. "We know," he writes, "that if Dick Swiveller had been a steadier youth he would have inherited more than one hundred and fifty pounds a year from his Aunt Rebecca. The loyal-hearted lover, Mr. Barkis, made Peggotty his residuary legatee. The litigation in Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce arose out of a disputed will. The various wills left by old Harmon in *Our Mutual Friend* bring about no end of complications, there being at least three wills in existence at one time, and each one believed by the person discovering it to be the final will." Perhaps Dickens's best piece of will-making is given in the case of Mr. Spenlow, who, being a practitioner in Doctors Commons, spoke about his own will with "a serenity, a tranquillity, a calm sunset air," which quite affected David Copperfield; and then shattered all poor David's hopes by dying intestate.

Mr. Harris points out that writers of fiction have taken much interest in, and considerable liberty with, wills. For example, there is the will of old Nortier, the father of Villefort in Dumas's *Count of Monte Cristo.* Nortier was paralysed and his only means of communication was by the eye; to shut the eye, meant "yes;" to wink the eye, meant "no." His granddaughter had no trouble in convincing the notaries that her grandparent knew exactly what he was doing; so, in spite of opposition and in the presence of seven witnesses, the will was executed; and as no signature was required under



Photograph by Strauss
VIRGIL M. HARRIS



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MONTAGUE GLASS

the French law, the act was legally accomplished. Then there was the famous will in Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Mr. Utterson, who was "lean, long, dusty, dreary and, somehow lovable," refused to write this will wherein Dr. Jekyll left his possessions to his friend and benefactor, Edward Hyde. Mr. Hyde was also to be the possessor of this property if Dr. Jekyll should disappear for a period exceeding three calendar months, the same to be free from burden or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to members of Dr. Jekyll's household. In Disraeli's *Coningsby*, the reading of Lord Monmouth's will is a feature. The document is long, and numerous codicils have been added from time to time, involving many modifications. The last codicil of all, however, was the most startling, for under it all former dispositions were upset.

Anthony Trollope's *Orley Farm* tells of a forgery of a codicil by the second wife of the testator: a son by a first wife is cut off and the farm is left to a son by the second wife. This codicil is in the handwriting of the widow, witnessed by an attorney whose daughter received a handsome legacy, the other witnesses being a clerk and a maid servant. The widow swears that the codicil was drawn at the attorney's dictation, in the husband's hearing, and that she was present when it was signed by all the parties. The witnesses gave evidence as to the due execution of the codicil. The instrument was admitted to probate. It developed, however, that there was another paper, a dissolution of partnership, signed on the same day by the same witnesses. The result was, that the charming widow was found guilty of perjury. In George Eliot's *Middlemarch* there is the will of Mr. Casaubon, who had married a girl, Dorothea Brooke, who was much younger than himself. By his will, he gave her all his property. However, on reflection, and for reasons best known to himself, he added a codicil and placed the legacy given to his wife upon the condition that she did not marry one Ladislaw.

In Lighter Vein

It is not in a spirit of criticism of the librettist of *Mona*, the opera which received the $10,000 prize offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, as a seri-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. BRIAN HOOKER

ous poet, that we express our preference for Mr. Brian Hooker as a weaver of lighter verse. But in the opinion of many he is the one man in sight who might do for this country what the late Sir William S. Gilbert did for England in *Bab Ballads* and *Savoyard Ditties*. In case Mr. Hooker should go far, there is in existence a little book, hand printed and extra illuminated, which will eventually have a very high value. It is of a quite personal nature, designed to entertain a small circle of intimate friends, chronicling the vagaries of such characters as "That Boy Next Door"—in a word it is in that vein which Eugene Field loved so, and to which he gave expression in the "Ballad of Walhalla Park." Three years ago a friend of Mr. Hooker sent him a clipping from a newspaper concerning persons known to them both. The immediate response was a series of satiric verses which in a very short time had gone the rounds of certain New York clubs, and which more than one person took the pains to memorise. These verses were dashed off in the mood of the moment, and sparkled with the "burbles," and "chortles" and "cavorts" so dear to Lewis Carroll. But the satire was sharp and biting, and the characterisation vivid. Mr. Hooker regarded the



MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, whose new novel, *Jane Oglander*, was recently published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is a sister of Mr. Hilaire Belloc. She was educated at the Convent of the Holy Child, at Mayfield, England, but spent much of her youth in France, with which country she had strong links of sympathy. Mrs. Lowndes was brought up in a literary and artistic atmosphere from childhood, both in France and in England. In spite of a sort of revival of the very long novels lately, Mrs. Lowndes believes that the short novel of about thirty thousand words is destined to have a great vogue.



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POLLICE VERSO

verses of sheer nonsense, for that was the spirit in which they were written. It needed the insistence of friends to convince him that he had done something that was really good.

Pollice Verso!

Almost all our readers have seen in some form of reproduction, if not in the original, the great picture by Jean-Léon Gérôme, which he entitled "Pollice Verso!" and which has been incorrectly styled "Thumbs Down." It represents one of the later Roman Emperors lolling with a sort of hideous self-complacency in what corresponded then to the imperial box in the mighty Colosseum. Around the enormous ellipse, rising tier after tier, one beholds in that half dim light in which great bodies of men are viewed, the Roman populace, and in their own enclosure, the Vestal Virgins. In the arena just below the seat of the Emperor are two gladiators. One has, after savage contest, overcome the other and holds him down amid the dust and saffron-water, while the victor himself takes the suffrages of the people. The opinion seems to be unanimously for the death of the fallen man. Every one is leaning forward with eager face and cruel looks, and the thumbs are all turned down or sideways, which was the signal of death, and which meant that the victorious gladiator should thrust his spear through the throat of his victim.

Only a short time ago several gentlemen in one of the newspapers, writing to the editor, expressed their doubts as to whether Gérôme was correct in making the signal of the inverted thumb have this particular meaning. Others wrote to expound the old theory that the thumb turned down meant death, while the thumb turned up meant release and safety for the defeated fighter. Every one regretted that there is no sculptural evidence which will settle the question beyond dispute. Now in order that a great painter like Gérôme should not be misunderstood by thousands of those who have admired this masterpiece, we feel like saying a few words on the subject which we think will settle the question once and for all. In the first place we might say by way of prelude, that it seems to us a pitiful thing for students of classics to neglect their native common sense. For instance, the Colosseum very easily seated in its upper tiers some eighty thousand men and women. Stop a moment and ask yourself how the two gladiators in Gérôme's picture would look to these eighty thousand yelling, shrieking, dust-covered demons; and how would a gladiator, with the blood streaming down his face, half blinding him, see these eighty thousand creatures whose votes were to decide his action? Why to them he would seem the smallest sort of a puppet in that huge building. The spectators, on the other hand, would seem a misty mass of tiny creatures growing smaller and smaller as they reached the upper grades. Is it conceivable that if "Thumbs down" meant death, and "Thumbs up" meant mercy, and that if the spectators were divided in their opinion, the gladiator could possibly distinguish whether the majority wished him to kill or spare? Furthermore, "Pollice Verso!" does not mean "thumbs up" or "thumbs down," but simply "thumb turned." Consequently, one might infer, even if he had no other information, that to turn the thumb in any direction was a fatal sign. Originally, of course, it was turned toward the breast, symbolical of a dagger stroke; but the symbolism was forgotten in the course of time, and to turn the thumb in any direction—up, down or sideways—became a signal for death and could not possibly be mistaken by the victorious gladiator. All that he needed to see was a universal or majority display of thumbs. He could not mistake that; and, therefore, Gérôme, following Juvenal, uses what must have been the common phrase in Rome, "thumb turned," which would cover every possible direction of the thumb.

It is a mistake to suppose that no sculptural testimony exists. At Cacillargues, in Spain, there has been quite lately discovered a relief representing a gladiatorial combat. It is, of course, much mutilated, but there remain the figures of four spectators who are holding their

thumbs in all directions, showing, therefore, that it was merely necessary to turn the thumb to indicate a call for death. How then, if the turning of the thumb denoted death, did the people demand mercy for a victim? This is made clear by Martial, who tells us that the populace in that case betook themselves to the "Chatauqua salute" (xii. 29, 7)—that is, they pulled out their white *mappæ* and waved them wildly. Here was a very natural distinction between modes of expressing a decision. One left the arena dull coloured and writhing, as it were, with eighty thousand thumbs. The other caused it to burst into a sudden flash of white as though it were filled with a million apple blossoms. This was appropriate, too, because white was the colour which symbolised peace and good-will.

It is strange that of all the magnificent paintings which Gérôme has given to the world only two are very famous, although many a one caused an immense excitement at the time of its production. His first important picture was "A Greek Cockfight" (1847) when he was only twenty-three years old. It was unsuccessful as a competitor for the Prix de Rome, but when exhibited in the Salon it made a sensation which launched Gérôme upon a career of triumph. Next to "Pollice Verso!" which did not appear until 1873, his most famous painting is that which shows a group of gladiators in the arena saluting the Emperor before engaging in battle. Well known, too, is his "Cleopatra and Cæsar," and the "Death of Cæsar." He has, indeed, been a most prolific painter, and yet comparatively few of his works are seen in the original. This is not because he is careless in execution, but because he is so scrupulously devoted to detail as to make every painting of his a masterpiece, which is at once purchased either by some museum or some very wealthy private collector. His sculptures are almost as famous as his canvases; and many of them have done much to foster the Napoleonic legend. Gérôme has been identified by many with the senile sculptor, Caoudal, depicted so vividly by Alphonse Daudet in *Sapho*. It may be just as well to refute this legend, because when *Sapho* was written Gérôme was still in his fifties and was, therefore, unlikely to justify such a picture.

The Historian Kipling

Whatever may be the ultimate place assigned to the work itself, there is something exceedingly stirring in the very idea of a history of England written by Rudyard Kipling. If the book chanced to be sheer drivel its publication would still be a striking event in the annals of contemporary letters. The announcement of the work in itself conjures up countless pictures. The story of England to be told by the Man from Nowhere! What memories of verse and prose rush through the head! What vast promise of achievement these memories suggest! We recall the fiery genius that chronicled "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" and thrill with the thought that the same genius may give us the narrative of the battle of Waterloo. "If a man is to die," Kipling once wrote, "what matters it whether it be in a border skirmish or at Waterloo." And now the pen that pictured the terrible charge of the Afghans, and the deaths of Jakin and Lew, to paint for us Ney's charge at Quatre-Bras, the French cavalry dashing on the British squares, Wellington, in his extremity, praying for "Blücher or night," the approach of the Prussians on Napoleon's flank and the final, intrepid stand of the Old Guard! The story of Saxon England and its struggles against the Norsemen to be told by the man who invented "The Finest Story in the World!" The record of England's colonial achievement to be set down by the author of "At the End of the Passage" and "The Man Who Would be King!" Finally the various events of our own little misunderstandings with the Mother Country to be discussed from the point of view of the young gentleman who once wrote with hearty conviction

> Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
> Or panic-blinded stabs and slays;
> Blatant he bids the world bow down,
> Or cringing begs a word of praise.
>
> Or, sombre-drunk, at mine or mart,
> He dubs his dreary brethren kings.
> His hands are black with blood; his heart
> Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

However, we think that Mr. Kipling has learned much since he sent back to his paper in India the information that the Chinese navy, properly manned, could blow the American navy into the blue, and allusions to Princeton, Saratoga, Yorktown, and New Orleans will very probably be in the restrained, judicial mood of the Mr. Kipling of today, an individual astonishingly mature for his six and forty years. As a matter of fact it is this restraint that we are afraid of in looking forward to the *History*. We should gladly welcome the most violent abuse of America and American institutions, if it meant that the work as a whole was to be written in the spirit of the days of *From Sea to Sea*. If, however, it turns out that Mr. Kipling has written in his later style (strong dilution of Henry James), and tried to make himself over into a historian of the conventional type, the edifice of our hopes will come tumbling to the ground. Acts of Parliament, Corn and Reform Bills, questions of tariff have their historical importance, but from Rudyard Kipling we naturally want the romance, the colour, Alfred berated by the cowherd's wife for allowing the cakes to burn; the wicked King John murdering his nephew Arthur at Rouen; Clarence drowned in the butt of Malmsy; Mary, Queen of Scots, and Rizzio; the picture of Cromwell and his Ironsides; Marlborough at Blenheim, "riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm;" Clive in India, and the Light Brigade at Balaklava—in a word the story of England's achievement and martial greatness sung by the poet of Empire.

When Thackeray contemplated finishing the history that Macaulay left incompleted at his death, there were those who expressed grave doubts of the wisdom of the project. These contended that he was not a historian, and that he lacked the judicial temperament of the historian. Yet Thackeray's profound knowledge of his subject was not to be questioned. The age of Queen Anne was his hobby, and there was very little that he had not read about England as it was under the Georges. How much Kipling knows is a matter to be decided when his book appears. A few years ago his knowledge may have been of the superficial kind which may be earned by the most elementary reading. Yet that extraordinary alert and acquisitive mind may have since groped into every remote recess, and accomplished what few minds can accomplish in a lifetime of assiduous labour. Then, too, Mr. Kipling has had a collaborator in his task, perhaps to play the part of a Maquet to his Dumas, to find out the price of potatoes in London at the time of the great plague, or to supply the information that there was a small colony of Flemish weavers in York when that city was taken by the Roundheads. But viewing the publication of the book as an event, we prefer to keep any collaborator as much as possible in the background. For Kipling is still a name to conjure with, and we like to think that the old fire and spirit are not irrevocably gone.

Since the preceding paragraphs were written we have learned that it is to be merely a school history and we have received from the publishers a brief announcement note containing a sample poem entitled "After the Revolution." "This wonderful poem," says the announcement, "is one of more than a score in which Mr. Kipling again proves in this volume his commanding position among modern poets." This wonderful poem! Shades of the man who wrote "The True Romance," "Tomlinson," "The Recessional," and "Mandalay!" We are not exaggerating in the slightest when we say that if an under-graduate had submitted "After the Revolution" as an indication of what he could do in a literary way, and had asked our advice, we should have urged upon him, kindly but firmly, the advisability of choosing some kind of a mercantile career. Unless, of course, he had a strong leaning toward the law or medicine. Fifteen years ago it was thought inexpedient to make Kipling England's Poet Laureate. He was too brilliant for the place, and too erratic. Had he not referred to the Queen as "the little old widow of Windsor"? Lord Salisbury probably thought it wouldn't do. Her Majesty never

would approve. To-day, in the event of the death of Alfred Austin, there could be no such objection. If we accept "After the Revolution" as an indication, we say unhesitatingly that Mr. Kipling has achieved respectability. And with it, mediocrity.

More About Jowett

We are of those who always read eagerly every anecdote about Jowett, the famous Balliol teacher, and every quotation from his casual conversation, and as what he said and did seemed to stick in the memories of all who came in contact with him, these reminiscences are surprisingly abundant. Apparently every one who met Jowett either was already a diarist or determined forthwith to be one. The latest sketch of Jowett is in A. G. C. Liddell's pleasant and light-minded volume of reminiscences, called *Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal,* whose author says Jowett's great influence at Oxford was always a puzzle to him. He found in him no brilliant gifts of mind or body to account for this influence. He was not, he said, a great lecturer, or a kindler of high moral ideals or a sound philosopher. He denies him even the grace of humour in his conversation. He said his words were all carefully thought out beforehand, and had the "effect rather of texts finely carved upon a wall than of a teacher speaking from the fulness of his heart." Yet he not only charmed his hearers but filled them with awe. Mr. Liddell attributes this altogether to Jowett's fearlessness and to the conviction in the minds of all who knew him that nothing could swerve him a hand's breadth from what he thought it his duty to say or do. Combined with this was a reasoned insight and sympathy which made him a valuable critic of a man's intellectual life.

The most bumptious undergraduate took a truer and saner view of himself after half an hour with Jowett; the work of the cleverest was improved by being pruned of affectation or unreality, while the industrious but less brilliant student did not go empty away.

Elsewhere he describes him as a "would-be man of the world" altogether unlike the ordinary Englishman, resembling rather an abbé of the old French type, "brilliant with a sort of silvery radiance," and he adds that "with all his virtue" he was "hardly a man and one could hardly imagine him ever having gone wrong or ever filling any other pose but that of a Don." This illustrates, by the way, the difficulty of making out from these British memoir-writers what manner of man Jowett was. In trying to hit off his salient characteristics they contradict themselves and one another. Yet the most blundering of these attempts are somehow interesting, so strong is the hold that Jowett still has on us. We wonder how many commonplace Englishmen, utterly incapable of analysing anybody, have nevertheless tried to analyse Jowett. It is proof of the remarkable vitality of his influence, that fifty years afterward the notes about him of any muddle-headed undergraduate who kept a diary should still have interest.

Mr. Liddell gives an account of a "reading party" with Jowett in 1869. Work began after an eight o'clock breakfast and lasted till four. The students were allowed a few minutes of fresh air at one, but Jowett, except for a half hour's walk after breakfast, never paused in his work till dinner-time. After dinner he insisted that every one should take part in a violent and most untimely exercise.

Partly to save time, and partly from a mistaken idea of the laws of digestion, Jowett's exercise took the form of rushing up the nearest hill immediately dinner was over. One or more of us had always to accompany him on this sortie, and my digestive arrangements being feeble, I suffered a good deal from this penance.

What Jowett himself had to endure in the society of these young cubs appears from the following narrative:

A few days after our arrival, Menzies, our landlord, a great, strong, red-faced Highlander, died suddenly. In accordance with the custom of the country, the widow expressed a wish that we should pay our last respects to the remains, and Jowett intimated that we were to attend him in this melancholy duty.

Accordingly we all put on our Sunday clothes and accompanied our master and the

widow to the deceased man's chamber. There the sight of Jowett standing with the widow by the body, and a horrible hysteria made irresistible by the vivid recognition of the enormity of our conduct, proved, after prolonged struggles, to be too much for us, and Graham and I had to make our exit in roars of laughter.

Jowett was very angry, as he had a right to be, not then only, but many times after, as this unfortunate attack left us weak and liable to infection in the future.

Generally these attacks of the "giggles" came on at dinner and were caused chiefly by Jowett's pronunciation of Gaelic names. There was especially a hill in the neighbourhood whose name Jowett invariably pronounced to the inevitable accompaniment of hysterical laughter.

Twice did he solemnly tell us a story of Tennyson, to the effect that once when some one narrated how while walking in company with two friends he had fallen into the water through the breaking of a plank, and that neither of his friends had even smiled, the poet boomed out in his deep voice, "Then there are still two gentlemen in Europe. I shouldn't have thought it." Alas! this apologue only excited fresh outbursts of mirth, which we tried to make out arose from Tennyson's wit.

An "Ordinary" Memoir-Writer

The names of a great many celebrities dot the pages of *Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal,* and even when they are not celebrities one may be sure that the persons one meets there are of some social importance. The "ordinary mortal" is thoroughly typical of the British writer of reminiscences. He knows very well that he is not an ordinary mortal, but a member of a small and envied class, and that he has had extraordinary worldly advantages. Otherwise he would never have dreamed of jotting down such trivial incidents. As in many other recent British memoirs it is pervaded by an acute consciousness of caste, and an unquestioning faith in all accepted social values. If he meets the young princes playing on the beach, he cannot go to bed that night without entering the note in his diary. The characteristics and the whiskers of the Duke of Something are not more interesting, so far as we can see from his description, than the characteristics and whiskers of a good many green grocers, but down they have to go in his diary. That slavery of the British memoir-writer to the socially uppermost is really very curious, and more curious still is the fact that the prestige of British personages, who to us are merely names, and who from all these intimate accounts are wholly uninteresting, should carry over to this side of the water.

April 10. Gosford. The first stone was laid of the new house. A portion of the central wall of the existing building had been pulled down, and large props of rough timber held up the parts dependent on it. In the shadowy central passage a small group was assembled, consisting of the chief craftsmen and one or two sons, myself and the old black retriever.

Or again

Dec. 7. Went to see old Baron Martin; found him very deaf. We talked on Irish affairs. He said, "Mr. Liddell, it does not take a Sir William Follett to persuade a man not to pay his rent."

An Englishman "of quality" may make these entries in his diary in perfect confidence that they will be issued in book form thirty years hence and read with eagerness by many a New England maiden lady. Mr. Liddell declares modestly in his preface that many persons will think his record too trivial to deserve publishing. This need not have given him any concern. Criticism on that score is seldom offered. More trivial volumes than his pour annually from the press and are devoured hungrily. Most of them are written in a far less engaging manner than his own. The demand seems to be perennial, and we could mention a dozen bulky volumes printed ten years ago, and consisting merely of distinguished names packed in the sawdust of reminiscent triviality, yet widely read and quoted to this day.

Mr. Flandrau on "Writers"

Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau, the author of *The Diary of a Freshman* and *Viva Mexico,* has recently issued a pleasing and very open-minded little volume under the title of *Prejudices.* His chapter on

"Writers" contains some pertinent remarks on several vexed questions of "literary shop." As a reader for a magazine he has learned, he says, to be exceedingly sceptical of the common complaints of young authors that their manuscripts are returned unread merely because their names are unknown. He avows, as many others have done before him, that editors and publishers read or have their advisers read everything submitted to them.

> Not to do so would be fatal; it would incur the risk of missing something, of failing to make the occasional big killing.

But belief in this imaginary conspiracy on the part of editors and publishers will continue despite anything that Mr. Flandrau or any one else may say. It is no weaker now than it was ten years ago notwithstanding the intervening deluge of disproof. For our part we think it mad to argue about it any longer. It is like trying to extract a man's vanity or reason him out of his self-love. So long as human nature remains the same, the rejection of a manuscript must be explained in that manner by the victim. He feels better when he believes it; therefore he believes. There is, of course, one danger, as Mr. Flandrau points out. If the newcomer have a touch of something like genius, he may see his work rejected by one publisher after another like Kipling's *Plain Tales.* But as to the notion that any one able to present a respectable subject in a style sufficiently devoid of originality should be shut out by publishers and editors Mr. Flandrau declares flatly that he does not believe it. He concludes with these encouraging remarks:

> And at present the field appears to offer unusual opportunities, for not long ago Laura Jean Libbey decided (at least so I read in a New York paper) "to lay down her tired pen and give other women writers a chance." Miss Libbey is furthermore said to have declared to the reporter who interviewed her on her retirement from the active world of letters, that in looking back she had but one regret; she sometimes feared that the name of one of her books was too long. When asked which one it could have been, she replied that it was the novel entitled *You Would Not Have Blamed Her for Going Wrong if You Had Known What the Conditions Were at Home.*

The laying down by Laura Jean Libbey of her "tired pen" somehow recalls to our mind that other dramatic moment in American literary history when J. Gordon Coogler, of Columbia, South Carolina, wearying at last of song, wrote his splendid farewell lyric, beginning with the well-known line

> Be silent, hand; be silent ever!

Mr. Flandrau cites some oddities and superstitions of contemporary writers to prove that the lesser scribes of to-day have whims and innocent manias of their own, quite as unaccountable as those of the greater ones. After mentioning the historic instances: Fénélon's inability to write in comfort except when dressed in court costume, Balzac's dependence on a monastic gown and quarts of strong coffee, Schiller's need of smelling rotten apples before composing, Thackeray's repugnance to pen and ink, and Dickens's little collection of desk ornaments without which he felt ill at ease, Mr. Flandrau refers to a successful woman novelist of to-day who cannot write unless her hands are dirty. In winter she dusts a room or builds a fire, and in summer she weeds a garden, and when her hands are dirty enough she begins to write. He also cites an opposite instance:

> A man I know, however, always scrubs his hands with hot water and soap before beginning to write, and then squirts a drop or two of cologne on them. This sounds as if he wrote highly romantic fiction or lackadaisical poetry. As a matter of fact, his subjects are history and political economy, and he is regarded as an authority upon those serious matters. But these are queer, intensely personal little traits that emerge diffidently, almost reluctantly, only when one knows a writer very well indeed. They are not the sort of stuff that finds its way into the newspapers.

Mr. Flandrau's "Prejudices"

This paper on "Writers," as well as the other essays and sketches in Mr. Flandrau's *Prejudices,* appeared originally in *The Bellman.* They are better worth reprinting than most of such collections. Their

chief characteristic is the setting forth of rather shrewd observations in an exceedingly simple style—a style that assumes at times an unnatural innocence. It is pleasant in these days to turn from the ringing words of the uplifter to a man who is somewhat dubious even about himself. It is a book that does not nail the lie or lay its finger on the corrupt spot in our civilisation or prod anybody on. No magazine with a circulation of four hundred thousand could afford to print a single paper in it. There is one thing in it which must be regarded as an "important contribution to the literature of the subject." Mr. Flandrau writes of undertakers as an expert. In his essay entitled "In the Undertaker's Shop," he has penetrated into the subject more deeply, we believe, than almost any other writer in his lifetime. No reader of the volume ought to overlook that admirable undertaker and we urge him to turn to this essay at the very start. So rarely are really good undertakers to be found in fiction, that we must quote this bit of description:

Just here Mr. Murksom appeared, and I saw at a glance that beneath *his* spurious melancholy one might never penetrate. He had been at it for too many years. The professional manner, thick and unctuous, enveloped him. He couldn't have abandoned it. It clung to him, I was sure, at the lightest moments of his life. Of course, it was impossible to imagine his life as having any light moments, but assuming that such a thing could be, I felt that gayety with him would vaguely approximate only the gayety of a flag at half-mast. He would have approached the back platform of a street car in precisely the same soundless, sympathetic, discreetly afflicted way in which he approached a sobbing widow.

Doubtful Light on Jack the Ripper

Sir Robert Anderson, whose reminiscences have recently appeared under the title *The Lighter Side of My Official Life,* was the London police official in charge at Scotland Yard at the time of the Whitechapel murders, and he gives some new but rather tantalising information about that famous crime. Two of the murders had taken place immediately after he assumed his office. The others occurred during his temporary absence on sick leave. He hurried home to find himself confronted with the demand of the Secretary of State that he hold himself responsible for the finding of the murderer. Meanwhile the police had made a house-to-house search investigating every man in the district whose circumstances would permit him to go and come and remove blood stains in secret. They reached the conclusion that the murderer belonged to a low class of Polish Jews, for that class of people in the East End would never give up a criminal among them to Gentile justice. This diagnosis, says Sir Robert Anderson, proved to be correct in every point, and he adds these significant words, all to the effect that he could tell if he would, and still leaving us on the edge of the mystery, though he had solved it twenty years ago:

For I may say at once that "undiscovered murders" are rare in London, and the "Jack-the-Ripper" crimes are not within that category. And if the police here had powers such as the French police possess the murderer would have been brought to justice. Scotland Yard can boast that not even the subordinate officers will tell tales out of school, and it would ill become me to violate the unwritten rule of the service. So I will only add here that the "Jack-the-Ripper" letter which is preserved in the Police Museum in Scotland Yard is the creation of an enterprising London journalist.

Having regard to the interest attaching to this case, I am almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer and of the pressman who wrote the letter above referred to. But no public benefit would result from such a course, and the traditions of my old department would suffer. I will merely add that the only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer unhesitatingly identified the suspect the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence against him. In saying that he was a Polish Jew I am merely stating a definitely ascertained fact.

W. S. Gilbert

There is a story, which is probably authentic, told at the expense of two New York theatrical managers who are noted for their native shrewdness, and for their entire lack of literary information and perception.

According to the tale, late one spring these managers, who happen to be brothers, commissioned a librettist and a composer, each with an established reputation, to prepare a comic opera to be produced the following autumn. The composer and librettist accepted the commission, but having a sound knowledge of the managers, carefully refrained from throwing aside all other interests. The wisdom of this course was soon apparent, for throughout the summer the plans and policies of the managers in the matter of the projected opera underwent startling changes from day to day. "We find we can't put it on when we thought we could." "You will have to wait till So and So comes back from Europe." Finally at the last moment, the managers sent word that they were in a position to produce, if the opera was ready. "Come out to the place in New Jersey where we have been working and hear it," was the somewhat unexpected retort. So the managers went and listened while the composer played and the librettist read. Then they shook their heads in sad disapproval. "Really," they said, "this is one of your failures. The libretto is bad and the music is worse. You will have to leave out this, change that, and try to put in a lot that's worth while. However, we will produce your opera after Christmas." "Very well, then. We will get to work at once. You see we haven't done a line or a bar yet." "Why," exclaimed the managers. "What was that we just heard?" "Oh," replied the authors in sweet explanation, "that was W. S. Gilbert's *Pinafore.*"

Now if the story be true, the managers were ridiculous, but ridiculous on account of ignorance rather than in their judgment of what constitutes the comic opera that will draw American audiences. Every now and then there is a revival of some Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which is usually successful because it is excellently cast and because we like to pretend an admiration for an evening or two for what delighted theatre-goers of a generation ago. But Gilbert wrote for his day and public just as Offenbach and Lecoq wrote for theirs. Take, for example, *Pinafore* and *Patience. Pinafore* was a satire on the British Admiralty as it was in the seventies, and as such it won its popular success. *Patience,* in the character of Bunthorne, castigated a school which we have practically forgotten, but the eccentricities and extravagances of which George Du Maurier had made familiar to all England by his weekly pictures in *Punch.* We wish to imply no disparagement of Sir William Gilbert's invention or wit, but the fact remains that the best of his operas are now mere memories of the past, and that as a living force to-day he must be judged by *Bab Ballads* and *Savoyard Ditties.* It is not at all necessary to understand the ephemeral London humour of any certain year to enjoy the swing of:

> For I'm the cook, and the captain bold and
> the mate of the Nancy brig,
> And the midshipmite, and the bo'sun tight,
> and the crew of the captain's gig.

Those lines are in the rollicking, unforgettable vein of "Il y avait un petit navire," adapted by Thackeray into "And the third he was Little Billie" or Kipling's:

> For he's sort of a bloomin' Cosmopolouse
> Soldier and sailor too.

There was a time, however, when the vogue of *Pinafore* was simply amazing. It was not copyrighted and after its success in London it was pirated in the United States. This piracy was the initial cause of Gilbert's hatred of America and Americans. However, if America did not send him its dollars, it was quite ready to spread his fame. Church choirs added *Pinafore* to their repertoires, and it is recorded that one hundred thousand barrel-organs were constructed to play nothing else. Here is an ironical note from a newspaper of the time: "At present there are forty-two companies playing *Pinafore,* companies formed after six P. M. yesterday are not included." Its catch phrase, "What never? Well, hardly ever," was deadly. It is told, for instance, that one editor barred his staff from using it. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles yesterday. Never let me see it used again." "What never?" was the unanimous question.

"Well, hardly ever," replied the wretched man.

The readiness of W. S. Gilbert's wit is well illustrated by this story told of him. He and F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch,* were guests at the same dinner-table, where a wise host placed the rival humourists at opposite ends of the room in the hope of distributing equally the witty table talk. Continual shouts of laughter rose from Gilbert's corner, until Burnand, after ineffectual attempts to arouse a similar jocularity in his immediate circle and unable to conceal his chagrin, leaned forward and said in his most sarcastic manner: "I suppose Mr. Gilbert is telling some of those funny stories which he occasionally sends to *Punch* but which don't appear." To which Gilbert drily replied: "I don't know who sends the funny stories to *Punch,* but it's very true they don't appear."



THE LATE W. S. GILBERT

Retraction

In our May issue we disclaimed any knowledge of a Sherlock Holmes story entitled "The Bruce Partington Plans" and ventured the opinion that this story never appeared at all. We also said that "The Adventure of the Card Board Box," one of the earliest Sherlock Holmes stories, had never been presented to the American reading public. Since the May issue appeared we have been receiving letters, many of them, quite friendly as a rule, but with just a little exultant note. It seems that we were very much mistaken. "The Bruce Partington Plans" was published in *Collier's Weekly* in December, 1908, and "The Adventure of the Card Board Box" appeared in *Harper's Weekly* some time in the early nineties.

Speaking of Conan Doyle, the other day we came across an illuminating paragraph in one of his earlier books



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MARY C. E. WEMYS, AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE OF POPHAM"

which we think that most of our readers have forgotten. The paragraph is more significant because, although Doyle himself is a qualified physician, many of his stories abound in medical blunders. An admirer of his works recently ventured the cynical opinion that Conan Doyle as a surgeon in South Africa very likely proved more fatal than a regiment of Boers. The paragraph that we have in mind is entitled "A Medical Document" and is included in *Round the Red Lamp*. Three medical men are talking after an association dinner. Finally one says:

Well, of what the folk die of, and what diseases are made most use of in novels. Some are worn to pieces, and others, which are equally common in real life, are never mentioned. Typhoid is fairly frequent, but scarlet fever is unknown. Heart disease is common, but then heart disease, as we know it, is usually the sequel of some foregoing disease of which we never hear anything in the romance. Then there is the mysterious malady called brain fever, which always attacks the heroine after a crisis, but which is unknown under that name to the text books. People when they are over-excited in novels fall down in a fit. In a fairly large experience I have never known any one to do so in real life. The small complaints simply don't exist. Nobody ever gets shingles or quinsy, or mumps in a novel. All the diseases, too, belong to the upper part of the body. The novelist never strikes below the belt.

John Grier Hibben

One of the two or three names that are being freely mentioned as successors to Governor Wilson in the Presidency of Princeton University is that of John Grier Hibben. Professor Hibben, whose latest book, *A Defence of Prejudice and Other Essays*, has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is esteemed, and we think very justly, as one of the foremost philosophical thinkers in this country. He was born in Peoria, Illinois, in 1861 and graduated from Princeton in 1882 as Valedictorian and Class President. In 1885 he took his Master's degree and in 1893 he became a Doctor of Philosophy. Lafayette made him an LL.D. in 1897. His published



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MISS E. SYLVIA PANKHURST, AUTHOR OF "THE SUFFRAGETTE: A HISTORY OF THE WOMEN'S MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT"

works include *Inductive Logic, The Problems of Philosophy, Hegel's Logic,* and *Deductive Logic.* He is also the editor of the *Epochs of Philosophy,* a twelve-volume series by authors in the United States and Great Britain, and himself wrote one of the earlier volumes.

Benjamin Swift

As a rule when a novelist makes an impression on the reading public it is either an enduring one or else he will drop out of notice never to be heard of again. There are, however, occasional exceptions to this rule. Sometimes a man will appear, then be forgotten for a period of years, and then, striking out in a new vein, win an entirely new audience. For example, our attention has been recently called to the work of William Romaine Paterson, whose recently published book, *The Old Dance Master,* has been very well received in England. A note from the American publishers of the novel carries the information that Mr. Paterson formerly wrote under the pen name of "Benjamin Swift." In the BOOKMAN for November, 1899, there was a paragraph which began:

> When Mr. J. M. Barrie on his visit to this country stepped on shore just two years ago it was observed that he carried a dark green covered book by which he evidently set great store. The book was *Nancy Noon,* which he had brought with him from England; and in its author, Benjamin Swift, Mr. Barrie believed he had come upon a new writer who had it in his power to belong to English literature. It was not the first time that the author of *The Little Minister* had shown his sagacity and insight as a discoverer of genius; he was among the first in England to note the potentiality of Kipling, of Maarten Maartens and others who have strode into contemporary fame with himself.

After *Nancy Noon* Benjamin Swift wrote *The Tormentor, The Destroyer,* and then *Siren City.* The last named book was very favourably received by the English critics. The *London Academy* spoke of it "As the work of a strong man." *Literature* deemed Benjamin Swift "a writer of originality and inborn force." The *London Outlook* hailed *Siren City* as a story that was written with real restraint and real ability. "The characters are convincingly drawn; there is even mastery in the leading figures,



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. ZANE GREY, AUTHOR OF "THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"

and best of all, Mr. Swift has convincingly created a new *milieu.*" The same review also says: "As the one Scottish writer who sees beyond Scotland, Mr. Swift is entitled to respect; as the creator

of certain characters almost epic in stature—epic but for their deformities—Mr. Swift is entitled to high rank among the living poets." The Benjamin Swift of *Nancy Noon* and *Siren City* was still in his twenties; the William Romaine Paterson of to-day is a man who has "come to forty year."

D'Annunzio the Magnificent

The news came the other day that the Italian novelist, Gabrielle d'Annunzio, was in financial difficulties and that a sale of his property did not bring enough to meet his debts. The story was not surprising, for d'Annunzio in his extravagances has been one of the most spectacular literary figures of the age. From the beginning of his career he has delighted in playing the great Exquisite, out-Byroning Byron, and out-Brummelling Brummel. For example, a number of years ago he made a journey to Cairo. Some of the Italian papers printed a detailed list of his wardrobe. The following is the account of a Neapolitan journal:

Shirts	72	
Drawers (with various laces and other embellishments)	48	
Socks of all kinds	12	dozen
Ditto of quiet tinted silk	2	dozen
Hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets innumerable.		
Gloves for walking	48	pairs
Ditto for evening	24	pairs
Mufflers of beautiful silk	3	
Walking sticks	12	
Umbrellas of violet hue	8	
Parasols, green	10	
Handkerchiefs	20	dozen
Cravats, resplendent and varied	150	
Waistcoats	10	
Shoes for walking	14	pairs
Shoes for crocodile hunting	2	pairs
Slippers, "soft, silent and tremulous"	2	pairs

The author carried also a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger with a beautifully wrought handle, such as Salvator Rosa loved; a Venetian box of perfumes, a lap dog, "dainty and elegant," with a pointed nose.

It is interesting to note that Signor D'Annunzio took all his fourteen trunks with him in a first-class carriage! And people speak of authors as *poveri in canna!*

A New Light on Balzac

A recent number of the *Mercure de France* contains an article by Maurice Serval throwing some new light on Balzac's novel *La Rabouilleuse,* the story which was presented in this country a year or two ago in dramatic form by Mr. Otis Skinner under the title of *The Honour of the Family.* M. Serval has gone to Issouden, the scene of the tale, and there found out that many of the characters of the novel were drawn from real persons. For example, thirty years ago there was still living in Issouden a poor old woman called La Rabouilleuse, who had once been the servant-mistress of a physician of the town. She did not die, however, as Balzac made his character die; old and ill and dreadfully poor, she threw herself down a well, and so put an end to the long disease of living. The old miser Hochon, the provincial diplomatist with the tight lips, was evidently, M. Serval tells us, modelled after the son of a Senator and whilom Prefect, one Cochon de Laparent. This son, it seems, was always called Cochon by the populace because of his meanness, and Balzac's pun on the name "les cinq Hochons," was also suggested by the fact; for the family was made up of Hochon, his wife and three children.

Balzac used to go to Issouden to stay with Madame Carraud, who had been a school friend of his sister Laure. Once Georges Sand went there to visit Balzac, and invited him to dine with her at the Hôtel de la Cloche, an inn which figures in *La Rabouilleuse,* but which has long ceased to exist. Madame Sand was on her way to Nohant, and had brought her doctor, who did not know Balzac, with her. In the course of the meal the conversation fell on madmen, and the doctor asserted that at first sight he could recognise any tendency to insanity. Meanwhile Balzac went on eating curiously, his face in his plate, his long hair waving about his ears, following every movement of his arms. "None of us is likely to be affected with that disease," remarked Georges Sand at length. "H'm," replied the doctor, nodding his head toward



FANNIE HEASLIP LEA, AUTHOR OF "QUICKSANDS"

Balzac. "I don't know so much about that. In my opinion that gentleman has every characteristic of incipient lunacy." Georges Sand burst out laughing, and introduced the doctor to Balzac, who laughed too, uproariously, while condemning the doctor to pay for the dinner.

A Neglected Book

Every now and then we meet some one who says: "I wish I could recall the title of a book that I read ten or fifteen years ago. It was a paper-bound translation from the French, and was the story of an old actor." The book invariably proves to be *Brichanteau*, written by Jules Claretie, the director of the Comédie Française. It was published in this country in a haphazard sort of way, made a profound impression on those who read it, and then, somehow, seemed to disappear. Its fate was that of the man who, in the prime of health and life, steps into a doorway to light a cigar and is never seen again. We have never stumbled upon a copy of *Brichanteau* in after years, nor has any one whom we know, though there must be many such copies in existence. The book pictures charmingly certain phases of the French stage. At the time it appeared the craze for bicycle racing was at its height in France, and in the first chapter of the narrative Brichanteau is acting as a starter at one of the tracks near Paris. Even to this humble occupation he brings the soul of a true artist, and every gesture, every movement, is scrupulously studied and carried out. Then, one by one, the old man tells of the various events of his life, and in telling them, he reveals himself as one of the real gentlemen of fiction, endowed with the finest of all traits, the politeness of the heart, a little brother to Don Quixote, and Colonel "Tom" Newcome. Through his eyes you see the inner side of things behind the footlights, all the pathos and struggle, the ennuis, the high aspirations, the bitter disappointments. Of this life Brichanteau himself is the incarnation, and from him you learn to pity and yet respect. He had had talent, not of the first order perhaps, his life has been one of industry and sobriety, and now he is



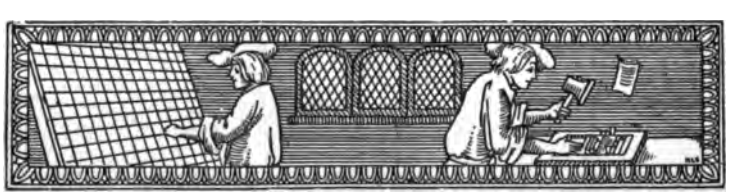
H. PERRY ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON"

reduced to dropping a flag on a bicycle course. Yet there is no protest against fate, only a gentle, kindly dignity, and a determination to bear himself always as an artist. The spirit of adventure, too, is in these pages. Perhaps the best episode of all is his plot to kidnap the King of Prussia. It is at the time of the siege of Paris, and one night Brichanteau finds himself outside the city walls and close to the Prussian lines. On many a rural stage he has played the part of d'Artagnan. He will lure the King from the midst of his camp, as d'Artagnan lured General Monk, and hold him as a ransom for the integrity of French soil. It is daringly conceived, it is gallantly attempted. But the face of history is against Brichanteau, as it was against d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis in their efforts to save the head of Charles the First, and Lorraine and Alsace are annexed by Germany, and Brichanteau goes sadly back to his life as a strolling player. *Brichanteau* is one of the curiously neglected books; but it is hardly a forgotten one.

The Unnecessary Oath

We think it is about time to say something in advice and warning against the growing use of profanity by ambitious writers of fiction. From editors and publishers everywhere we are hearing the same story. We like to think that in actual life the use of strong language is on the wane, that the man addicted to it is regarded not only as a violator of good taste, but as a bore. Yet in the vast amount of fiction that is proffered to magazines and publishing houses he seems to be at his apogee. Apparently there are a great many persons of literary aspirations who think that to write a Rex Beach style of story all that is necessary is to be sufficiently lavish with highly coloured oaths. A delicate, mature gentlewoman, with whose personality it would be quite impossible to associate the idea of profanity in any form, will bring in a manuscript and in every paragraph will be found a *grand juron*. Heroes in this sort of fiction invariably preface their protestations of affection with an oath. "My God, I love you."

Now against this sort of thing we have every right to protest on the grounds of good manners and decency. We shall, however, confine ourselves to the purely literary aspect of the case. The profuse use of profanity is not merely inartistic; it stamps unmistakably the beginner and the ineffectual workman. Profanity in fiction is at times not only excusable but necessary. In the hands of the master, who will employ it with wise economy, it is a kind of reserve force, a battalion of the Old Guard, to be held strongly in leash, and to be released only at the vital moment. For example, in a memorable chapter of *Vanity Fair*, Lord Steyne is bullying the women of his household who have objected to the presence of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley at Gaunt House. "This house," he cries, "this Temple of Virtue belongs to me, and if I choose to invite all Bedlam here, or all Newgate, by God, they shall be welcome!" Here the oath is inevitable. It gives the final touch, and brings to the reader the desired thrill. But had Thackeray wasted it by distributing it freely and unnecessarily in preceding paragraphs it would have failed utterly of its point. Again, in George Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*, we can recall just one oath, but that we shall never forget. It is held back until the great moment of the story and then let loose with lurid and terrible effect.



AMBROSE BIERCE

An Appraisal

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN the preface to the fourth volume of his collected works, the volume containing under the title of *Shapes of Clay* the major portion of purely personal satiric verse, Mr. Ambrose Bierce emphatically expresses his belief in the right of any author "to have his fugitive work in newspapers and periodicals put into a more permanent form during his lifetime if he can." No one is likely to dispute Mr. Bierce's contention; but it is often a grave question as to what extent it is wise for the individual to exercise his inalienable rights. And in the case of authors the question comes down to this: How far is it to their own best interests to dilute their finer and more enduring work with that which is mediocre and ephemeral? For it is unfortunately true



AMBROSE BIERCE



AMBROSE BIERCE'S COTTAGE AT ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA, IN 1891. THE FIGURE IS THAT OF HIS DAUGHTER

that no author is measured by his high lights alone, but by the resultant impression of blended light and shade; and there is many a writer among the recognised classics who to-day would take a higher rank had a kindly and discriminating fate assigned three-quarters of his life work to a merciful oblivion.

To the student of American letters, however, the comprehensive edition of Ambrose Bierce's writings now being issued in ten portly and well-made volumes cannot fail to be welcome. It places at once within convenient reach a great mass of material which, good, bad or indifferent, as the case may be, all helps to throw suggestive side lights upon the author, his methods, and his outlook upon life. It forces the reader who perchance has hitherto known Mr. Bierce solely as a master of the short story, to realise that this part of his work has been, throughout a long and busy life, a sort of side issue and that the great measure of his activities has been expended upon social and political satire. And similarly, those who have known him best as the fluent producer of stinging satiric verse suddenly recognise how versatile and many sided are his literary gifts. The ten volumes are divided as follows: three volumes of prose fiction; two volumes of satiric verse; two volumes of literary and miscellaneous essays; and three volumes consisting mainly of satiric prose, including a greatly amplified edition of that curiously caustic piece of irony, *The Cynic's Word Book*, now for the first time published under the title of Mr. Bierce's own choosing, *The Devil's Dictionary*. It seems, therefore, most convenient to consider Mr. Bierce, the Man of Letters, under three separate aspects: the Critic, the Satirist and the Master of the Short Story.

I

THE CRITIC

Regarding literary criticism, Mr. Bierce says quite frankly "the saddest thing about the trade of writing is that the writer can never know, nor hope to know, if he is a good workman. In literary criticism, there are no criteria, no accepted standards of excellence by which to test the work." Now there is just enough truth in this attitude of mind to make it a rather dangerous one. If there were literally no accepted standards in any of the arts, no principles to which a certain influential majority of critical minds had given their adhesion, then literature and all the arts would be in a state of perennial anarchy. But of course any writer who believes in his heart that there are no criteria will necessarily remain in lifelong ignorance regarding his own worth; for it is only through learning how to criticise others



FROM "BLACK AND WHITE" (LONDON)

sanely and justly that one acquires even the rudiments of self-criticism. And incidently, it may be observed that no better proof of Mr. Bierce's fundamental lack of this valuable asset could be asked than the retention in these ten volumes of a considerable amount of journalistic rubbish side by side with flashes of undoubted genius. Mr. Bierce's entire essay on the subject of criticism is a sort of literary agnosticism, a gloomy denial of faith. He has no confidence in the judgment of the general public nor in that of the professional critic. He admits that "in a few centuries, more or

less, there may arrive a critic that we call 'Posterity;' " but Posterity, he complains, is a trifle slow. Accordingly, since the worth of any contemporary writer is reduced to mere guess work, he, Ambrose Bierce, has scant use for his contemporaries. He has very definite ideas regarding the training of young writers and tells us at some length the course through which he would like to put an imaginary pupil, but he adds:

If I caught him reading a newly published book, save by way of penance, it would go hard with him. Of our modern education he should



A CARICATURE OF A PAINTING BY THE LATE J. H. E. PARTINGTON

have enough to read the ancients: Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca and that lot—custodians of most of what is worth knowing.

In spite of the pains to which Mr. Bierce goes to deny that he is a *laudator temporis acti,* the term fits him admirably—and nowhere is this attitude of mind more conspicuous than in his treatment of the modern novel. It is important, however, to get clearly in mind the arbitrary sense in which he uses the word novel as distinguished from what he chooses to call romance. His occasional half definitions are somewhat confusing; but apparently by the novel he means realistic fiction as distinguished from romantic fiction—a distinction complicated by the further idiosyncrasy that by realism he understands almost exclusively the commonplaces of actuality and by romanticism any happening which is out of the ordinary. The novel, then, in his sense of the word is "a snow plant; it has no root in the permanent soil of literature, and does not long hold its place; it is of the lowest form of imagination." And again: "The novel bears the same relation to literature that the panorama bears to painting; with whatever skill and feeling the panorama is painted, it must lack that basic quality in all art, unity, totality of effect." He seems utterly unaware that the great gain in modern fiction, the one indisputable factor that separates it from the fiction of half a century ago, is precisely the basic quality of unity. The modern novel whose technique most nearly approaches perfection is the one which when read rapidly with "a virgin attention at a single sitting"—to borrow Mr. Bierce's own phrase—gives an impression of as single-hearted a purpose as one finds in the most faultless of Maupassant's three-thousand-word masterpieces. It is quite possible for any well-trained reader to go through even the longest of novels at a single sitting. The present writer would feel himself grievously at fault if he interrupted his first reading of any novel that had been given him for the purpose of review; and he well remembers that in only two recent cases did he become conscious of the prolonged strain: namely, Mr. Kipling's *Kim,* which required an uninterrupted attention of eight and one-half hours, and *The Golden Bowl,* of Mr. James, which required somewhat more than eleven. Mr. Bierce's attitude, however, is partly explained by his *obiter dictum* that "no man who has anything else to do can critically read more than two or three books in a month"—and of course, if you make your way through books at the snail's pace of one in ten days, the most perfect unity of purpose is inevitably going to drop out of sight.

All of this helps us to understand how it happens that Mr. Bierce, otherwise a man of intelligence, can say in all seriousness that "in England and America the art of novel writing is as dead as

Queen Anne." Listen also to the following literary blasphemy:

So far as I am able to judge, no good novels are now "made in Germany," nor in France, nor in any European country except Russia. The Russians are writing novels which so far as one may venture to judge . . . are in their way admirable; full of fire and light, like an opal . . .; in their hands the novel grew great —as it did in those of Richardson and Fielding, and as it would have done in those of Thackeray and Pater if greatness in that form of fiction had been longer possible in England.

Or again:

Not only is the novel . . . a faulty form of art, but because of its faultiness it has no permanent place in literature. In England it flourished less than a century and a half, beginning with Richardson and ending with Thackeray, since whose death no novels, probably, have been written that are worth attention.

Think for a moment what this means. Here is a man who has ventured to speak seriously about the modern novel, and who confessedly is unaware of the importance of Trollope and Meredith and Hardy, of Henry James and Rudyard Kipling and Maurice Hewlett—and who deliberately ignores the existence of Flaubert and Maupassant and Zola, Galdos and Valdès, Verga and d'Annunzio! It is not astonishing after that to find Mr. Bierce seriously questioning the value of epic poetry: "What more than they gave," he asks, "might we not have had from Virgil (*sic*), Dante, Tasso, Camoens and Milton if they had not found the epic poem ready to their misguided hands?"

The fact is that Mr. Bierce as a critic is of the iconoclastic variety. He breaks down but does not build up. He has no patience with the historical form of criticism that traces the intellectual genealogy of authorship showing, for instance, Maupassant's debt to Poe or Bourget's debt to Stendhal. He is equally intolerant of that analytical method—the fairest of them all—that judges every written work by its author's purpose as nearly as this may be read between the lines. Nothing is more certain, he says, than if a writer of genius should bring to his task the purposes which the critics trace in the completed work "the book would remain forever unwritten, to the unspeakable advantage of letters and morals." Yes, he tears down the recognised methods of criticism but suggests nothing better in their place. And when he himself undertakes to criticise, it is hardly ever for the purpose of paying tribute to excellence—with the noteworthy exception, *mirabile dictu*, of his extraordinary praise of George Stirling's poetic orgy of words, "The Wine of Wizardry." Tolstoy, for instance, he defines as a literary giant: "He has a giant's strength and has unfortunately learned to use it like a giant—which means not necessarily with conscious



AMBROSE BIERCE (IN 1869)

cruelty, but with stupidity." The journal of Marie Bashkirtseff—the last book on earth that one would expect Mr. Bierce to discuss—he sums up as "morbid, hysterical and unpleasant beyond anything of its kind in literature." Among modern critics he pronounces Mr. Howells "the most mischievous, because the ablest, of all this sycophantic crew."

The truth is that the value of Mr. Bierce as a critic lies solely in his fearlessness and downright sincerity, his unswerving conviction that he is right. He has to a rather greater extent than many a better critic the quality of consistency; and no matter how widely we are forced to disagree with his conclusions there is not one of them that does not throw an interesting side light upon Mr. Bierce, the man.

II

THE SATIRIST

The short stories and the serious critical papers of Mr. Bierce have appeared in a spasmodic and desultory way, but from first to last he has been at heart a satirist of the school of Lucilius and Juvenal, eager to scourge the follies and the foibles of mankind at large. The fact that Mr. Bierce is absolutely in earnest, that he is destitute of fear and confessedly incorruptible accounts for the oft repeated statement that he was for years the best loved and the most hated man on the Pacific Coast. Now the ability to use a stinging lash of words is all very well in itself; it is a gift that is none too common. But to be effective it must not be used too freely. The two ample volumes of Mr. Bierce's poetical invectives form a striking object lesson of the wisdom in Hamlet's contention that unless you treat men better than they deserve none will escape a whipping. And when fresh from a perusal of the contents of *Shapes of Clay* and *Black Beetles in Amber,* one has become so accustomed to seeing men flayed alive that a whole skin possesses something of a novelty. Now there is no question that there is a good deal wrong with the world, just as there always has been, if one takes the trouble to look for it. But when any one man takes upon himself the task of reprimanding the universe it is not unreasonable that we should ask ourselves in the first instance: What manner of man is this? What are his standards and beliefs? And if he had his way what new lamps would he give us in place of the old? In the case of Mr. Bierce it is a little difficult to make answer with full assurance. Somewhere in his preface he has said that he has not attempted to classify his writings under the separate heads of serious, ironical, humorous and the like, assuming that his readers have sufficient intelligence to recognise the difference for themselves. But this is not always easy to do, because in satire these different qualities and moods overlap each other so that there is always the danger of taking too literally what is really an ironical exaggeration. Here, however, is a rather significant passage taken from a serious essay entitled "To Train a Writer;" it sets forth the convictions and the general attitude toward life which Mr. Bierce believes are essential to any young author before he can hope for success—and it is only fair to infer that they represent his own personal views:

> He should, for example, forget that he is an American and remember that he is a Man. He should be neither Christian nor Jew, nor Buddhist, nor Mahometan, nor Snake Worshipper. To local standards of right and wrong he should be civilly indifferent. In the virtues, so called, he should discern only the rough notes of a general expediency; in fixed moral principles only time-saving predecisions of cases not yet before the court of conscience. Happiness should disclose itself to his enlarging intelligence as the end and purpose of life; art and love as the only means to happiness. He should free himself of all doctrines, theories, etiquettes, politics, simplifying his life and mind, attaining clarity with breadth and unity with height. To him a continent should not seem wide, nor a century long. And it would be needful that he know and have an ever-present consciousness that this is a world of fools and rogues, blind with superstition, tormented with envy, consumed with vanity, selfish, false, cruel, cursed with illusions—frothing mad!

Now this strikes the average fair-minded person as a rather wholesale indictment of what on the whole has proved to be a pretty good world to live in. In fact, it is difficult to conceive of any one honestly and literally holding such an extreme view and yet of his own volition remaining in such an unpleasant place any longer than the time required to obtain the amount of gunpowder or strychnine needed to make an effective exit. But of course Mr. Bierce does not find life half so unpleasant as he makes out: in fact, he gives the impression of hugely enjoying himself by voluntarily looking out upon a world grotesquely distorted by the lenses of his imagination. He has of course a perfect right to have as much or as little faith as he chooses in any human religion or philosophy, moral doctrine or political code—only it is well when studying Mr. Bierce as a satirist and reformer to understand

clearly his limitations in this respect and to discount his views accordingly. It is well, for instance, to keep in mind, when reading some of his scathing lines directed at small offenders who at most have left the world not much worse off for having lived in it, that Mr. Bierce has put himself on record as proclaiming Robert Ingersoll "a man who taught all the virtues as a duty and a delight—who stood, as no other man among his countrymen has stood, for liberty, for honour, for good will toward men, for truth as it was given him to see it."

To the present writer there is much that is keenly irritating in Mr. Bierce's satiric verse for the reasons above implied. It is, of course, highly uncritical to find fault with a writer for no better reason than because you find yourself out of harmony with his religious and moral faith, or his lack of it—for an author's personal beliefs should have no bearing upon the artistic value of what he produces. But putting aside personal prejudice, it may be said in all fairness that Mr. Bierce made a mistake in giving a permanent form to so large a body of his fugitive verses. It is not quite true that satiric poetry is read with the same interest after the people at whom it was directed are forgotten. Aristophanes and Horace and Juvenal cannot be greatly enjoyed to-day without a good deal of patient delving for the explanation of local and temporal allusions; and in modern times Pope's *Dunciad*, for instance, is probably to-day the least important and the least read of all his writings. It is impossible to take much interest in vitriolic attacks made twenty years ago upon various obscure Californians whose names mean nothing at all to the world at large. But on the other hand, any one can understand and enjoy the sweeping irony as well as the sheer verbal cleverness of a parody like the following:

A RATIONAL ANTHEM

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of felony,
 Of thee I sing—
Land where my fathers fried
Young witches and applied
Whips to the Quaker's hide
 And made him spring.

My knavish country, thee,
Land where the thief is free,
 Thy laws I love;
I love thy thieving bills
That tap the people's tills;
I love thy mob whose will's
 All laws above.

Let Federal employees
And rings rob all they please,
 The whole year long.
Let office-holders make
Their piles and judges rake
Our coin. For Jesus' sake,
 Let's *all* go wrong!



SWINNERTON'S CONCEPTION OF BIERCE

One is tempted to devote considerably more space than is warranted to that extremely clever collection of satiric definitions, *The Devil's Dictionary*. It represents a deliberate pose consistently maintained, it is pervaded with a spirit of what a large proportion of readers in a Christian country would pronounce irreverent, it tells us nothing new and can hardly be conceived of as an inspiration for higher or nobler living. But it is undeniably entertaining reading. Almost any one must smile over such specimens as the following, taken almost at random:

Monday, *n.* In Christian countries, the day after the base-ball game.

Bacchus, *n.* A convenient deity invented by the ancients as an excuse for getting drunk.

Positive, *adj.* Mistaken at the top of one's voice.

III

THE STORY TELLER

But it is as a writer of short stories that Mr. Bierce's future fame rests upon a firm foundation. It is not too much to say that within his own chosen field—the grim, uncompromising horror story, whether actual or supernatural—he stands among American writers second only to Edgar Allan Poe. And this is all the more remarkable when we consider his expressed scorn of new books and modern methods and his implied indifference to the development of modern technique. He does understand and consciously seeks for that unity of effect which is the foundation stone of every good short story; yet in sheer technical skill there is scarcely one among the recognised masters of the short story today, Mr. Kipling, for instance, and the late O. Henry, Jack London and a score of his contemporaries, from whom he might not learn something to his profit. What Mr. Bierce's habits of workmanship may be the writer does not happen to know; it is possible that he has always striven as hard to build an underlying structure, a preliminary scaffolding, for each story as ever Edgar Allan Poe did. But if so he has been singularly successful in practising the art which so artfully all things conceals. He gives the impression of one telling a story with a certain easy spontaneity and attaining his results through sheer instinct. He seldom attempts anything like a unity of time and place; and many of his short tales have the same fault which he criticises in the modern novel, namely, that of having a panoramic quality, of being shown to us in a succession of more or less widely separated scenes and incidents.

Nevertheless, in most cases his stories are their own best justification. We may not agree with the method that he has chosen to use, but we cannot escape from the strange, haunting power of them, the grim, boding sense of their having happened—even the most weird, most supernatural, most grotesquely impossible of them—in precisely the way that he has told them.

The stories, such of them at least as really count and represent Mr. Bierce at his best, divide themselves into two groups: first, the Civil War stories, based upon his own four years' experience as a soldier during the rebellion, and unsurpassed in American fiction for the unsparing clearness of their visualisation of war. And secondly, the frankly supernatural stories contained in the volume entitled *Can Such Things Be?*—stories in which the setting is immaterial because if such things could be they would be independent of time and space. The war stories range through the entire gamut of heroism, suffering and carnage. They are stamped in all their physical details with a pitiless realism unequalled by Stendhal in the famous Waterloo episode in the *Chartreuse de Parme* and at least unsurpassed by Tolstoy or by Zola. Indeed, there is nothing fulsome or extravagant in the statement that has more than once been made that Mr. Bierce is a sort of American Maupassant. And what is most remarkable about these stories is that they never fail of a certain crescendo effect. Keyed as they are to a high pitch of human tragedy, there is always one last turn of the screw, one crowning horror held in reserve until the crucial moment. Take, for example, "A Horseman in the Sky." A sentinel whose duty it is to watch from a point of vantage overlooking a deep gorge and a vast plain beyond, to see that no scout of the Southern army shall discover a trail down the precipitous sides of the opposite slope, suddenly perceives a solitary horseman making his way along the verge of the precipice within easy range of fire. The sentinel watches and hesitates; takes aim and delays his fire. The scene shifts with the disconcerting suddenness of a modern moving picture and we see the sentinel back in his Southern home at the outbreak of the war; and we overhear the controlled bitterness of his parting with his Southern father after declaring his intention to fight for the

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. Edited and arranged by the author. New York: The Neale Publishing Company.

Union. A modern story teller would consider this shifting of scene bad art; nevertheless, Mr. Bierce, in theatrical parlance, "gets it over." Back again he shifts us with a rush to the lonely horseman, shows him for a moment motionless upon the brink and the next instant launched into space, a wonderful, miraculous, awe-inspiring figure, proudly erect upon a stricken and dying horse, whose legs spasmodically continue their mad gallop throughout the downward flight to the inevitable annihilation below. This in itself, told with Ambrose Bierce's compelling art, is sufficiently harrowing, but he has something more in reserve. Listen to this:

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.
"Yes."
"At what?"
"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."
The man's face was white, but he showed no other signs of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his eyes and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.
"See here, Druce," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"
"Yes."
"Well?"
"My father."

And again, there is that extraordinary *tour de force* entitled "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." It is the story of a spy caught and about to be hanged by the simple expedient of allowing the board on which he stands to tilt up and drop him between the cross beams of the bridge. The story is of considerable length. It details with singular and compelling vividness what follows from the instant that the spy feels himself dropped, feels the rope tighten around his neck and its fibres strain and snap under his weight. His plunge into the stream below, his dash for life under cover of the water, his flight, torn and bleeding through thorns and brambles, his miraculous dodging of outposts and his passing unscathed through volleys of rapid fire, all read like a hideous nightmare—and so in fact they are, because the entire story of his rush for safety lasting long hours and days in reality is accomplished in a mere fraction of time, the instant of final dissolution—because, as it happened, the rope did not break and at the moment that he thought he had attained safety his body ceased to struggle and dangled limply beneath the Owl Creek Bridge. Variations upon this theme of the rapidity of human thought in the moment of death are numerous. There is, for instance, a memorable story by Morgan Robertson called, if memory is not at fault, "From the Main Top," in which a lifetime is crowded into the fraction of time required for the action of gravity. But no one has ever used it more effectually than Mr. Bierce.

But it is in his supernatural stories that Mr. Bierce shows even more forcefully his wizardry of word and phrase, his almost magnetic power to make the absurd, the grotesque, the impossible, carry an overwhelming conviction. He will tell you, for instance, a story of a man watching at night alone by the dead body of an old woman; a cat makes its way into the room and springs upon the corpse; and to the man's overwrought imagination it seems as though that dead woman seized the cat by the neck and flung it violently from her. "Of course you imagined it," says the friend to whom he afterward tells the tale. "I thought so, too," rejoins the man, "but the next morning her stiffened fingers still held a handful of black fur."

For sheer mad humour there is nothing more original than the tale called "A Jug of Syrup." A certain old and respected village grocer who through a lengthy life has never missed a day at his desk dies and his shop is closed. One night the village banker and leading citizen on his way home drops in from force of habit at the grocery, finding the door wide open and buys a jug of syrup, absent-mindedly forgetting that the grocer who served him has been dead three weeks. The jug is a heavy weight to carry; yet when he reaches home he has nothing in his hand. The tale spreads like wildfire through the village and the next night a vast throng is assembled in front of the brightly lit up grocery, breathlessly watching the shad-

owy form of the deceased methodically casting up accounts. One by one, they pluck up courage and make their way into the grocery—all but the banker. Riveted to the spot by the grotesque horror of the sight he stands and watches, while pandemonium breaks loose. To him in the road the shop is still brilliantly lighted but to those who have gone within it presents the darkness of eternal night and in their unreasoning fear they kick and scratch and bite and trample upon one another with the primordial savageness of the mob. And all the while the shadowy figure of the dead grocer continues undisturbed to balance his accounts.

It is a temptation to linger beyond all reason over one after another of these extraordinary and haunting imaginings, such for instance, as "Moxon's Master," in which an inventor having made a mechanical chess-player makes the mistake of beating it at the game and is promptly strangled to death by the revengeful being of his own creation. But it is impossible to do justice to all these stories separately and it remains only to single out one typical example in which perhaps he reached the very pinnacle of his strange, fantastic genius, "The Death of Halpin Frayser." The theme of this story is this: it is sufficiently horrible to be confronted with a disembodied spirit, but there is one degree of horror beyond this, namely, to have to face the reanimated body of some one long dead from whom the soul has departed—because, so Mr. Bierce tells us, with the departure of the soul all natural affection, all kindliness has departed also, leaving only the base instincts of brutality and revenge. Now in the case of Halpin Frayser, it happens that the body which he is fated to encounter under these hideously unnatural conditions is that of his own mother; and in a setting as curiously and poetically unreal as any part of "Kubla Kahn" he is forced to realise that this mother whom he had in life worshipped as she worshipped him is now, in spite of her undiminished beauty, a foul and bestial thing intent only upon taking his life. In all imaginative literature it would be difficult to find a parallel for this story in sheer, unadulterated hideousness.

Mr. Ambrose Bierce as a story teller can never achieve a wide popularity, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race. His writings have too much the flavour of the hospital and the morgue. There is a stale odour of mouldy cerements about them. But to the connoisseur of what is rare, unique and very perfect in any branch of fiction he must appeal strongly as one entitled to hearty recognition as an enduring figure in American letters. No matter how strongly he may offend individual convictions and prejudices with the flippant irreverence of his satiric writings it is easy to forgive him all this and much more besides for the sake of any single one of a score or more of his best stories.

FACE TO FACE

BY RICHARD BURTON

Long weeks I walked the city's crowded ways,
 And vainly sought to find you, morn and night;
By daybreak, when the lamps were all ablaze,
 And when the noon was bright.

But when I turned, and with the will to flee
 Unto some dim and all-deserted place,
Have hurried here where only God may see,—
 I meet you, face to face!

NEMESIS

BY ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS

The widow and the fatherless thou'st crushed,
 Then think not to enjoy thy wrongful gains.
Though every rival from thy path were brushed,
 Wealth flies, but sin remains.

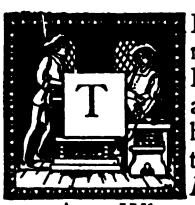
Thou'st crowned the goddess Pleasure in thy heart,
 Thy cup to fill she, for a moment, deigns
Thy couch to gladden—then she will depart.
 Joy dies, but sin remains.

Thy hurrying feet have chased the phantom, Fame;
 Perhaps she seems to turn, to wait thee feigns;
Weary the race nor ever free from blame.
 Fame flies, but sin remains.

E'en glorious Love may yet be bought too dear,
 If through the loss of Honour he attains
Thy heart; for honour's ghost will still appear.
 Love dies, but sin remains.

THE REAL BARRY LYNDON

BY LEWIS MELVILLE



HAT distinguished Titmarshian, Sir Frank T. Marzials, in the admirable Introduction which he wrote some years ago to an edition of *Barry Lyndon,* propounded the question, Where did Thackeray get the material out of which to build his story? He answered his own question, by stating that the novelist found at least the germ of his novel in the memoirs of Casanova and of Captain Freeny, in Smollett's *Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom,* and in Jesse Foot's *Lives of Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq., and the Countess of Strathmore.* There can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the information imparted by Sir Frank Marzials, and it has been accepted by all subsequent writers. Certainly there is no proof that Thackeray was acquainted with Casanova's autobiography, but it is more than probable that he had read it, wholly or in part; but the novelist himself mentions that he read Captain Freeny's memoirs when he was weather-bound in Ennis during that tour to the sister-island which resulted in the writing of *The Irish Sketch Book.* "The best part of worthy Freeny's tale is the noble naïveté and simplicity of the hero as he recounts his own adventures, and the utter unconsciousness that he is narrating anything wonderful," Thackeray wrote in that book. "It is the way of all great men, who recite their great actions modestly, and as if they were matters of course; as indeed to them they are. A common tyro, having perpetrated a great deed, would be amazed and flurried at his own action; whereas I make no doubt the Duke of Wellington, after a great victory, took his tea and went to bed just as quickly as he would after a dull debate in the House of Lords. And so with Freeny—

his great and charming characteristic is grave simplicity; he does his work; he knows his danger as well as another; but he goes through his fearful duty quite quietly and easily; and not with the least air of bravado, or the smallest notion that he is doing anything uncommon." Casanova, Freeny, and Smollett may have furnished, indeed, most probably did furnish, Thackeray with some hints as to character, but beyond all doubt he found in the biography of Bowes the story of Barry Lyndon from the time when that hero returned to England from the Continent. As a matter of fact, he closely followed the career of Bowes (*née* Stoney) in all essential details.

Beyond the fact that he, a scion of an old English family long domiciled in Ireland, was born in or about 1745, nothing whatever is known of Andrew Robinson Stoney, before a relative purchased for him, while in his teens, a commission in the Thirtieth Regiment. He was, according to a contemporary account, an attractive youngster. "The person of Stoney was rather in his favour, and his address was probably, when young, captivating," Foot has written. "His speech was soft, his height more than five feet ten, his eyes were bright and small, he had a perfect command over them, his eyebrows were low, large and sandy, his hair light, and his complexion muddy, his smile was agreeable, his wit ready, but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, which forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow, his education was bare, and his utterance was in a low tone and lisping." His want of intelligence was more than compensated for by a certain dash, which endeared him to the opposite sex, and so well did he display his qualities that in 1763, when the regiment was quartered at Newcastle, he met, wooed, and won for his wife Hannah, daughter of William Newton, who, we are told, "was concerned in the coal-trade" of the neighbourhood. Stoney, who apparently was not a keen soldier, now wanted to leave the army, but the relative who had placed him in it advised him to remain, because in a few months the war would be over, the regiment disbanded, and the officers retired on half-pay. This sage counsel was followed, with the result that Stoney, in return for a very short term of service, drew a lieutenant's half-pay from 1764 until his death six-and-thirty years later.

Stoney being the prototype of Barry Lyndon, it is scarcely necessary to say that he had married for money. Miss Newton was not handsome, and no one has come forward to accredit her with any particular charm, but she was an heiress, her portion, according to different accounts, being £20,000 or £30,000; either of which amounts constituting, in those days, a very considerable portion. So soon as they were married, Stoney began to squander his wife's money, and when he retired from the army made his headquarters at her estate of Cold-Pig Hill, at Burnopfield, about seven miles from Newcastle. It was not long before the lady had good reason to regret her choice of a husband. Stoney was a spendthrift, but this was the least of his faults; he was openly unfaithful; and his treatment of her when they were together made life hideous for her. If rumour spoke truly, he, at an assembly, in a violent fit of rage, tumbled her down a whole flight of stairs; and at home on one occasion locked her up for three days in a small cupboard in her chemise (some say without it), and fed her on an egg a day. "He made a very bad husband," wrote one who knew them both, "and she was a most wretched wife, and brought no children alive into the world; which he much desired for his own sake. He made the bell of St. Nicholas toll for one that was dead born; but failed in proving it to be born with life. If he could have proved it, I understand the law gives a life-estate in the wife's property. He many times advertised the wood on the estates of Cold-Pig Hill, etc., to be sold, but the next week's newspaper always produced a forbiddance from our friend, Edward Jackson's father, and another person whose name I have forgot, who laid claim to the estate as next heirs. He behaved like a brute and a savage to his wife, and in a short time broke her heart. He knew secret ways of provoking her before company; and then if she looked displeased, or said anything tart, he appealed to the company—he took pains to please her, but could not." Stoney's

treatment of his wife was generally supposed to have shortened her life, and certainly she died within a few years of her marriage.

Left a widower at an early age, with no profession and small means, for the bulk of his wife's property reverted to her family, Andrew Robinson Stoney came to London, and led the usual life of the second-rate man about town in the earlier years when "Farmer George" was upon the throne. He had not the *entrée* to the more fashionable resorts, but took his pleasure in the less exclusive places frequented by his kind, living for some time at the St. James's Coffee-House, and amusing himself with cock-fighting, horse-racing, and gaming, at which pursuits it is probable that he more nearly resembled Captain Rook than Mr. Pigeon. All the time he was on the watch for an heiress; but a bankrupt ex-lieutenant had little chance of winning such a prize, and one with his reputation as a husband apparently none. Without losing sight of his main object, whilst waiting as patiently as he could, he consoled himself with intrigues, for which he had an enduring passion. In these paths he was frequently successful, for, according to all accounts, he had a certain air of gallantry that made him almost irresistible to women of the lower orders.

During his wife's lifetime Stoney had made the acquaintance, possibly at one of the Newcastle Assemblies, of Lady Strathmore. This lady, Mary Eleanor, the daughter and sole heiress of George Bowes, of Streatlam and Gibside, in the county of Durham, had married in her twentieth year John Lyon, ninth Earl of Strathmore, who subsequently caused an Act of Parliament to be passed to enable him to assume his wife's surname. The marriage (of which there was issue, three sons and two daughters), if not unhappy, was certainly not ideal, for the Countess regarded herself as a "blue," and the Earl, who had many good qualities, had no leaning toward intellectual pursuits. When he died, while on a voyage to Lisbon, on March 7, 1777, his widow did not make any pretence of deep grief, but after a very brief interval established herself in her house at Grosvenor Square, and indulged the tastes that she had hitherto had to keep under control. Liking to pose as a patron of the arts—as befitted the author of *The Siege of Jerusalem*—she assembled around her a coterie of learned, or pseudo-learned, folk. She knew several languages, and loved to converse in them. She had, too, a passion for botany, to give scope to which she purchased a house at Upper Chelsea, built hot-houses and conservatories, and there endeavoured to rear exotics imported from the Cape. "Her talent was not in fault so much as the application of it," Foot has described her. "Her judgment was weak, her prudence almost none, and her prejudice unbounded." In fact, she was a foolish woman, but by no means a fool.

Such a woman, susceptible to flattery, was almost preordained to become the prey of an astute or cunning fortune-hunter. She had wealth, and she had also a fair share of good looks. "The Countess at this time was scarcely thirty years of age," so runs a contemporary account. "She possessed a very pleasing *embonpoint;* her breast was uncommonly fine; her stature was rather under the middle class; her hair brown; her eyes light, small, and she was near-sighted; her face was round; her neck and shoulders graceful; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever she was agitated, was moved very uncommonly, as if convulsively, from side to side; her fingers were small, and her hands were exceedingly delicate. She appeared in very fine health; her complexion was particularly clear; her dress displayed her person, it was elegant and loose; she glowed with all the warmth of a gay widow, about to be married." Suitor after suitor had come forward, almost from the earliest days of her widowhood; and from these she selected for her favour the Honourable George Grey, who had served in India under Clive, and had amassed a handsome competence. No announcement of their engagement was, indeed, made, but there was a general idea that this would not be delayed much longer than decency demanded.

Thus matters stood when Stoney cast his evil eye on Lady Strathmore. Here was one of the wealthiest women in England, with whom he was actually ac-

quainted, with houses in Grosvenor Square and at Chelsea, lands in Middlesex, and seats at Paul's Walden, Gibside, Streatlam Castle, and Barnard Castle; a woman with no great amount of sense, and a widow. It was worth an attempt to win her. Forthwith he decided to enter the lists; but, penniless and discredited, he could not take the field openly, and had to proceed by devious paths. There were, he saw, two things to be done: the first, to get Grey out of the way; the second, himself to win favour. Without delay he began to play his underhand game, and, it must be confessed, he played it well.

There were some points in his favour, and of these, of course, he made the best. "Stoney was, in the first place, ten years younger than Grey," Foot has put it on record; "in the second, more cunning; in the third, bred up more regularly to the trade; in the fourth, had the superior aid, the air, and the necessary art of a man of the St. James's Coffee-House. There was no antiquated, dissipated, impudent and profligate nabob a match for him." Certainly, Stoney out-manœuvred Grey at every point. Having reintroduced himself to Lady Strathmore, he was careful to give her the impression that he was very much in love with her. During his visits to Grosvenor Square, he gathered the useful information that the Countess hated all the relatives and friends of her late husband, perhaps because after his death they had tried to dictate to her a mode of living that did not appeal to her, perhaps because they somewhat ostentatiously disapproved of the life she did live during these first months of widowhood; certainly, in part, because they looked with no favourable eye upon the possibility of her re-marriage, which would not be a good thing for the children of the first marriage. In this disaffection, Stoney saw a chance to deliver the first blow against Grey. He induced a friend to write, and send to Lady Strathmore, what purported to be a copy of a letter addressed to Stoney by a Durham woman, complaining that he had forsaken her for the Countess, who was denounced in no measured terms. This was clever, for not only did it appeal to the Countess's vanity, but it enabled Stoney, having thus recommended himself to Lady Strathmore, to deal a terrible blow at Grey—the letter continued that the writer (the supposed Durham woman) had at least this consolation, that the faithless swain would soon return to her, since the Countess was to be married to Grey, who had had several interviews with the relatives and friends of the late Earl, and had induced them to withdraw their opposition, had, indeed, won their active support. If the Countess had been in love with Grey this letter would have done no lasting harm; but Stoney knew that this was not the case, and with triumphant malice watched his rival fall from favour into disfavour, all ignorant of the cause.

Stoney hastened to follow up his advantage. Eliza Planta, Lady Strathmore's companion, was engaged to be married to the Rev. Mr. Stephens, her ladyship's domestic chaplain, and Stoney bought them by promising them £1,000 as a wedding present if the Countess became his wife. Thenceforth, these people perpetually sang into their mistress's ear the praises of the new suitor and narrated stories of his devotion to her. Stoney now made love to her openly and, being informed of her movements by the traitors in her household, was able to meet her wherever she went. When he could not meet her, he wrote to her, and when, shortly before Christmas, she visited her mother at Paul's Walden, he followed her. "Woman's a riddle," so began the letter in which Stoney heralded his arrival.

I never felt the proverb more than upon the honour of receiving your ladyship's letter. Eliza has, indeed, been playing within the curtain; had I been worthy to have had confidence in this business, I certainly should have advised a double plot. Your journey would have prevented any inquiry after the intention of your fair friend, and I then should have had the happiness of making my consort not only the conversation of the day, but the envy of the world. You draw a flattering picture of Mr. Stephens. Was he anything but Eliza's husband, I should not be pleased with his trait; but she deserves to be happy; and I hope he is everything that she can wish. I always thought that Eliza had a good heart; but she has now convinced us that she has

a great mind, above being trammelled by the opinion of guardians, relations, or pretended friends. A free choice is happiness, and bliss is the offspring of the mind. Those only possess joy who think they have it; and it signifies little whether we are happy by the forms our connections would prescribe to us or not. I believe it will not be denied that many are miserable, under the opinion of the world, of their being very much the contrary. You tell me that your good mother (Heaven bless her) is well employed for an old lady; but by the soul of Angelica* you vow (and I know she was dear to you) that her pursuits do not at this time engage your attention. Now by the living sick Jacintha,† by everything I have to hope, I swear that I am highly interested in your present thoughts; and were I Proteus I would instantly transform myself, to be happy that I was stroked and caressed, like them, by you; and, discovering the secret of your mind, I might experience what I hope Eliza will never be a stranger to, or be placed beyond the reach of further hope. I am all impatience to see your ladyship; I really cannot wait till Saturday; I must have five minutes' chat with you before that time. You will think me whimsical; but upon Thursday next, at one o'clock, I shall be in the garden at Paul's Walden. There is a leaden statue, or there was formerly, and near that spot (for it lives in my remembrance) I shall wait; and can I presume that you will condescend to know the place? Eliza shall be our excuse for this innocent frolic; and the civilities shall never be erased from the remembrance of your faithful, etc.

Every stratagem that could be of service was employed, and Lady Strathmore only returned from Paul's Walden to find, awaiting her, a second letter from the supposed jealous woman at Durham, this time addressed to her, which entirely destroyed any lingering chance that Grey might have had.

Pardon the liberty I took of sending your Ladyship the copy of the letter I wrote to Captain Stoney. The sacrifice I have made to this abominable man, the disobedience I have incurred from the most indulgent parents, and the sport of my friends, to whom I have imparted my confidential prospects, drive me to despair. Besides, I love him; and without him, though I am apprised of his faithless nature, yet I am determined, at the risk of my fortune, my character, my future comfort of life, and all that is dear to love and passion, to throw myself into his arms. And must you, who possess all the wealth of the North, think that you have the right of thus defrauding an honest heart, too fatally wounded and devoted, because, not from your personal charms or intrinsic worth as one of our unhappy sex, you thus lay claim to my prize, but merely because you possess more acres, and that you are a countess. I will not, I cannot sit silently down in submission to this usurpation; I will haunt you night and day till I have procured a restoration of that peace of mind, so long torn, distracted and broken down with wrongs, and entirely through you, by this foul and dear seducer.

Why don't you abide by your first love as I do? Why should Mr. Grey be abandoned by you for the sake of a man who stands before you a perjured lover? Why am I to be the sacrifice to your almighty influence, and thus plunged into despair and oblivion, for no end but to gratify the wantonness of your caprice? And that you, madam, you may have the pride and exultation of despoiling and erecting upon my despair your felicity!

For the sake of whatever is dear to our sex—for the feelings which unhappy woman owes to one another, pray indulge me with your kind attention. One moment's pause in the prosecution of your present cruel resolution may save me from destruction and make your character immortal. Cultivate Mr. Grey's affection, because your late Lord's friends and relations will accept of him as your husband, but not of Captain Stoney. It is impossible that Mr. Grey should keep these secrets from you. Mr. Grey has had the address (which my simple and easy fool never could obtain) of first establishing his pretensions to you, upon the confidence and zeal of your late Lord's relations and friends, Mr. L——, Mr. and Mrs. O—— and Lady A. S——. It is with their warm approbation that he has wisely made his way to your heart. Plunge not, therefore, an artless, hopeless, desponding and forsaken maiden as I am into destruction and utter ruin, but restore some ray of comfort to the unfortunate

S.

The Fates were now particularly kind to Stoney. The *Morning Post* during November and December had made attacks upon certain indiscretions of Lady Strathmore; her husband's relatives took no notice, thinking that this would drive

*A cat.
†Another cat.

Grey away from her. In their inaction Stoney saw his opportunity. He called at the offices of the paper, and invited the editor, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, to give him the name of the writer. This Sir Henry naturally refused to do, and Stoney forthwith challenged him to a duel. They met on January 13, 1777, and Stoney was wounded. Subsequently it was asserted that this was merely a sham duel, but such evidence as was then forthcoming seems to establish the fact that the fight was genuine enough. Lady Strathmore had been much flattered when she thought Stoney had thrown over a devoted woman for her; and now that he had risked his life in her service, her gratitude knew no bounds. She asked for the sword used by her champion in the encounter, and slept with it at the head of her bed. Stoney had played the winning stroke, and had won the game he had played so unscrupulously. On January 17, 1777, he was married to Lady Strathmore at St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

The marriage had not long taken place before Stoney (who at once assumed his wife's surname, and as Bowes has come down to posterity) threw off all disguise and made it as clear to his bride as it had been all along to the lookers-on, that it was not her charms that had attracted him but her money and only her money. It came as a terrible blow to him to learn that when she had contemplated marriage with Grey, she had, with his consent, placed her property in trust for her own use. This Bowes had not known, but upon enquiry, he discovered that the settlement could be annulled, and he induced his wife to take the necessary steps to effect this. When matters were thus arranged and none could gainsay him, he disposed of the house at Chelsea, careless of his wife's pride in her horticultural pursuits, and sure that he could spend the money more to his own satisfaction, as indeed he did by expending it on the purchase of a race-horse.

It is remarkable that Bowes, who as a widower had lived more or less from hand to mouth, now that he was in possession of a very handsome income and considerable estates, was always in pecuniary straits. If ever a moralist wants an example of the beggar on horseback riding hell-for-leather toward ruin, here it is ready to his hand. Yet, strangely enough, Bowes does not seem to have been wildly extravagant. He may have had debts to pay off, but it is improbable that when he was living on his wits he was trusted to any great extent. It has been said that he sold the Chelsea house, he sold also the mansion in Grosvenor Square; and so saved the cost of keeping up these two households. He was but little in London during the early years of his married life. "I have given up all idea of going this winter to London, as I can live here for half the expense," he wrote to a friend from Gibside, December 15, 1778; " . . . besides, I never can be happy till I get out of debt, and have money, if possible, to the good." This caution was so foreign to his nature, that the idea occurs that the letter was written to throw dust in the eyes of his correspondent or in the eyes of some one to whom his correspondent was expected to show the letter. Already in the previous month he had offered the timber at Gibside for sale, but when it was felled no one in the neighbourhood would buy, and so it was perforce left lying in the park. He spent but little on the estates, which he allowed to go to rack and ruin. A certain amount of money, but no considerable sums, his numerous mistresses must have cost him. More went during the year he was Sheriff, and very expensive were his endeavours to get into Parliament, to which, after an unsuccessful attempt, he was returned in 1780 as member for Newcastle. "The canvass is begun at Newcastle—three candidates, all upon different intervals," he wrote to a friend from Gibside, August, 1780. "For God's sake use your influence with as many people of the Whole in the Wall as you possibly can find out, and pray use *any means* to procure them for me." He purchased the estate of Benwell from the Shafto family, but as he at once mortgaged this heavily, it did not materially affect his financial position. Where he lavished money was in insuring the life of his wife. "Lady Strathmore is in perfect health," he wrote from Streatlam Castle, September 2, 1781, "but as I have reason to think she is with child, nay, I am certain of it, I wish to insure her

life, for you remember how alarmed I was upon a former occasion; though, indeed, I ought not to have much reason for it, as she always recovered vastly well. However, I request you will immediately exert yourself for me, and get the £18,000 filled with good names. I presume there is no occasion to say anything about her being with child." He committed the folly of insuring Lady Strathmore's life only for a year or two at a time, consequently, as she did not die during the period, he had no return from these investments.

The Countess might have forgiven her husband for squandering her money; she might even have condoned his frequent and open unfaithfulness; what she could not pardon was his treatment of her. This, indeed, was barbarous. He beat her, he forced her to write down "Confessions" in which she was made to represent herself as utterly vile, he kept her in a constant state of terror. "The Countess appeared wonderfully altered and dejected," Foot wrote of her a few years after she had married Bowes. "She was pale and nervous, and her under jaw constantly moved from side to side. If she said anything, she looked at him first. If she was asked to drink a glass of wine, she took his intelligence before she answered. She sat but a short time at dinner, and then was out of my sight. I did get one morning's walk with her and Mr. Harrison into the once beautiful pleasure garden, where in spite of the ruinous state of it, much was left for admiration; because the taste which gave it a creation was not as yet totally obliterated. The Countess pointed out to us the concern she had formerly taken in the shrubs, the flower beds, the lawns, the alcoves, and the walks of this most delectable recess. She even pointed out the assistance her own hand had lent to individual articles. In observing her during her conversation, the agitation of her mind was apparent by its action on her mouth. She would look for some time, hesitate, and then her under jaw would act in that convulsive manner, which absolutely explained her state of melancholy remembrance beyond all other proofs abstracted knowledge could confirm, or technical teachers could demonstrate." Two children were born of the marriage, but there is no reason to believe that their father showed them any affection; while the only interest he showed in the children of his wife's first marriage was an attempt to get them into his possession so as to be able to extort money from their trustees. In this attempt he was, in the case of one of the girls, temporarily successful, but eventually he had to yield her up, his folly not reaching the limits of pitting himself against the full powers of the Court of Chancery.

Bowes's behaviour to his wife was so cruel that at last, meek as she had proved herself for years, she overcame her fears, and one evening when he was dining out, she fled with her maid and took refuge in apartments that had been taken for her by her lawyer in Dyer's Buildings. One moment's awful agony she had while she was flying, for as she drove up Berners Street, Bowes was coming down it in a hackney-coach, with his head out of the window. Fortunately he did not see his wife, who, however, was so alarmed by the possibility of being captured, that she had a violent attack of hysterics, and could not easily be persuaded that the danger was passed. On February 7, 1785, Lady Strathmore exhibited articles of the peace in the Court of King's Bench against her husband for ill-treatment of her person.

Lady Strathmore was in so great a state of alarm that she engaged a constable, Lucas, to live in her house, to protect her against any attempt that her husband might make to get her into his possession. Bowes, however, by representing himself as a much injured man, and having thus won Lucas's sympathy, contrived on November 10, 1786, to abduct the Countess from her house in Bloomsbury Square, and take her up to Streatlam Castle. In the coach he tried to persuade her to sign a paper to stop proceedings in the ecclesiastical court and to consent to live under the name and character of his wife. No amount of persuasion could induce her to sign the document; nor was he more successful in securing her compliance when he beat her. Even a loaded pistol held at her head produced no effect: she said her prayers and bade him fire. Persistent ill-treatment at the Castle met with no such

result as Bowes desired. Bowes then knew that the game was up. The tipstaffs were after him, and, after dodging about the country for some time, he was captured. The trial took place on May 27, 1787, when his fellow-offenders were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and he was ordered to pay a fine of £500, to be imprisoned in the prison of the King's Bench for three years, and at the expiration of that term to find securities for fourteen (afterward reduced to two) years, himself in £10,000 and two securities of £5,000 each.

This was but the beginning of his troubles. Lady Strathmore applied to the Courts to revoke the settlement she had made of her property on Bowes, on the ground of duress; and her application was granted on May 19, 1788. In the following March she obtained a divorce. Her property, or all that was left of it, restored to her, and freed from her husband, Lady Strathmore, the wreck of her former self, lived in such comfort as she could find until April, 1800, when she died at Christchurch, Hampshire. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, arrayed "in a superb bridal dress."

When Bowes had served his three years' imprisonment, he was again brought before the Court of King's Bench, and being unable to pay the costs incurred by the suit in the Spiritual Court, was ordered to remain in prison until they were paid. Thus, the last twenty-two years of the life of this infamous man—for whom the only excuse that can be suggested is that he was half-mad—were spent in prison. There Leigh Hunt saw him. "He was a tall, thin man, in a cocked hat, had an aquiline nose, and altogether appeared to my childish eyes a strangely inconsistent-looking person for a man of his character, and much of a gentleman," Hunt recorded in his autobiography. "I have an impression on my memory that I was told he had run a needle through his wife's tongue." In prison he lived first in the state-rooms; then, when his means dwindled, in the inferior state-rooms; and presently within the walls of the Bench, and for about the last twelve years, within the rules in St. George's Fields. During these years he, so far as was possible, indulged his passion for women and had a succession of mistresses, all of whom he treated cruelly; and he found his pleasure in instigating lawsuits, first against Lady Strathmore, and then against her executors—a pleasure to which he was not the less averse because the expense generally fell upon the solicitor unwise enough to accept him as a client. He died, a broken-down debauchee, at the age of sixty-five, on January 16, 1810, and was buried in the vault of St. George's Church in the Borough. His biographer summed up his character as "cowardly, insidious, hypocritical, tyrannic, mean, violent, selfish, deceitful, jealous, revengeful, inhuman and savage, without a single countervailing quality;" what his wife thought of him she told him in an epitaph she wrote and sent to him in prison:

HERE RESTS
Who never rested before,
The most ambitious of men:
For he sought not virtue, wisdom, or
Science, yet rose by deep hypocrisy,
By the folly of some,
And the vice of others,
To honours which Nature had forbid,
And riches he wanted taste to enjoy.
He saw no faults in himself,
Nor any worth in others:
He was the enemy of mankind;
Deceitful to his friends,
Ungrateful to his benefactors,
Cringing to his superiors,
And tyrannical to his dependents.
If interest obliged him to assist
Any fellow-creature, he regretted the
Effect, and thought every day lost
In which he made none wretched.
His life was a continual series
Of injuries to society,
Disobedience to his Maker,
And he only lamented in despair
That he could offend them no longer.
He rose by mean arts
To unmerited honours,
Which expired before himself.
Passenger, examine thy heart,
If in aught thou resemblest him;
And if thou dost—
Read, tremble, and reform!
So shall he, who living
Was the pest of society,
When dead, be, against his will,
Once useful to mankind.

THE PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY



THACKERAY, FROM THE PAINTING BY SAMUEL LAURENCE, IN THE REFORM CLUB, LONDON



THACKERAY IN 1822, BY J. DEVILE



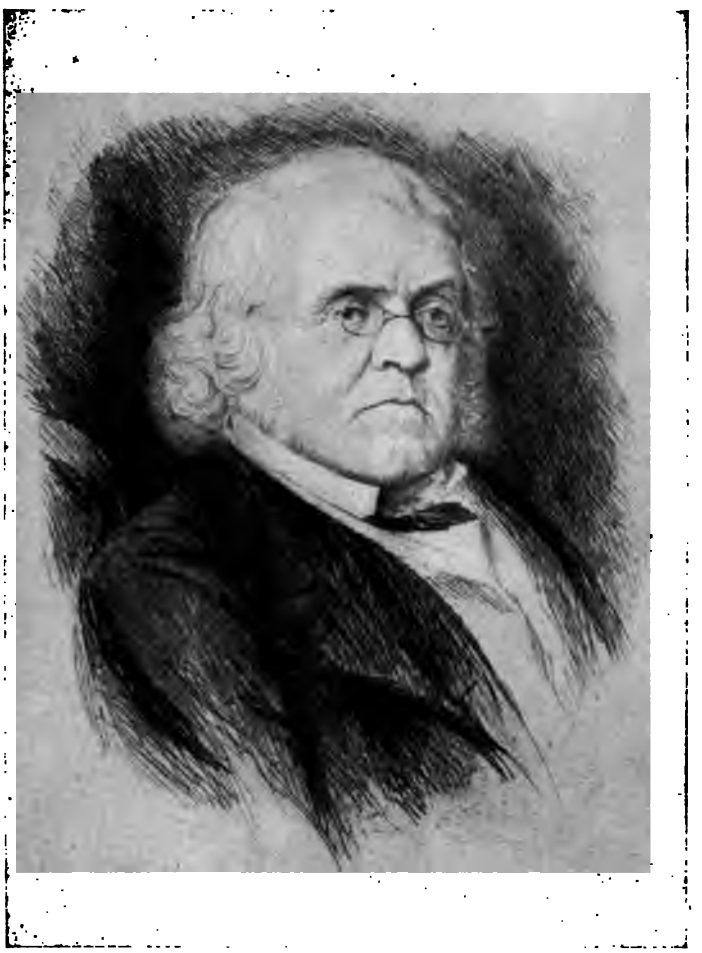
THACKERAY IN 1836, AGED 25, BY FRANK STONE, A.R.A.



THACKERAY, FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY RICHARD DOYLE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



THACKERAY, BY SIR EDGAR BOEHM, IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY



THACKERAY. ETCHED BY THOMAS JOHNSON



CRAYON SKETCH BY SAMUEL LAURENCE, FOR HIS PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY



THACKERAY'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH

From the Original given by his daughter Anne (Lady Ritchie) to Bayard Taylor, after Thackeray's death

THE CASUAL READER

BY F. M. COLBY

I

Retrospect of an Emancipated Play Reviewer

For ten years the playgoing habit has been strong upon me, and even now, I believe I can bear up better under a bad play than any of my superior friends. At least I should often have sat through the worst of them if I had not been dragged to the pavement by some austere person in whom intellectual disapproval took the form of bodily restlessness. This is not so much because I take a higher view of the play itself than he does, as because I take a lower view of things elsewhere, doubting if commonplace can be so easily escaped. And as a matter of fact it always dogs us *æquo pede,* for it is the shadow of our middle age, and the evening passes in denouncing the stage in words quite as dull as the play we left. As a refugee from usualness on these occasions I have never had much luck, for it is a quality that overspreads even superior minds late of an evening and they are often seen to no better advantage on their native heath than at the playhouse. And what went ye out for to see? Surely not a native work of art, for the American stage has never yet produced one, but has always been a mere competitor of clubs and protracted after-dinner conversations, of cards, newspapers, the weekly novel, politics, evening parties and domesticity. Why this invidious distinction? The play is no worse calamity than what might have happened almost anywhere.

That is a point on which critical folk are seldom ingenuous. They overrate the evening's alternatives, social, forensic, paterfamiliasinine. They never admit that for all their grand airs their own minds sometimes repose for hours together on the level of the play. There is hypocrisy in this scorn of common things, for there are many clever people whose only pleasure on the "higher plane" consists in proclaiming its height above mob-level. Our playwrights of course are men of the crowd—not dramatists, but experts in collective appetite. But though not interesting as artists, they are at least objects of a reasonable curiosity, as meteorologists of popular desire, versed in such matters as the average velocity of the emotions and the mean annual rainfall of ideas. The usual play is not a picture or a "criticism" of life, but it is an extension of it, a human affair after all, and the worse it is as a play the better it may be as a social equation, anthropological "artifact," crowd index, or "sign of the times."

When I was reviewing plays for a long-suffering periodical I soon saw that while some were more entertaining than others, they were all industrial and not artistic products, and that therefore the profession of a dramatic critic in this country was premature. I held and still hold that we are passing through the ante-natal period of the American drama. Hence in writing about the drama I always got away from the essentials of the subject as soon as possible, and sought what seemed to me a more reasonable interest in the state of society of which the stage is a part. We are living in a time of wonderful uniformities. It did not seem fair to blame playwrights alone for seeming as like as peas, when we were all so busily engaged in concealing our diversity. What I really required of the drama was a miraculous new birth, but then I might as well wish that for myself while I was about it. I could not see why I, an obscure and commonplace citizen of Cornville, Massachusetts, should come down to the city and fly each night into a fine professional fury because our playwrights are also commonplace.

Moreover, it was interesting to see how playwrights catch up the material of other plays, not only the situations but the very thoughts and phrases, and how the stage, the better one knew it, became a vast mechanism, scarcely human, moving on in a strange routine, recombining the same patterns. Here are three typi-

cal evenings, recalled from the depths of a playgoing experience. On the first the play is of the sort called "sweet and simple." So the curtain rises on the parson's study and the parson, a manly man, is talking to two ill-looking women of his flock, known at once as Envy and Malice, who are horrified because a circus has come to town. And he tells them a circus is not necessarily sinful, which is a free and dashing thought for a stage parson, sign of a "real man," and very shocking to Envy and Malice. Hypocrisy comes in, dressed as a deacon, and peeps through the window at the circus procession. Even now there can be no doubt as to the right of the matter or its outcome. Right is plainly with any erect, plain-spoken, honest-looking young man, whose clothes fit him, and who from a point near the centre of the stage says things that are undeniable. And besides, a good conscience has a smooth skin with a touch of rouge on the cheekbones; whereas bad characters have wrinkles or unpleasant expressions or queer clothes, announcing by awkward movements, limps, stoopings, harsh voices, unbecoming headgear or beards, that they mean mischief but will in the end be baffled. It is the rule of simpler plays, and perhaps it has been found, on the whole, necessary, that moral worth shall be expressed in make-up and the wicked look as if they meant to bite; but the playwright's terror of possible misunderstandings does at times seem a little morbid.

But ten minutes have now passed and we are feeling somewhat anxious, for there has been no sign of Romantic Love. What if it should have been omitted? Have it we must, we of this particular audience. That is why we have poured in through tubes, tunnels, subways and ferry-boats, over the waters and under them, down from difficult places whose names end in heights, manor, cliff, park, hill, ford, hurst, mere, grove, ania and onia (to which we shall return in midnight trains); or motored down from our chosen private houses on the proper side of town, or trolleyed down from our—by no means chosen—apartments with names out of romance, mythology, royal genealogy—flats of the nymphs, flats of all the muses, kings, dukes, statesmen, and mediæval principalities. It has been a busy day, full of most serious concerns—cooks and bills and the baby and bargains, and the need of having and the horror of losing, and the wearing out of clothes. These are our leisure moments and we always fill them with Romantic Love, for we are readers of our country's fiction and all the stories in the magazines and tons upon tons of Sunday supplements. We are not as lively as we might be. Details are a drug to the mind and the little worries bore deep holes and stay at the bottom of them, and besides, we have eaten rather heartily. We demand that usual young couple. Without Romantic Love, there may be rioting—but here it comes. She is young and pretty. She has been thrown from her horse outside the parson's door. She is a circus girl, that there may be effective contrast and an obstacle to the parson's love and a plot to the play; that the parson may harbour her heroically and defy Envy and Malice with their evil tongues, and marry her in the end, *ruat cælum*, that is to say, though his salary fall. There is Humour—a negress who talks in dialect, and Pathos—a clown in tears, and more theatrical contrasts—circus people with rough exteriors but tender and beautiful insides; and there is a scene, too, from the circus, on the chance that you brought the younger children.

Then comes my intellectual evening. It is a drama of "ideas," for some one is always sneering at our stage for the lack of them, and now and then a nettled playwright puts them in. So the curtain rises on several of them—cold, hard-boiled little ideas of the kind served at counters to minds that make quick meals, ideas of hypnosis, psycho-thaumaturgics, thought transference, sub-consciousness, faith cure and the various physiological religions—ideas in short from that loquacious borderland of doubt where souls debate with nervous systems and the measure of a fool is his certainty, where "nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so." And the hero reads thoughts and wills everything to the right-about—the pistol out of the assassin's hand, the innocent from the guilty's

clutch, the clouds away from the mind diseased. A stage idea has all the powers of Harlequin, knocking people about, pinching the wicked, blowing out the lights, riding on somebody's shoulders. The character that contains an idea so bulges with it that we do not know him for a fellow-man.

And then my third evening, and the play is of the kind called "strong," which means of course that woman's honour must be put to proof, for just as old comedy could not have amused without constant punning on "cuckold" and "horns"—

> The cuckoo then on every tree
> Mocked married men; and thus sang he——

so our "strong" plays must as a rule take a woman to a man's room at night and then away again with honour saved. In French plays she sometimes remains. That is the measure of the moral gulf between the races. We let her dangle; they sometimes let her fall. She is not an interesting person, usually not a person at all, for playwrights are a frugal people, and finding our anxiety so intense over any sort of woman in any such plight, they endow her only with her sex and trust for the interest to the dangling. I am happy to say that on this particular evening the pendulous lady did not swing a hair's breadth beyond the line of stage tradition. The wicked old bachelor became her friend, the treacherous husband was destroyed, and there was distinct promise, before the curtain fell, of a second marriage with a better man.

Thus did the evenings pass on equal terms with the usual thing bound for oblivion, and I might have been very scornful indeed, rising to a great height and laughing bitterly, for there is nothing toward which hauteur may be more easily assumed. Reason about the play itself and the mind soon feels gigantic, head and shoulders above playwrights and multitude and managers, and for that matter above the cabmen at the door and the policeman at the corner and the people on the pavement for two miles up and down the street. For the play is a tissue of common things, transposed but not transmuted, not conceived but re-combined, a corroborative composite of crowd noises, given back to the crowd by some sedulous man whose skull is a cave of the echoes. But it is as wise as the street, as artistic as the shop, as gifted as Congress or Parliament, and the scorn that withers the stage would soon be blasting the breakfast table. That mild affair of bacon and eggs, already endangered by health reform, could not survive for one moment the cruel gaze of æsthetic criticism. I for one will not take part in that long quarrel. The American play is bad as drama, but so is the American accent as music and the American small talk as wisdom. The man who surveys his native land with merely intellectual expectations will find it peopled mainly by his ruined hopes.

I wonder if the warfare with small matters will hasten much the advent of great things and just how busy the critics of an art should be before the art emerges and whether they have ever shown much skill in the obstetrics of the beautiful. For talent is an accident of birth and art is that which gives us what we did know we wanted. I wonder if the scorn that fired Carlyle and froze up Matthew Arnold is not with writers at the present time a rather tepid feeling. Criticism seems to be the small triumph of people who are half awake over those who are still sleeping. Contempt with most of us is a barren motive, leading to no sort of spirited activity, to nothing in the least recalling Dean Swift or a Hebrew prophet, but rather to little critical shudders and shrugs, mild horrors of one kind or another, the fidgets of the "higher plane," gooseflesh at vulgarities, delimitations of the proper thing, comments of British weekly magazines, handbooks of literary gentility, volumes in dispraise of ignorance by men who put their knowledge to a most fatiguing use. I wonder if an artist will ever "ride into power" on a wave of critical reform and if great folk really are great by advice of the little ones.

However that may be, I did not go to the play with any artistic expectations, and if I once begin to run away from commonplace there is no knowing when I may logically sit down again, for this same general level stretches around the

earth. To be sure I might be running in good company, scurrying along with critics, reformers, indignant dilettanti, "cultured" repudiators and self-improvers, all bent on showing the best of taste and as much as possible of their education, but the minds of fugitives are apt to run quite needlessly together into passwords of "Culture," touchstones of taste, rules of avoidance, rules of shabby gentility, in short into formulas of dissidence no whit more inspiring than the formulas of vulgar acceptance which I had thought, by running, to escape. Hence the same old sense of frequency would recur in flight.

And as to being vaccinated by "Culture" against philistinism, that is something that I will never undergo, for I have known dozens of minds worse afflicted by it after the treatment than before, besides being horribly disfigured throughout life by the pharisaics. Nor is there any virtue in those prophylactics against vulgarity compounded by critics in what may be termed the literature of sniffs; the critics themselves seem not to be cured of it. For vulgarity is a quality of the mind and not of its contents, and persists in the most exclusive circles and after courses of instruction the most prolonged—indeed often finds in the widening of knowledge only the more objects on which to wreak itself—and there seems no salvation except in being rightly born. That is why there is often so little to choose between a bad play and a volume of perfectly respectable criticism or *belles-lettres* or educational exhortation. In the lack of any native gift of understanding the ignorant and the widely read look wonderfully alike.

Strange illusion of the easily bored and the supercilious that they can by taking flight escape commonness and the noise of numbers; that dulness is atmospheric and not inside the head. The pleasures of the usual playhouse are all of our own devising, as they must be in any of the large, intellectually empty meeting-places and chattering-grounds where men gather their bodies for purposes merely gregarious—contiguity, unison, confirmation of rooted habits, iteration, conservation of moral heirlooms, totems, tribal images. It is a drowsy place, humming with familiar sentiments and intonations, like the talk of an old friend, no fit place for self-conscious irritable exceptions, but for averageness to take its ease in, no fit place for you, oh superior and restless intellect, and if you must be peering for a sign, like an augur among the sacred chickens, you will probably find by your prognosing nothing more hopeful than that the common thing being by nature admirably suited to the common man and the common man being the kind that breeds the fastest, there is small chance that the future will be chiefly concerned with what you now think truly remarkable. It lasts well, this vulgarity. It is indeed very ancient. A ghost from almost any century might feel at home. There is something in the play for a caveman and there are jokes not incompatible with a Chaldee. It would be hard to find a time or a country wherein a man born vulgar would get over it. The play is a compound of many primitive forms of leisure; it is the way the world stands still; and if at any time a man is disturbed by the obliteration of landmarks, by talk of growth, change, restless energy, marvels of locomotion, incubation, alteration, hydraulics, eugenics, aeronautics, dangers of violent thinking, new religions, new anarchies, intellectual over-exertions and a general blasting of the nerves; if for a moment the jargon of advancement makes him fear that society may perhaps hurry itself beyond his recognition, let him go to the usual play, inevitably a bad one, and see the path of commonplace running back to Babylon.

And when I am rebuked by caustic and intellectual persons, on the ground that the "existing popular drama is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains," I do not feel as repentant as perhaps I ought for the misspent time these past ten years. Ten years of playgoing are not so very unlike ten years of table-talk, ten years of politics, current literature, club life, journalism, teaching, card-playing, outdoor sports. There seem to be a good many occasions on which "cultivated people" do not "use their brains." Indeed it may be that a man's mind is stratified and that he lives in different eras at different hours of the day. Perhaps no man

is consistently modern all through the twenty-four. He may have the sensations of an ape-man when asleep, Eolithic emotions when half awake, remain in the Stone Age till he has had his bath and in the Bronze Age till after breakfast; then some hours of pragmatical unreasoning obedience to the "modern spirit" in the broad light of day, rehearsing civilised lessons, running with his kind and bragging of the pace no matter whither, building high on unknown premises, hiding busily from death; then down the nightly scale again, Renaissance, mediæval, ancient, archaic, Palæolithic and asleep. Some may be even slower in regaining modern consciousness. My own state, for instance, till after I have had my coffee might well be that of a troglodyte and at noon I have moments of possibly mediæval reversion. We are never at the top of our powers in a crowd, and it may be that at the playhouse we drop several centuries. Certainly the pleasure is not that of seeing men go forward or an art improve, and if that is the only pleasure of "cultivated people" their every day life must be far from amusing. But that is an absurd supposition, for "cultivated people" often succumb like others to social sedatives like the play, and even when partially awake they derive the keenest pleasure from the contrast between themselves and the sleepers.

The playhouse is as good a place to dream in as any other and the play as good a thing to wonder at, and after all a man's worst enemies are within—those twin fiends Use and Want, the devils of the advancing years, that beat the mind into insensibility. Blame should be more evenly divided between the foolish figures of the stage and the staling mind we see them with. Strangely repetitious heroes and heroines, held apart for three acts, united in the fourth, troops of identical bluff uncles and homogeneous mothers-in-law, harsh parents with hearts suddenly softened by stage mechanism, automata pulled by strings into temptation and away again, discomfited rascals, insipid ingénues, you have danced no more absurdly on the outer rim of things, been no more the slaves of little rules, than many of our most solemn opinions and several of our moral ideas and the topics of our conversation and the news of the day and the facts we have lost our way in, any time these last ten years.

NARRATIVE AND THE FAIRY TALES

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

V



SO Cinderella goes to the ball; and this second scene is emphasised point by point through contrast with the first. The light and gorgeousness and gaiety of it are set against the chill dinginess of the lonely kitchen: the sisters that were tyrants at home are wallflowers in the palace; and the drudge of an hour before queens it over all in the natural triumph of her beauty. But the interest is not allowed to lapse into mere contentment. Cinderella does more than enjoy herself and outshine her sisters: she captivates the Prince; and thereby a new thread is woven into the plot, to be knotted up later on. Like the Fairy Godmother, the Prince is artfully reserved until he is needed. It would have been easy, and quite in harmony with the tale, to have made him pause some morning before the cottage on his way to warfare or the hunt, and to have given Hero and Heroine a glimpse and a dream of each other, that she might have that stronger motive for wishing to go to the ball. Many a mod-

ern novelist would have jumped at such a device; and any modern playwright would have been constrained to it, in order to bring his leading man on the stage during the first act. But that, as we shall see, would have hurt the story later on; Cinderella has motive enough without it; and tradition is too wise an artist to waste its material. Meanwhile, the suspense of the Godmother's warning holds on under the fulfilment of the old interest and the awakening of the new. Cinderella has forgotten the flight of time, but the reader has not forgotten; nor is his anticipation disappointed. Her sudden flight at the first stroke of the hour, the return of her magic finery to its original forms, and her own return to rags and the chimney-corner, form a second climax in perfect opposition to the first. Here again is the same combination of truth with economy; for no imaginable arbitrary disaster would have had either the fitness or the poignancy of this. Why must the marvellous gifts be given only for a moment, to be snatched away upon a mere wanton condition? Yet that is just how things happen. And the reader is given again, not precisely what he has been made to wish for, but what he has been made to feel inevitable. Here also his interest is rearoused in the very article of its fulfilment; for Cinderella has lost her glass slipper upon the stair, and the Prince has treasured it in his breast.

The final episode is a reversal to the situation of the first; but it is a reversal with all the conditions intensified. Cinderella is thrust back among drudgeries after a tantalising taste of pleasure; she has not even the benefit of her triumph, for her sisters have not recognised her at the ball. Moreover, from desiring only ordinary enjoyment she has come to desire no less than a royal lover. And it is all more hopeless than at first, for the Fairy Godmother will certainly not interpose again. Miracles do not happen a second time, when one has flung the first away. It was at this point in her version of the fable that Charlotte Brontë, for all her genius, missed a trick: Jane Eyre should have been driven after her flight from Thornfield back under the power of the abominable Mrs. Read; and in this regard the traditional story is truer. There is no dwelling upon the pathos of the situation, for the old tales are too simple to psychologise and too normal to wallow in unhappiness. But the concrete facts are given, and the reader's sympathy with the Heroine trusted to carry his emotion into hers. Then all the threads are swiftly knotted into one conclusion: the Prince's herald appears, the sisters fit on the slipper in vain, and Cinderella comes fully and finally into her own. A moment before, we wished Cinderella to marry the Prince, and conclusively to triumph over her sisters: we were curious as to how this might be, and as to what became of the glass slipper; and now we are satisfied in everything, and the story is done. Here is the reason why the Prince must have known Cinderella only at the ball; for otherwise he could have had obvious means of recognising her. And here is the final reason for two sisters instead of one: that the closing scene may be heightened by the triple climax. The thin, acid sister tries on the slipper, and it does not fit; then it may fit the fat, ugly one, but it doesn't; and then . . . it does fit Cinderella. A German version of this scene permits the sisters (with Gothic propriety) to try on the slipper in private; each in desperation takes a knife and cuts her foot to fit it; but in each case the overflowing blood betrays the fraud. This is interesting in its symbolism, and in showing how fiercely some Teutonic story-teller felt the need of emphasising the catastrophe; but the consensus of tradition has rightly felt that it was off the key of the narrative. In *Bluebeard,* for instance, a like device would have been eagerly retained.

Looking now at the structure of the story as a whole, we have the reader's interest aroused at the outset through sympathy with a character; then by each succeeding episode satisfied in such a way as to be continued through the very means of its satisfaction; and finally satisfied altogether: while the interest is intensified throughout, both by strengthening the threads of motive and by their convergence: and the whole structure unified and brought to bear upon the underlying idea by the economical use of materials inherent in the situation. Specifically in this instance, the reader first wants

Cinderella to go to the ball; then she goes, but he is left wondering what will happen if she overstays her time; then she overstays it, and he finds out, but meanwhile he has been made anxious that she shall marry the Prince, and curious about the glass slipper; then by the ordeal of the slipper she is chosen to marry him, and her triumph over her sisters, which has been held in suspense from the beginning, is thereby complete. The structure is like the overlapping shingles of a roof, one motive after another being brought uppermost while the next is being brought forward from beneath to be made paramount in its turn. This is the whole secret of plot-making: the intricate organism of *Les Miserables* or *The Arabian Nights* exhibits no different principle, but only the same one carried out in greater complexity. The theory of it is all in Aristotle; and the practice of it is all in *Cinderella.*

VI

But although the art of arousing, sustaining, and satisfying interest is the same in all narrative, there are various kinds of interest to which a narrative may address itself. Thus the interest of *Cinderella* is throughout an interest of anticipation. The reader is nowhere in doubt as to the general nature of the next episode: he knows that Cinderella will get to the ball somehow, though at the cost of a miracle; he knows that she will overstay her warning; he knows that by means of the lost slipper the Prince will somehow find her out and marry her. And this is as true of the child with his mere instinctive story-sense as of the most sophisticated elder; for each episode is so handled as frankly to foreshadow the next. So that, knowing roughly what is to happen, he remains curious as to how it will happen: he wishes to realise what he has been made to anticipate. This is the interest of Tragedy, and of most high and serious fiction. We know from the first that Œdipus is doomed; but we wonder how he will be overthrown, and desire to behold his fall. Conversely, the interest of a story may be built up out of sheer suspense, as it is in *Bluebeard.* Here each event is so treated as to forebode excitement vaguely, or passionately to suggest alternative solutions, for one of which the reader has an eager preference. He never knows what will happen next, and he is more and more curious to know; but with the manner of its happening he is less concerned. Here again the character of the Heroine is beautifully adapted to induce in the reader precisely the kind of sympathy which is needed. Cinderella is a creature of vivid desire and delight, incurious amid wonders; but the Heroine of this tale of suspense is the very embodiment of reckless curiosity. It is a strong motive in her marriage to Bluebeard; for his very name has a certain dark suggestiveness; he is whispered of among the gossips; and he adds to his personal charm the sinister fascination of a Lothario. She must understand this man, even if she has to marry him to find out. Then comes the gift of the keys, the ransacking of the castle, and at last the dreadful opening of the blue chamber. And then, out of the horror of that revelation, the curiosity leaps upward to a wild suspense. Will the brothers arrive in time? There is no sense of confidence in a happy outcome, such as we felt in *Cinderella:* the whole tone and structure of the story leave us in doubt; and our hearts hang upon the desperate Heroine as she shrieks to Sister Anne at the window. This is perhaps the greatest single scene in all the fairy tales; and literature is full of familiar counterparts. Rebecca is chained to the stake with the fagots piled around her; the Preceptor sits in judgment, the brotherhood gather in ring upon ring of pitiless eyes, the challenger rides ready to do battle for her death . . . and then, just as the torch is kindled, the solitary trumpet, the rumble of approaching hoofs, and Wilfrid of Ivanhoe thunders into the lists. *The Pit and the Pendulum* is another famous example. But the interest of suspense, although continually valuable, tends rather to set below the highest a narrative wholly dependent upon it; for the reader's curiosity weakens at the second reading. You cannot enjoy *The Moonstone* quite so keenly after you know how it ends. A third interest to which a narrative may address

its appeal is the interest of surprise. Here the reader is led to expect one solution while another, totally unexpected, is being prepared under his very eyes. This method is the rarest and most difficult of all, since the unexpected event must be instantly felt as more logical and satisfying than the event which has been prefigured; and the difficulty is multiplied where the unexpected satisfies from point to point throughout the tale. This delicate art of misleading the reader without untruth and surprising him without regret is perfectly illustrated in *Beauty and the Beast*. Without pausing to analyze that most beautiful and touching of the fairy tales, it may be suggested how the Beast is made little by little more sympathetic while his physical repulsiveness is so emphasised that with the thought of Beauty's loving him comes a horror at the thought of their union; and then, at the supreme moment, he turns out to be an enchanted prince. I cannot call to mind any other illustration which is at once so artful and so great a story. The formula upon which all the novels of Stanley Weyman are constructed is superficially the same—the idea of a Hero originally repulsive to the Heroine whom she finally grows to love; but their interest is rather suspense than surprise. And the short stories of Maupassant and Bunner contain several skilful applications of the method to lesser themes—as for instance, *La Parure* and that delightful bit of comedy, *A Sisterly Scheme*. Of course no single interest is adhered to quite exclusively, even in these simple narratives: we are surprised at the Fairy Godmother, we anticipate Fatima's marriage to Bluebeard, and we are held in suspense just before the first appearance of the Beast; while in the complexity of a play or a novel all three interests are usually involved. Yet the chief appeal of the work, by which its general method is determined, is always definitely to some one of the three.

But whatever be the particular method of a story, the form and proportion of its plot remain essentially the same. There is first a period of exposition in which the reader is brought to understand sufficiently the initial situation and to sympathise with some character; then the action begins, rising from episode to episode gradually to a climax, then falling rapidly to a conclusion. Thus the opening of *Bluebeard* is really not narrative at all, but a short essay expounding so much of the chief persons and their relations to one another as is necessary to the understanding of what follows. The true action (as in most problem-novels) begins with the marriage; rises through the gift of the keys and the opening of the blue chamber; is caught up to a climax in the Sister Anne scene; and concludes with the rescue. In *Cinderella*, as befits a story of anticipation, the interest divides over a graded series of minor climaxes instead of concentrating intensely in one; and in the surprise-story of *Beauty and the Beast* climax and conclusion are fused together. Yet in these and in all cases one outline prevails. The exposition, as we have observed in *Cinderella*, is confined to the least possible material with which the reader can follow the story: in more elaborate narratives it is often incorporated with action at the start; and the tendency is always to bring climax and conclusion as close together as may be.

VII

Another observation of great importance is the shifting scale of Narrative. In Painting or Sculpture one scale is fixed throughout the composition: if an equestrian is carved larger than life, his horse must be larger in proportion, down to the very nails in its shoes; or if a tree is painted three feet high, the nymph beneath it must be measured in inches, and the size of every object determined by its distance from the foreground. Now the average scale of *Bluebeard* is about one to nine thousand: that is, the events of six months or so are told in half an hour. But certain points in the story, such as the Sister Anne scene, take nearly the same time to tell that they would to happen in actual life, whereas the whole time between the marriage and Bluebeard's departure is disposed of in a few sentences. The magical arraying of Cinderella for the ball, her whole sojourn there, and the trying on of the glass slipper, are narrated in about the same num-

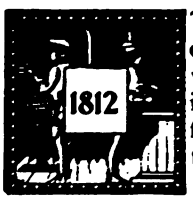
ber of words; but the first occupied only a minute or two, the second several hours, and the third perhaps a quarter of an hour. The nearest thing to this in any other art is that license of caricature by which the heads of the figures are drawn larger than the rest; but this is felt as a license, whereas the shifting scale of Narrative is a universal convention of the art; and the writer is free to shift it as he pleases from a full-length scene to a summary so compressed that it is hardly narrative at all. There is a certain obligation nevertheless upon his choice and arrangement of scenes. The climax of *Bluebeard* must be a scene, or its suspense is lost; so must Cinderella's preparation for the ball, or what follows will be obscure; and some conversation between Beauty and the Beast must be given at length, or the conclusion will be incredible. The courtship of Bluebeard and Fatima, on the other hand, would not only have needlessly delayed the story if given in detail, but would have been extremely difficult of realisation: in summary it appears at once more proportionate and more probable; and the practice of taking the weak points for granted instead of propping them with explanations is an excellent one to follow. The reader will swallow camels in his eagerness to get on with the story, where he would strain at a gnat that delayed him with apologies for its presence. Moreover, a comparison of the stories discloses a certain convention in the placing of scénes: always at the climax, most frequently at the start of the main action, less often at the conclusion or during the rise, and only occasionally at the beginning of the tale. And this holds good for all narratives whose length does not permit full detail at every point of interest. Very little critical attention has been paid to this principle of the shifting scale in Narrative: it is so obvious as to have failed of emphasis; yet there is no principle of story-telling more frequently and mischievously disregarded. More good stories have been dulled by unnecessary fulness or weakened by the summary of *scenes à faire* than perhaps by any single fault of construction.

Of course the traditional makers of the nursery tales were themselves comfortably unconscious of all these principles and devices. They had never in their lives heard of structure or symbolism or economy or any other critical abstraction; but they had that natural narrative sense to which they appeal in their readers, whereby they felt the fitness of this detail or the truth of that turn to the narrative, as a painter may by seeing and drawing truly depict the whole history of a mountain without being in the least a geologist. In either case, the critic must in demonstrating the qualities of the work apply an analysis unnecessary to either its making or its appreciation. Whether the artistry of these old stories was written or read into them does not matter: it is unquestionably there. Nor has the half of it been told: I have passed over the cutting down of the beanstalk, the character of Beauty's father, the ineradicable blood-stain upon the key of the blue chamber; the meaning of the sisters' failure to recognise Cinderella at the ball, that no woman is a heroine to her family; and the treasury of suggestion latent in the single detail of the glass slipper. I have left several of the best stories wholly out of the reckoning. Yet there remains one point of their unanimous consent which I should like to bring forward in closing, tentatively as before a recalcitrant audience. To one or the other of two great human instincts all story-telling must address itself: the pleasure of wonder, and the pleasure of assent. We enjoy, not as creatures of any race or age, but simply as human beings, the story which declares to us a truth that we have ignorantly worshipped and the story which reflects for us a truth that we already understand. In these last few days of scientific enthusiasm we tend strongly toward stories of the latter sort, setting our authors to the labour of the scientist, the observation and portrayal of facts. But the tendency of all the traditional stories is the other way: the old artists cling to their visions, and leave the younger ones to their dreaming of dreams. May there not possibly be something in this testimony of the fairy tales, that wonder is greater than assent, and that the knowledge of Realism is after all less deeply human than the wisdom of Romance?

THE MAN AT THE GUN

An Episode of the Russian Retreat

BY GEORGES D'ESPARBÈS



The retreat from Moscow. Disheartened bands were scattered over the icy plains. These bands filed on in silence, with their colours bowed, as if even their eagles mourned. Then the tracks through the snow were obliterated again. The last man had disappeared. No sound, no sign of life. Nothing but the stillness and the mortal cold.

But, little by little, other dark bands appeared from the same quarter, more conspicuous because less numerous, yet still more desperate. It was the extreme rear-guard, coming from Smolensk, who covered the retreat and saved the last heroes of their generation.

They passed, like shadows, with the barbarous and splendid trophies snatched from the walls of the Kremlin.

There, among this still proud soldiery, the officers could no longer be distinguished from the men. There were grenadiers dressed in all the splendour of a Byzantine emperor, and generals wrapped in sordid rags. But the eagles were still erect upon their staves.

They had just come from the battle of Krasnoë. It was evening. There were few guns left and no supplies. The vehicles were scattered. All the men were heart-sick, exhausted. So, since they could go no further, the main body of that rear-guard halted on the banks of the Dnieper and bivouacked.

Under a tent formed of many skins of the blue fox and attached to a Cossack lance, three men were emptying a helmet filled with a drink made of beet-roots. There were a little blond fellow, drummer in an infantry regiment, pale and shivering beneath his bear-skin; a grenadier dressed in China silks, and an old dragoon of the Guard, who looked like a prophet in the great damask folds of his pope's cassock, all glittering with precious stones.

They had just divided into three parts a small piece of horse-meat, when the roar of a cannon aroused their attention.

"Where are they firing?" cried the boy. "It is an hour since we heard that sound. Can it be the Cossacks?"

"That is a French gun," answered the old soldier, he of the precious stones. "I know their voice. They are grumbling down there by the river. Boom on, you brave guns! Without them we should not be dining. The Cossacks would be upon us."

Another shot reverberated long and loud through that immense extent of ice. The three men finished their meat. Then the grenadier, rubbing his hands on his China silks:

"Now that I have eaten and drunken as I used to do at the restaurant at Montluçon, I am going to sleep."

"That is hard to do," murmured the boy, his teeth chattering. "When one goes to sleep now, he can't be sure of waking."

Another thunder-clap.

"Good! Go to sleep," said the old guardsman, listening to the echo of the shot. "I am going to stretch my legs near the artillery. Honour to their stubborn hearts! I am going to give them a word of compliment."

He went off, and walked for a quarter of an hour, growing more and more astonished at not seeing a soul on the roads. No bivouac; no gunner. Nevertheless at intervals, monotonous, regular, equal, he heard the cannon's roar.

He was near the bank. He ran toward it. But in a moment he started back, disturbed, then stupefied, then fascinated.

"Oh!" murmured he, "if I know a daring devil, there is one!"

Instead of a complete battery, there was just one gun; behind the gun, just one artilleryman.

The old guardsman kneeled down beside a gun-carriage, to see the man better, to admire him longer.

The solitary gunner, in his shirt-

sleeves despite the intense cold, managed by himself the whole business of firing. Since he was working a piece of eight, he filled the place of thirteen comrades, two gunners, and twelve aids. The dragoon of the Guard saw him unhook his bucket, place it under the fuse of the pin and light the lance. Then the man placed himself between the pointing-levers and aimed the piece, ran to the breech to plug in the fire, then after firing, to load the piece once more. His movements were precise, automatic. He stooped and rose exactly as though he were at artillery practice. He seemed like a phantom, the soul of a dead gunner, escaped from his tomb and returning in the night to his gun. At that moment the moonlight fell on his head. It was covered with blood.

"And he is wounded, too! Ah! The poor fellow!" groaned the guardsman.

The bits of ice on his eyelashes melted slowly.

"La poule à ma tante! If the other fellows could see me now! What has got into me? I am crying——"

His gun loaded, the man struck the match and lit the fire. A blinding light whitened the plain of snow and the roar of the cannon rumbled through the infinite expanse. The old soldier of the Guard leaped up behind the man:

"Bon de sort! Comrade, what you're doing there is ghastly fine!"

The gunner turned his blood-stained face, which retained no trace of human features, save two eyes, clear, hard, ardent, full of melancholy fire. "I am doing my duty," said he. "I was taking a walk and saw this gun. The army is exhausted and the Cossacks know it. I am amusing myself by making them afraid."

"Instead of going on a spree like the rest of us, eating and drinking and even sleeping, you stay awake and work all by yourself?"

"You are mistaken; I have eaten."

The body of a horse lay near him, the side slit open. This he pointed out.

"Are you wounded, then?"

"No."

"But your face is all blood-stained?"

"Since I had no knife, I was compelled to use my teeth."

"Good!" grunted the old soldier. "A man as brave as you deserves to live. What is your regiment? You have no uniform. In your shirt-sleeves, I cannot tell where you belong."

"I am not of any regiment."

"Ah! Bah!" murmured the old dragoon, not understanding. "Would you make a jest of me? Tell me your number. It is for your own good."

"I am not a gunner," answered the man calmly.

"Impossible! You are joking! Well, well, if you are not a gunner, you know the business in a sort of fashion. Enlist among the gunners, my boy, you have a future before you."

The man was preparing to fire again. Attentive to his gun, he no longer regarded the old soldier.

"What are the stripes, if one is capable? I myself am only a brigadier, in spite of my sixty-two years, because I cannot read. But, brigadier of the Guard is something! Listen to what I say. I have friends, I place my influence at your service."

"Thank you," said the gunner.

His shadow glided rapidly. He was loading the gun.

"I shall speak to my lieutenant," continued the old man by his side. "He is the colonel's cousin; I am much mistaken if the colonel does not find an opportunity of speaking about you to the Emperor. You will not get the cross right away, of course, because you are too young; but perhaps you will be called brigadier, like me. Who knows?"

A grumbling interrupted him—the formidable voice of the gun. And almost at the same time another voice, kind and friendly, but terrible too, added:

"Thank you, comrade, but do not put yourself out. I have no need of stripes, since I have been Marshal of France for eight years."

In the moonlight, before the dazed grenadier, the chief of the rear-guard of the French army, the last gunner of the retreat, passed one shirt-sleeve across his face, and the soldier pale and trembling, recognised the "red lion"—the golden locks and the fiery eyes of Michel Ney.

THE MAGAZINE AGE LIMIT

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



BABY'S first laugh," so the gorgeous Barrie has imagined, "travels out over the world and breaks into a thousand little pieces—and each little piece turns into a fairy." In cruel paraphrase, the editor of one of the metropolitan magazines makes it: "A baby's first 'composition' travels out over the world with a thousand other similar 'pieces'—and each little 'piece' turns into a magazine story." "That is," he qualifies, "each 'piece' turns into a magazine story in the minds of the youngster's proud parents."

Of the sentimental phase of the issue nothing need be said, save to remark that here, in all truth, is the real—and perhaps only—"heart interest" story of the editorial office. In the transcript of youthful manuscript facts alone must the narrative rest. The letters and contributions must be relied upon to tell their own stories. The province of this preface permits only the suggestion that the magazines are receiving constantly the literary offerings of coddled offsprings, youngsters whose fathers and mothers regard a school-given "A" mark in English composition as an unmistakable token of slumbering or budding or even full-blossomed literary genius and who provide the sending stamps so that the magazines and reading public may benefit by the publication of little Mary's or little Willie's first great effort. The resultant blame, when the effort is returned, is laid by the parents upon the editor's short-sightedness and lack of appreciation. The editors, with pardonable perspicacity, are wont more usually to lay the initial blame on relatives and neighbours who are too free with flattery, be that flattery sincere or insincere. But, above everything, remember that the purpose of this particular paper is nothing more profound than to suggest that, no matter whether the magazines, editors, parents, relatives and neighbours are wrong, the fact remains that the contributions of the youngsters come as sunbeams through the grey sanctum windows and that each carries with it a smile-gift to some hard-working reader or editor. Many far more literary contributions fail to do as much!

Exhibit number one was handed the writer by the managing editor of one of the illustrated monthly publications:

MY DEAR MISTER EDITOR: I inclothes you a story ritten by me and it is called "the strike" because it discribes the strike that we had in our city last week. I hop you will print it becorse I wood lik to show it to my skule teecher who I love. I am ten yeers old and live in Chicago.

(Signed) LUCY ——.

The manuscript entitled "The Strike" read as follows:

A strike is what hapens when men are starved becorse of the meaness of the rich men and many wives, sisters and loved wons sufer pangs when a strike comes. Men are killed dooring a strike and, heavens, what woe risults! When men get to have more simpathy than men have got now their wont be any more strikes and then as my deer father alwys sais bisness wont be so dam bad. Piece on erth is what all of us want and pray for but their cant be piece as long as their are strikes. A strike brings sorow to all and joy to none. The moril is that to be happy we must never go on strike, starve tho we must on bred and the corse food of life. Pleese print this in your magizeen.

In place of the conventional slip of regret, the editor who received Lucy's contribution sent the little lady the following well-mannered if misspelled note:

MY DEER MISS LUCY: We hop someday to print a story of yours and are sorry we cant use this won. Tell your father we hop bisness will be better soon.

A boy of eleven whose home is in Cleveland, Ohio, several months ago submitted the following Arbor Day poem to one of the all-fiction magazines. The verses bore the title "The Giant Oak Tree."

Oh giant oak with hart of steal
Who stands on high up to the sky,
Who peers into the home of God
And gards the cows and bulls and veal.
We love you on this Arbor Day
And pay our homij to you—
But for one thing we mite compare
The maple tree unto you.
That one thing isnt akorns
Which no one can ever eat,
But maple sugar, dont you see,
For the maple tree's a treat.

Epic number two, entitled "The Fireman," arrived from a writing table, the locality of which is unknown to the present chronicler. According to the latter's informant, however, the poem was the work of a twelve-year-old. To quote from the editor's transcript:

The soldjer is a hero and so was Dewy
Each was a brave man and true,
The sailer is a hero and so was Dewy
Like all the other boys in blue.
But of all the heros, even Dewy,
None are heros half as much,
Not even generals or Dewy,
The brave fireman they cant touch.
The fireman puts out the fires
And climbs ladders and rescues ladies
And wares a fine unaform
And is grater than Dewy!

What the young poet had against Admiral Dewey, the editor was unable to learn. The opinions of the male parent may have had something to do with the case. The following article on "politicks," in a like manner, must have been inspired by the table talk of elders. The manuscript was from the pen of a young lady of eleven, residence Louisville.

Politicks is something that makes my uncel Alfred sore. My papa says that uncel Alfred dont know what he is talking about and my uncel Alfred says my papa dont know what he is talking about and my mamma says my uncel Alfred and my papa dont know what they are talking about and then I always have to leave the room. Politicks always makes people talk loud and mamma says it is very embarasing on a count of the servants. There is two kinds of politicks, republcan and democrats, but my uncel Alfred says there is only one. That always starts my darling papa going, but I dont see why because my papa also says there is only one. When they begin to talk about theze politicks, my mamma always says to them that it would be better if they payd more atenshion to there wives and that is all I know about politicks. I think they are awful.

A future novelist possibility recently sent this self-explanatory letter to the editor of one of the New York fiction magazines:

DERE SIR: I am sending you a plot for a seeryal novel and if you like it I wisht you wood let me rite it for you as I am thirteen years old and am a country boy who goze to a country skool and who nose lots about the country. I reed your magaseen evry month because we suskribe to it because we got a set of books free.

Respektfuly yours,
HENRY ——

The "plot for the seeryal novel" follows. The spelling has been edited in this case, as it was less amusing than the context.

Miss Rutherford is a country schoolteacher and is very beautiful and is beloved by her pupils and by James Varny, a rich farmer. She spurns his suit for three chapters because he is not handsome and because Miss Rutherford is not a grafter. In the fourth chapter I want Miss Rutherford to murder James for insulting her and William Tracy, a city lawyer who happens to be buying mortgages in the district prosecutes her for the deed. Tracy suddenly is afflicted with a passionate love for Miss Rutherford in the fifth chapter and she is about to wed him when the police interfere. In the name of the law they arrest Tracy for receiving stolen goods and in the last chapter the ghost of the dead farmer haunts the beautiful teacher so that she is about to commit suicide when she is saved by one of her pupils named Henry (!) who marries her and, if you want some more chapters, I will describe the twins they will have.

Not all the youngsters with literary ambitions, however, are poets, essayists and novelists. Any number of them are short-story writers. The following document may be placed in the files as the work of a little miss of twelve. The manuscript was received eight or nine months ago at one of the fiction magazine offices and a transcript was kept. Correcting the spelling:

A LOVE STORY

From the time they was born, Jack and Mary was lovers. But they never told each other. So Jack fell in love with Jessie, who lived next door, and Mary fell in love with William, who lived across the street. When the war broke out, the two men went to it and Jessie died of grief. William came back when the peace was declared and said Mary marry me because your childhood lover Jack was shot in the last battle. Mary cried and said very well I will marry you, but if Jack does return I will also marry him. Mary married the deceitful William for by this time Jack had not been killed and had become a general. And when he came back, he shot William and took Mary into his strong, manly arms and they lived very, very, very happy until Mary's pet dog died, when she died too because of her sorrow. Jack never married again, because he loved Mary with all his heart and because he also loved her pet dog which's name was Abraham Lincoln.

Short story number two, not less interesting than the first, was handed to the present writer by the editor of one of the metropolitan general periodicals. It was from the quill of a bloodthirsty lad of fourteen and the envelope that carried it bore the postmark of Philadelphia. The story was entitled "The Sleuth's Desperate Revenge" and revealed a wide acquaintanceship on the part of the author with such eminent works of literary art as "Two-Toothed Tobias, the Terrific Terror of the Tucson Tenderloin" and "Dynamite Delmore, the Daring Destroyer of the Deathless Demon of Detroit." The story, with editorial corrections:

It was a stormy night in the Gulch when James Jepson set about his dastardly act! He planned to strangle our hero Jack Primrose in his bed and secured a rope to help him!! In his deed he was aided by Half-Breed, a cowardly Indian, who would hold our hero while the villainous Jepson wrung the life's blood from his brave body! Jack learned of the plot, however, and began to think up a way to foil the brace of villains!! At last, after much thinking, he decided upon his little scheme! Suddenly Jack heard a movement at the door! His breath came quick!! He listened!!! Click, click, click! Some one was tampering with the knob!! Jack lay very still!!! Click, click again! The door opened and in the moonlight Jack, our brave hero, could see the deep-dyed villains enter!! They crept up to his bed and were just about to leap on the unsuspecting hero when he jumped out of bed and took the villains by surprise and hurled them out of the window into the bottomless ravine, where they perished from cold and starvation!! Then Jack Primrose, freed from his enemies forever, married his sweetheart who had been imprisoned in a cave nearby by the rascally Jepson and went East!

Although it may not be entirely relevant here, a quotation of the editor's reply to the author of the above may be of interest. (Every once in a while a good-natured, fun-loving editor, having a bit of spare time on his hands, will amuse himself in the dictation of a letter to some contributor below the magazine age limit.) The letter:

MY DEAR ——: Your story, "The Sleuth's Desperate Revenge," has been read with deep interest. We regret, however, that it is too brief for our purposes. If you will permit the criticism, may we seek to advise you, in rewriting the story, to explain who, what and why the "Sleuth" of the title is and in just what manner the villains succeeded in landing on their feet at the foot of the bottomless abyss? Otherwise, the story is perfectly clear to the reader.

One of the magazines of outdoor life some time ago received the following contribution (spelling corrected) from a boy of twelve. It was entitled "The Secrets of Hunting."

To be a great hunter a man must wear a disguise, so that the people in the stagecoach that he holds up wont recognise him. He must also carry a pistol. Other kinds of hunting consist of bear hunting, deer hunting, lion hunting and my big brother says also collar-button hunting. Hunting is a fine sport and is better than playing Indian but I don't think it is better than baseball. Great men are all great hunters, my father says. I asked my father what they hunted and he laughed. He told me what they hunted but he didn't say anything about animals. He said they hunted jobs and offices but I think my father was joking. I haven't hunted bears and lions yet, but when I grow up and get as big as my brother Aldrich I am going to buy a gun and shoot game. Goodbye.

A periodical devoted to women and women's pursuits, according to one of its

"readers," not long ago received an essay on "Clothes" from a little girl out West. To quote, in part, from a transcript made of the contribution.

Cloze is a bother becauz you cant run in them, but they make you very bootifull and so ladies ware them and so does our cook on Sundays. Cloze is expensiv and hats is expensiv and shooze is expensiv and cost more than papa's soots and make him complane. But I lov cloze espeshly bloo ribbuns and white stokings. When I am a lady I am goin to ware silk dresses becauz then the boyz will lov me and marri me.

The present writer has selected the above quoted youthful contributions from among a considerably larger number that he has encountered from time to time during the last few years. They are by no means the best of their respective species, but it is believed that they are, in general, more clearly typical of their classes than the obviously parent-helped manuscripts.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Down in Injianny (ez you may 'uv heard before),
The sweet, ol'-fashioned roses grow about the cottage door
An' hummin'-birds go dartin' roun' the swayin' hollyhawks,
An' daisies edge the gardin paths where Armazindy walks.
The little boys plays hooky, an' they takes their fishin'-pole,
Or you kin hear 'em splashin' in the riffled swimmin' hole,
An' other things is happenin' what you mustn't write about,
Or the Publishers 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Wunst there wuz a little boy what didn't mean no harm,
But lived in Hancock County near a watermelon farm;
He might 'a' been a lawyer, but wuz skeered o' bein' rich,
So took to paintin' signs an' things an' actorin' an' sich,
An' singin' songs with chirp o' bird an' plash o' summer rain,
With here a tender, homely tale an' there a quaint refrain.
But don't *you* go a-makin' rhymes that folks can't do without,
Or the Publishers 'll git you

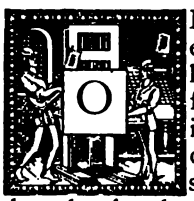
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

There's lots o' fellers pennin' odes which somehow don't connect,
Becuz they think the major p'int is Hoosier dialect.
Now dialect *is* handy ez a means o' savin' time—
It often helps a lazy bard that's lookin' fer a rhyme;
But poetry is poetry, no matter what the tongue—
The lovin' thought, the lyric word appeals to old an' young;
An' ef you got the hang uv it there isn't any doubt,
That the Publishers 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

PEN AND PENCIL

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE



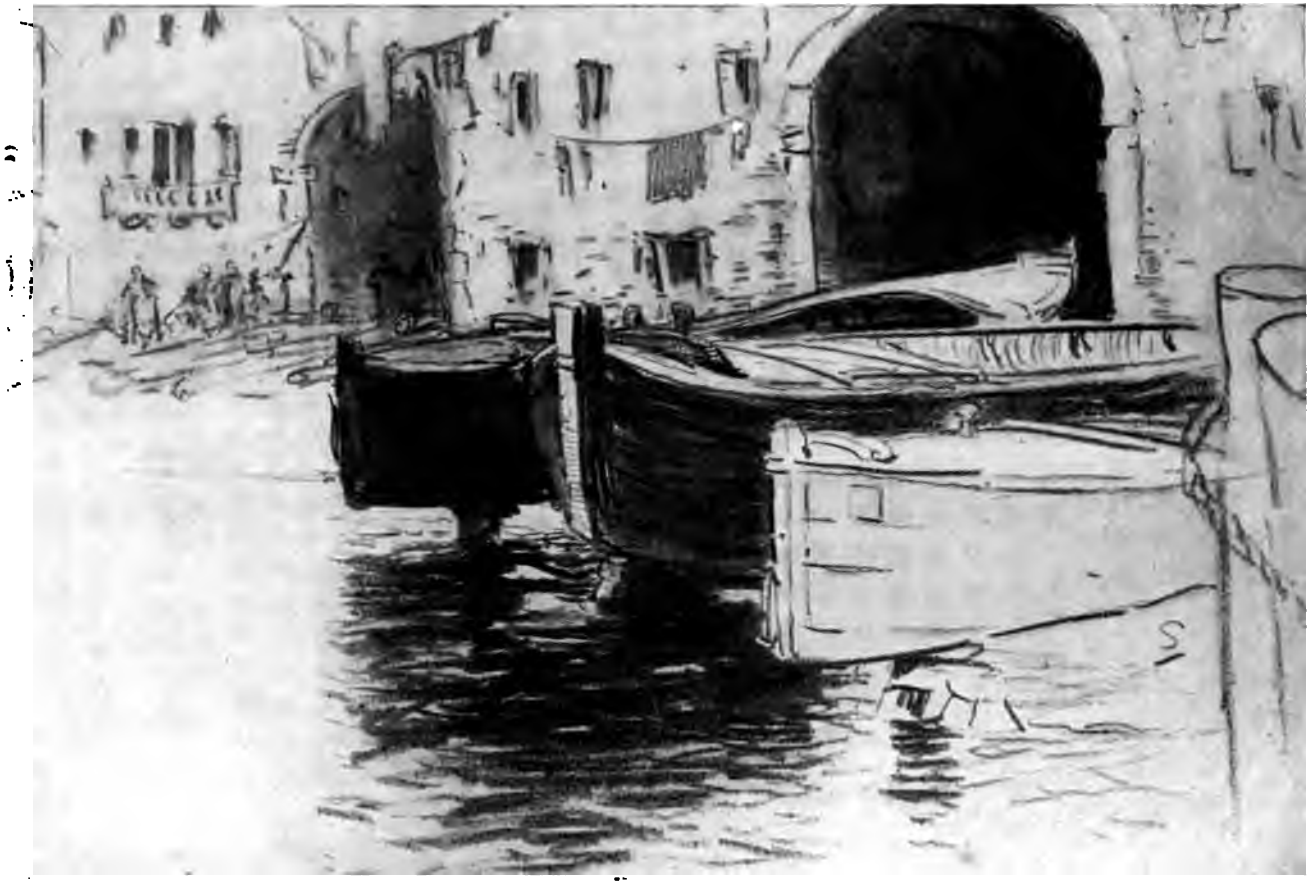
NE day in the early eighties a Boston publishing firm received a full portfolio of drawings from an artist, accompanied by the naïve statement that the sender thought that here might be material for a book. The publishers replied that the drawings would undoubtedly make excellent illustrations, but what was absolutely essential before they could undertake publication was a certain amount of text. Could he not see his way to provide it? In response the artist explained that he was in reality a civil engineer and contractor, that he built lighthouses and sea walls for his livelihood and sketched in water colour and charcoal as an avocation. Also he was an extremely busy man; it had never entered his head to try to become an author; in fact, he had never tried his hand at writing at all. However, he would make the attempt. So he struck off hurriedly some verbal sketches of a trip through Spain, Holland and Italy to accompany the painted ones, and sent them on to Boston. If they were acceptable, he explained, well and good; if not, he would take it as a sign that he was not intended for an author. The text was weighed and found not wanting, and when published with the illustrations constituted *Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy Travelled by a Painter in Search of the Picturesque*—the painter in question being F. Hopkinson Smith, who in his more prosaic occupations as engineer and contractor had been known as Francis H. Smith.

Now this is a case of an author who probably would never have become an author had he not first been an artist. The Pencil paved the way for the Pen. Not only did his sketches furnish inspiration for *Well-Worn Roads,* but for some of the succeeding volumes—for example, *A White Umbrella in Mexico* and *Gondola Days.* It was not until later that with *Colonel Carter of Cartersville, Caleb West, The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* and *Peter* that the writer developed into a novelist. With the passing years the list of books by F. Hopkinson Smith has become a long one; and while he is a man of many activities—an engineer distinguished in his profession for the construction of sea walls and lighthouses and the foundation for the Statue of Liberty—while his pictures hang in many galleries and have won prizes in many exhibitions, yet, after all, it is as an author that he is most widely known and will probably be best remembered.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

In the case of another widely read maker of fiction the process was not so much one of development as it was of change. Probably most persons have forgotten that Robert W. Chambers began his career as a draughtsman and a painter, and had at the beginning very little idea of becoming a writer. He studied art in New York, later in Julien's Academy at Paris, and in 1889 first exhibited one of his paintings in the Paris Salon. He also contributed illustrations to *Life, Truth* and *Vogue;* and in this latter connection there is a curious story to the effect that when Mr. Chambers and Charles Dana Gibson were art students together in New York, a little friendly rivalry induced them to send drawings to *Life.* The illustration by the future creator of the "Gibson Girl" was sent back to him, probably with the conventional slip, while that by the future author of *The Fighting Chance* was promptly accepted.

It was not until he had made serious progress in his career as an illustrator that Mr. Chambers's first books, *In the Quarter* and *The King in Yellow,* appeared. But once he turned from art to literature, he left all thoughts of the former profession definitely behind. Although now regarded exclusively as a novelist, his early training as draughtsman and painter has left an unmistakable impress on all that he does. His habit



THE ONE THAT WHISTLER ETCHED. FROM A DRAWING BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

of visualising scenes and objects is clearly shown by his delicate descriptions; and it is due to those early years that he has an ineradicable habit of making sketches all over his manuscript of various places and incidents in his story. These are not mere scribblings, but carefully finished little drawings, sometimes occupying many minutes, while the other half of his mind is busy elaborating his theme.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

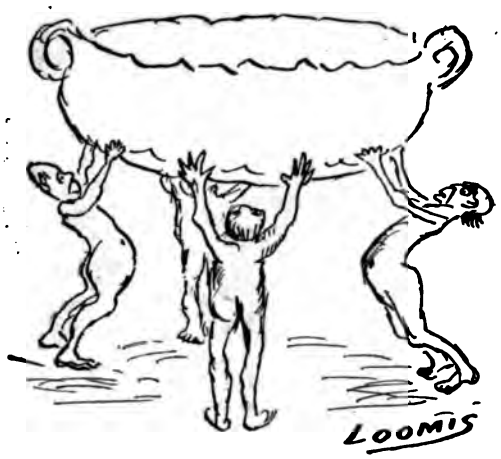
Back in the days when Booth Tarkington was an undergraduate at Princeton, he was building fine day dreams of future literary eminence. Considerable embryonic literary matter was passed about between "Tark" and some of his classmates who had similar aspirations. Dozens of stories about the office jokes of the Princeton *Tiger,* and the plots devised for the discomfiture of its rivals,



THE FINAL SCENE OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." THIS SKETCH WAS MADE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AFTER THE STORY (WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY SOLD IN THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS) HAD MET WITH REPEATED REJECTIONS. THE AUTHOR THOUGHT THAT IF HE THREW IN TWO ILLUSTRATIONS SOME EDITOR MIGHT BE INDUCED TO PRINT THE TALE



THE DRAWING OUT OF WHICH GREW "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." IT WAS MADE WHEN BOOTH TARKINGTON WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT PRINCETON



DESIGN FOR A LOVING CUP. DRAWN BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

the Yale *Record* and the Harvard *Lampoon*—in most of which Tarkington was an arch conspirator—are retailed to this day. Mr. Tarkington had a decided gift for sketching, and usually drawings accompanied what he wrote. One day he began work on a picture which showed several powdered gentlemen in knee breeches, and ladies in brocaded petticoats, a scene of eighteenth-century England. The picture, which is here reproduced, haunted him. From it there grew in time a story. For from thinking about it and brooding about it the author gradually wove around the drawing the tale of *Monsieur Beaucaire.* When written, however, the little novel started upon a long and tortuous road of preliminary failure, and so frequent and discouraging were the rejections that at last the author was moved to draw a second picture. This was a pencil sketch of the final scene in the story, when Beaucaire emerges from humility, and appears as a Prince of the Blood, and cousin to "His Most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth of France."

"I thought, perhaps," says Mr. Tarkington, "that perhaps somebody might be induced to print it if two illustrations were thrown in. Luckily I didn't send them with the manuscript, however, as Mr. McClure has considerable taste, and I can't imagine him reading anything the writer of which had done anything like them."

In later years there has been no need of resorting to the adventitious aid of pictures in order to secure a hearing, but his artist's instinct crops out in the graphic little sketches with which his personal correspondence abounds. It is said, too, that in making the scenario of some of his stories, for example, *The Two Vanrevels,* drawings have frequently taken the place of words in visualising scenes and characters.



FRENCH TYPES RECOLLECTED. DRAWN BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Charles Battell Loomis

An author who has wielded both Pen and Pencil in a less serious manner than any of the foregoing is Charles Battell Loomis, who studied drawing at the Brooklyn Institute at about the time Gibson, Wenzell, Remington and Peter Newell were beginning their careers. Mr. Loomis thinks that all these men owe him a debt of gratitude for having so quickly dropped out of the race. In his younger days he used to give an illustrated lecture on "Unnatural History," with cartoons of his own construction and colouring. Also, under an assumed name, he appeared upon the vaudeville stage in a series of musical chalk talks. As the artist entered the orchestra would strike up "The Watch on the Rhine," while in strict time to the music, the bits of chalk clicking the rhythm of the air, the portrait of a rotund German would rapidly appear. The stirring strains of the "Marseillaise" accompanied the picture of a dashing boulevardier. And so on, until "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Uncle Sam, patriotically resplendent in red, white and blue ended the performance. Mr. Loomis finally adopted writing as his profession, but the author of *Cheerful Americans* retains his skill as a cartoonist.

George Barr McCutcheon

Some of our American authors have shown in early years a talent for drawing which they have never taken the pains to develop. George Barr McCutcheon was very fond of sketching as a boy, and later gave it up, but not before he had done something to earn the gratitude of the American public. He had a young brother who also found a fascination in a sheet of paper and a pencil, but who, according to Mr. McCutcheon, never could produce anything that "looked like anything." The elder brother took him in hand, implanted some ideas and let him go. In the minds of many people the youngster thus trained, John T. McCutcheon, is the best American cartoonist to-day. And while George Barr McCutcheon exchanged the pencil for the pen, thus preventing serious fraternal rivalry, his interest in art has taken the form of collecting pictures. His collection of modern Dutch and French paintings is extensive and valuable.

O. Henry

O. Henry, in his early days, supplied cartoons as well as text of a humorous nature to the Houston *Post*. His written effusions, however, so far excelled the others that he had no hesitation after a short time in confining himself to literature. There is extant a letter of his in which, with remarkably skilful characterisation, he depicts three persons, each of whom might be the one denoted by the letter O in his name, O. Henry.



A SKETCH OF AUSTIN STRONG, THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOY MAKER OF NUREMBERG" AND OTHER PLAYS, AND STEP-GRANDSON OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. DRAWN BY OWEN JOHNSON

J. A. MITCHELL

John Ames Mitchell, the founder and editor of *Life,* studied architecture, but began his career as an artist. Nowadays he buys the pictures of other artists, and is besides a constant source of appreciation, friendly criticism and help to those who come in contact with him. But Mr. Mitchell is well-known as the author of *Amos Judd, The Pines of Lory,* and other books, and in connection with his writing he still practises the art of an illustrator. The accompanying picture by him is one of four which are to illustrate his forthcoming novel, *Pandora's Box.*

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

At the age when children begin to make mud pies, Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, author of *Miss Selina Lue,* was introduced to a mud-puddle and forthwith proceeded to make, instead of the traditional pies, a flight of little clay birds. They were so remarkably birdlike to come from the hands of a youthful sculptor that an admiring uncle stole them from the fence where they had been placed to dry, and proudly exhibited them in the court where he was the presiding judge. Is it strange that after such an exhibition of youthful ability Miss Daviess in due time went to Paris to study art? The little clay birds were true prophets of her talent, for she had one of her pictures in the Paris Salon nearly every year she was in Europe. Her literary career began some time later, for it was not until she had returned to this country and established herself as a painter of miniatures that



DRAWING BY JOHN AMES MITCHELL

she learned her ability to write novels.

Burgess and Irwin

There are three authors of the extravagantly humorous and the burlesque, all of whom are clever and original illustrators. The *Goops* and *More Goops*, of Gelett Burgess, and *Cupid's Almanac*, of Oliver Herford, would lose half their effectiveness, were it not for the characteristic illustrations which the trained hands of the authors have supplied. For both were artists before they began to write, Mr. Burgess having studied draughtsmanship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and taught it at the University of California; while Mr. Herford was educated in art schools in London and Paris. Wallace Irwin less frequently than the other two illustrates his own work, but the spirited drawings he made for his *Book of Spice* show how well he can do so.

A. B. Paine

Albert Bigelow Paine, author of *The Van Dwellers*, *The Bread Line*, and many other books, and the literary executor of Mark Twain, is an extremely clever caricaturist. Irving Bacheller, of *Eben Holden* fame, can dash off a sketch with plenty of life in it, as is indicated by the accompanying design for the poster of *Keeping up with Lizzie*, his latest novel.



THE BOY JOSEPH. MINIATURE BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS



HOLLANDISH MOTHER. MINIATURE BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Hickey's Historian

Owen Johnson also is exceedingly clever with his pencil. With equal facility the creator of the *Prodigious Hickey*, *Finnegan*, the *Gutter Pup* and the *Tennessee Shad*, can turn out a good sketch or a striking caricature. The accompanying portrait of Mr. Austin Strong, for example, is a striking likeness. Mr. Johnson's drawings and suggestions have been of vast assistance to the illustrators of that series of schoolboy yarns which, as some one has expressed it, "put Lawrenceville on the map."

Lafcadio Hearn

There are several authors of works of a more serious nature, whose drawings appear as illustrations in their own books. The late Lafcadio Hearn dabbled in art, and his last book, *Japanese Letters*, contains a number of his pictures. Ernest Thompson Seton is no better known for *Wild Animals I have Known* and *The Biography of a Grizzly* than for his work as an animal painter. He has illustrated many books about birds and animals, and furnished a majority of the pictures of animal life for the *Century Dictionary*.

John Muir, the naturalist, is extremely gifted with his pencil, and his latest book, *My First Summer in the Sierras*, contains a number of his pictures.

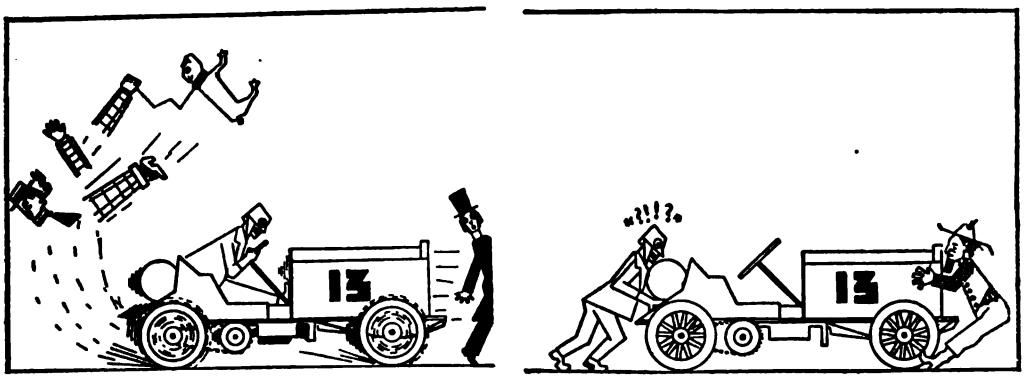
George Gibbs

George Gibbs, author of *The Bolted Door*, as author and artist has made a curious experiment and came to an interesting conclusion. After he wrote his novel he illustrated it as if it were the work of some one else, and he had been ordered to provide the drawings. Taking the trained illustrator's idea from a situation, he proceeded to work it out, and strange to say the picture that he drew was never exactly the picture that he had in mind when he wrote the story. Wherefore, if the same man cannot write and illustrate a novel without some diversity of result, it is not to be wondered at that author and illustrator are often at cross-purposes and confusion and dissatisfaction follow.

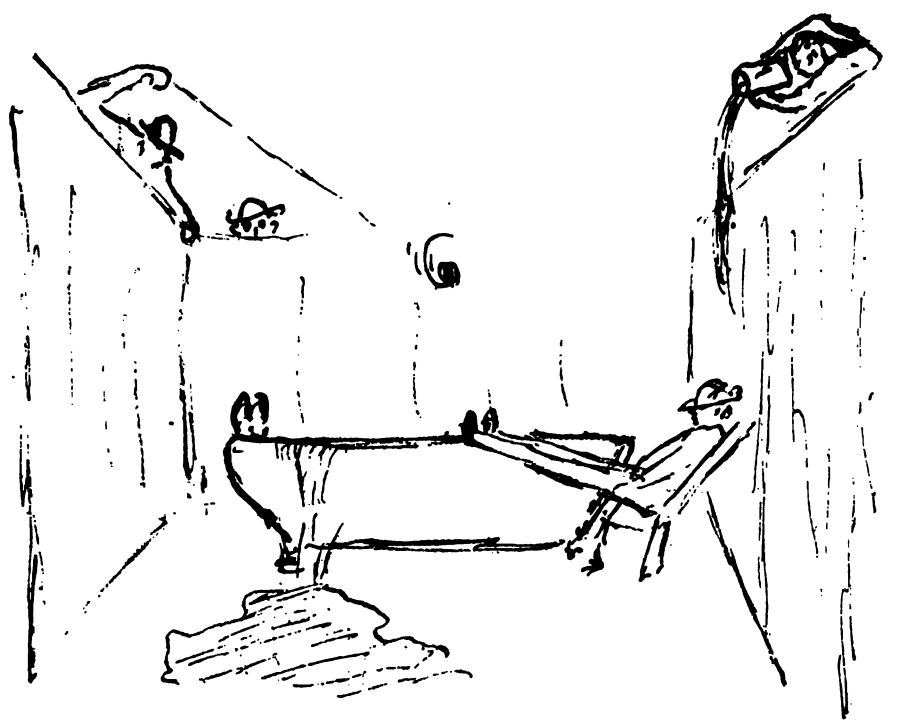
Much has been written about the relationship, and the lack of relationship, between the author's craft and that of the artist, which need not be gone into here. But there is a phase of the matter which does not seem to have been discussed before. A great many authors are good draughtsmen or painters; and fully as



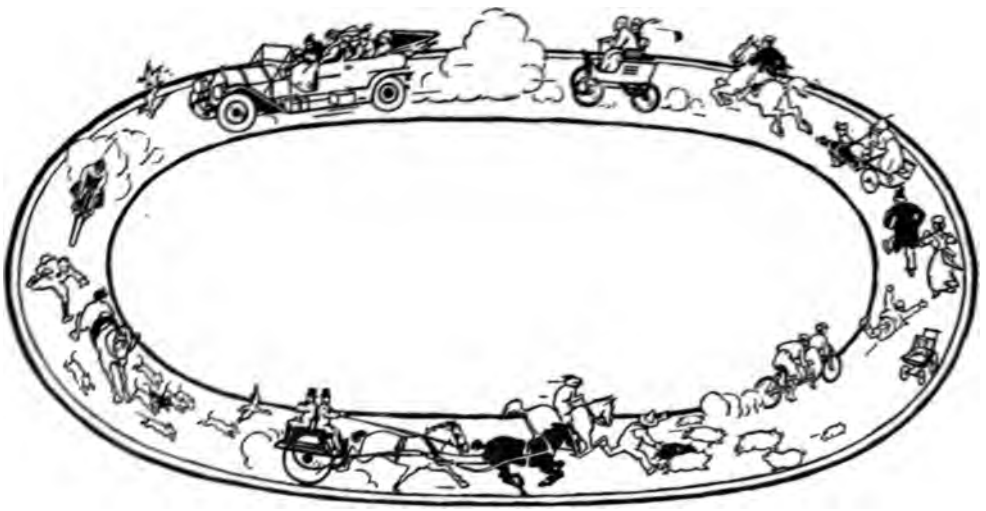
DRAWING BY GEORGE GIBBS



A DRAWING MADE BY WALLACE IRWIN FOR "THE BOOK OF SPICE"



THE COMPULSORY BATH. A SKETCH DEPICTING A PHASE OF LIFE AT THE LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL. DRAWN BY OWEN JOHNSON, THE AUTHOR OF "THE VARMINT," "THE PRODIGIOUS HICKEY," "THE HUMMING BIRD" AND "THE TENNESSEE SHAD"



DESIGN MADE BY IRVING BACHELLER FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE"

many artists write books, and write them well. But while there are numerous instances of artists who deserted their art in order to become writers, has any one ever heard of an author who gave up his occupation in order to paint pictures?



A CARICATURE OF ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE BY HIMSELF

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

VII—Strange Stories of the White House



NYTHING dat suits de President, praise de Lawd, is good 'nuff fo' me!" was the daily ejaculation of Jerry Smith, wielder of the White House duster, as he merrily pursued his enemy dust in every nook and cranny of the mansion; and if you ever dared do such a thing as criticise the President's actions, political or purely personal, when Jerry was around, you'd be apt to learn that loyal Jerry could make dust fly in more than one way.

But there came a day when Jerry went about his work saddened, omitting the usual loyal expression; though he really gave utterance to no disloyal one. If you happened to ask Jerry why the terrible gloom that enveloped his tall, well-knit figure, topped off by a black cap which he wore with the dignified mien of a noble Turk, he would tell you all about it, provided he believed you were worthy of his confidence and were of spiritualistic tendencies. For Jerry was a spiritualist, and by day or night held converse with the good and the great, whom he had known from the day when he entered the White House to become general man servant in President Grant's household.

The average person with any imagination and a grain of romance in his or her composition "sees things" when wandering through that historic mansion, dreaming of the men and women who passed within its doors, and out again, and recalling old stories of events which have taken place there. So it was no wonder that Jerry, who, according to his statement, "I'se a Methodist—an' one ob de desperest good singers dey got—but I's a born spirit'list," saw and heard many things within those old walls, until the fatal change came. That was when President Roosevelt came in the doors of the White House, with his big, boisterous family. But it was not the children who broke Jerry's spell. It was the fact that the White House was remodelled and enlarged. Jerry had many comrades in his woe, did he but know it; "white folks," who have a sentiment against altering historic edifices, unless to insure them from destruction.

Jerry's first experience with White House spirits, he related, was when he saw President Lincoln going up the stairs leading to his office. Jerry declares that Mr. Lincoln looked at him "real serious like," and then passed on, leaving him bewildered, but not afraid—there was something so sad and gentle about the spirit's face that not even a child would have been afraid, emphasised Jerry. Hundreds of times thereafter Jerry encountered President Lincoln; saluted him with his right hand, his duster in his left, and watched him fade out of sight. When General Grant died, Jerry saw him, too. But he declares that he talked with his old master, and whenever he wanted any advice he asked it of Grant's spirit, who always answered in the same friendly way that the actual Grant had in talking to genial Jerry. And then came President McKinley, whom Jerry dearly loved. He used to walk about the mansion and the grounds, Jerry following, and trying to get him to communicate; but the sweet, grave lips could only make "a buzzing sound."

As Jerry gleaned information about dead and gone tenants of the White House, he added to his acquaintances in spiritland. He was exceedingly happy in this large and interesting circle until the architectural changes were made in the White House; and then, he vows, the majority of the spirits forsook the place; while a few came to wander about sorrowfully, regarding with disapproval the desecration which had taken place within

the walls and the grounds. Among the throng were those who loved to stroll through the old conservatory; for, how vividly they came back when the conservatory was destroyed! And as for the ladies whose portraits used to hang upon its walls in the splendid East Room and the state parlours, who could blame them for not coming again after their portraits were sent below, to hang in what was the old basement—a place which they seldom, if ever, entered. Spirits have deep human feelings, Jerry would tell you.

THE BRITISH IN WASHINGTON

It is doubtful if any woman familiar with the lives of the Mistresses of the White House ever entered the East Room without recalling visions—sordid ones of the time when its first mistress, Abigail Adams, had the laundry dried in the big room. Many momentous events have transpired there—the social history of the mansion is replete with them and official history has written them down, from weddings of White House daughters to weddings and funerals of Presidents; but standing out sharply from stories of these are two which women love to tell—of the time when Mrs. Abigail Adams hung her wash in the place, and the time when dear Mistress Dolly Madison, aided by some gentleman there at the time, had the full-length painting of Washington taken down from the East Room wall and secreted where the invading British could not burn it, as they were then engaged in burning everything which was of value in the infant Capitol. Time brings many changes in sentiment, as in other things, and descendants of some of the men who pillaged the struggling capital, when visiting the White House, looking on this splendid portrait of Washington, by Stuart, declare themselves glad that a brave woman's wit saved it for the world of art; though patriotism was her only motive.

The story has been told that a banquet was in preparation at the White House on that August day, 1814, when the British, after the battle of Gladensburg, Maryland—a few miles northeast of the city—entered Washington; and that President and Mrs. Madison and all the official household fled to Virginia, leaving a good dinner for the coming of the invaders. One of the British present has vouched for this story in his reminiscences, but it has been denied by some of the White House coaches of that day. Some are inclined to believe that it was just one of Mistress Dolly's ordinary meals that they enjoyed; for it has been said by some delicate gentleman who thought Mistress Madison too buxom in appearance and taste, that "her dinners were more like harvest suppers for hard working men than repasts for ladies and gentlemen." It was a social sin which thousands forgave generous Mistress Madison, and even her spirit—could it return—would have fainted at sight of invited crowds turned away thirsty and unrefreshed, even by a glass of lemonade, in some subsequent administrations.

FEASTS OF THE PAST

An old lady who used to move in Washington society in administrations stretching from Polk's to Lincoln's said to the writer, several years ago: "I never eat ice cream but I don't think of Mistress Dolly Madison. My mother told me that the first time ice cream appeared in Washington was when Dolly Madison was in the White House. She gave a garden party and introduced the ice cream to the guests. The ladies took to it quite naturally; not so the gentlemen. Some of them put it in the sun to get warm, and those who forsook the punch bowl and the mint julep jugs for the novelty returned to their first favourites with extra ardour. Some gentleman even took whiskey straight. I believe they complained of colic!"

"And," she went on, "speaking about colic, reminds me that President Zachary Taylor came to his end through colic, or to be more correct, cholera morbus. I remember the occasion well, for I was present at the dedication of the Washington Monument, which took place July 4, 1850, and it was there that President Taylor, who attended, drank so copiously of ice water. The day was fearfully hot—you know how blazing hot it can be down on the Monument Grounds? Well, do you know that old warrior didn't have any better judgment than to drink all that iced water—pump water would not have

hurt him—and, after going through the heat to the White House, made a lunch of iced milk and cherries! He was shortly afterward attacked with cholera morbus, which took the form of typhoid fever later, and in five days he was dead. When it became known that our President had cholera morbus many of our citizens sent home and other remedies to the White House, but none was used; so his death could not be attributed to too much physic. But among the cures was one which a man said he was going to patent, and claimed that it was a sure cure. Of course they would not use that, either. But the strange thing about it is that very soon after that remedy became popular and even reputable physicians used it for colic and kindred complaints. I often heard people say that perhaps if it had been tried for President Taylor he might have recovered."

THE WHITE HOUSE CHILDREN

But the White House has always been the dumping ground for all sorts of gifts, from patent medicines to pianos; prize county fair quilts to prize Alderney cows, and though some of these are accepted with thanks, the majority are returned or consigned to the store room. It is amazing how many hundreds of persons like to get in touch with the great by sending gifts when they would be better employed in sending them to persons who need them a great deal more than the incumbents of the White House. Especially is this true at Christmas, if there be children in the White House. Any sensible person might reflect that the children of the White House would have sufficient remembrances from personal friends, without accepting them from entire strangers; and that the latter would not lack for appreciative recipients if they would go into the alleys, the tenements, or out in the country, where the children seldom see a store toy.

The children of the White House are scarcely different from other children, in the respect that the more they get the more they want—and their parents have not encouraged in the least gifts from strangers. The Roosevelt children were favoured as no other set of White House children in the amount and variety of the gifts sent them, from ponies to pistols—two things which the boys thought went nicely together; but, despite the plethora of amusements, they yearned for others, as was testified when two of the lads went fishing in the White House fountains containing "the sacred gold fish." It was also reported that when on the President's yacht on a cruise down the Potomac, one of the youngsters tried to whittle the mahogany furnishings, and that an irate member of the crew applied drastic punishment without any more ado than if "walloping a Swamppoodle kid." But there is no record of a court-martial, and no doubt, if it was done, it met the approval of the President.

Far different was this from what happened when Editor Russell Jarvis, of the Washington *Telegraph*, slapped John Adams, son of John Quincy Adams, when the Adams-Jackson party bitterness was at its bitterest, about 1825. Jarvis, who was for Jackson, said some pretty severe things about the administration of Adams; but he was not barred from attending the public levees—which he did. He had with him his wife and some relatives from Boston, and was courteously received by Mrs. Catherine Louise Adams, who was one of the most perfectly bred women that ever came to the White House. All would have gone well, did not young Adams loudly remark, when asked by a bystander who Jarvis's wife was—

"That is the wife of one Russell Jarvis; and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here."

A day later, Jarvis wrote for an apology. It was declined, and a week later, when Adams went to deliver the President's message to Congress, Jarvis met him, slapped his face, and pulled his nose. The incident was the subject of a Presidential message and a Congressional investigation; but sentiment was in favour of Jarvis, and he escaped punishment.

THE PLIGHT OF A PRESIDENT

John Quincy Adams retained his youthful preference for a swimming hole to a bath tub in warm weather. Even after he became Chief Magistrate of the United States, it was well known in Washington that he was wont to take early

morning plunges in the Potomac, immediately south of the Executive Mansion. He had no bath house, and concealed his scanty garments and slippers in the willows along the bank—just like a boy. But now and then he got into trouble and had his clothes confiscated, just like any other boy. The legend runs that one time some mischievous boy swimmers spying his clothes, and not knowing they were used to cover the person of the President, stole them and made tracks for their homes with gleeful pictures of the misery of the swimmer when he went to dress. Misery he had, for he had to rest Moses-like—only not so well protected—in the rushes until some White House attendants came out to hunt him up to perform official business.

But the time that cut him sorely was when that pioneer woman publicist—Anne Royall, called "the dreaded," for the relentless war she waged against public men who did not seem to deserve public trust—sat on his clothes, in order to get an interview with him on his sentiments on the State Bank question, which had been keeping business unsettled for such a long time that the public was tired of it. And Anne, free-lance, publisher of the first "yellow journals" in the country, determined to see President Adams and secure his statement for publication—or die in the attempt! For months she had been going to the White House for this interview, only to be turned harshly away by the attendants, to whom men newspaper reporters were a decided novelty, and a woman interviewer a fit subject for the jail, if not the insane asylum.

Anne was desperately poor, and shoe-leather money was scarce; so she grew tired of wearing out her soles in fruitless errands to the White House, and determined to throw womanly modesty to the winds—though her enemies ever accused her of all kinds of boldness—and catch President Adams in his open-air bath. Accordingly, armed with pencil and pad, Anne strode determinedly from her home on Capitol Hill to the banks of the Potomac, south of the White House. Her eagle eyes sighted the President out in the stream, and then she hunted for his clothes. Gathering them in a pile she proceeded to a point in view of the agitated Adams and hallooed to him as she waved his garments, then put them in a pile and sat on them, awaiting his coming. He swam to within hearing distance and besought her to go away and leave him his clothes. She is reported to have returned:

"I am Anne Royall. I've been trying to get an interview from you on the State Bank question for months, and your subordinates at the White House turned me out, refused to let me see you. I had to resort to trickery—like some of your lackeys. If you don't give it to me now, I'll sit on these clothes and won't let you out until I am forced by others than you. Help is a long way off!"

(Was ever an ordinary man, let alone a ruler, in such a predicament?) Adams swallowed some of his indignation and a little water, as he chokingly replied:

"Please go away; leave me my clothes, and I promise you I'll see you in the proper place, in the Executive Mansion."

"No, I won't!" shrilled Anne, every bit of blood in her old veins warming to the fray, "you're the President of the United States, and millions of people want to know, should know, what your opinion is on the bank question. And I'm going to get it for them. If you attempt to come out, I'll scream, and call three fishermen around the bend, who don't know who you are, and will make you sorry you came out like that before a lady. Hurry now!"

And standing up to his chin in water, the usually impassive Adams blurted out his opinions, like a school boy passing an examination with a birch rod held over his bewildered head. Anne got what she wanted, and through her paper, she gave it to the people. As her papers had a wide circulation among friends and foes, who all liked the spicy manner in which she wrote, there is no doubt but that the aquatic interview she had with President Adams materially helped along the cause of "sound money," for which Anne fought, as she did for "free thought, free speech, and a free press."

LINCOLN'S ACCESSIBILITY

Incredible as it may seem to this generation—which knows how securely the President is protected from intrusion,

especially in the Executive Mansion—during the Civil War the open house was the rule, and it was no unusual sight to see common soldiers lounging about the place for hours, and every sofa, lounge or couch occupied by drowsy or sleeping men who were awaiting their turn for an audience with the President. No wonder Lincoln was "The Sorrowful President," for most of the time he could spare from state affairs and a little sleep was devoted to listening to tongues bearing troubles, ranging from political and military quarrels to petitions for the commutation of death sentences, or requests for passes over the lines. Easy access to his presence, because of his great tender heart, left him at the mercy of pretenders and would-be murderers. He must have realised this, when he said:

"If it is willed that I die by the hand of one of my fellow-men—I cannot prevent it."

In 1864, Captain Hoyt, who had been on leave from army service, in order to find out how certain leaks were occurring in messages sent over the wires, returned to the White House to report in person to the President what he discovered. The attachés, after being assured that he was all right, told him that the President was upstairs in his office. Hoyt found Lincoln fast asleep on a couch in a small room next to the office. Speaking of the incident, he says:

"I often thought how easy it would have been to have killed him. But, as I came into the little room, which was a trifle dark, he woke up and sprang to his feet—it seemed to me that he reached the height of seven feet—and thundered:

" 'Who are you?'

"It scared me for a moment and it brought a guard to the door.

"I'm Captain Hoyt. Didn't you and I talk over a little matter a short time ago?" Then he saw me clearly. He told the guard to leave us, and he shook me by the hand.

" 'I didn't know you in that strange disguise,' " he said, as he clasped my hand tight in both of his. " 'I was frightened for a moment; not on account of you, but because of a troubled dream. I just dreamed that I was about to be assassinated. It is no wonder that I have such nightmares, for Stanton is always telling me to look out!'

"We sat and talked for half an hour, and when I left, the President came to the door and told the Captain that I was a friend of his. When I looked upon the face of Lincoln again he was in his coffin. The dream had come true."

It will never be known how many secret attempts were made to destroy Lincoln's life, or plans laid to kidnap him, but some of these are known to the old employees of the Government. It was discovered one time that a woman, on pretence of pleading for pardon for her son who had deserted his post, obtained entrance to the President immediately after she had come from the bedside of a patient suffering from small-pox, from which she was immune. The President was not then affected, but some time later he was brought down by the disease, which confined him to his room for several weeks. During part of this time he received, read and signed state papers, though, of course, precaution was taken by his attendants that such would not carry the disease. Official reports stated that the President was merely suffering from a mild attack of varioloid, but old physicians familiar with the case say he had a well-developed case of small-pox, but that it was necessary to make light of it in order to still public fear, for the disease was prevalent in Washington during that winter of 1863-64. It is related that an Illinois officer who was ill in Kalorama Hospital, where many small-pox patients were confined, visited President Lincoln soon after his discharge, and thus was the innocent cause of infecting him with the disease with which one of his enemies tried to end his life. It would not be surprising if Lincoln had contracted the disease during his visits to hospitals about the capital, for he was the only member of the White House to contract the disease, and no other inmate of the mansion visited the sick and wounded more frequently than Lincoln of the Great Heart.

When he was suffering with the horrible disease, the yellow flag was placed at the White House door. Old attachés of the White House recall this; as they recall, smilingly, how Tad Lincoln waved

a confiscated Confederate flag from an upper window of the brilliantly lit mansion on the evening that his father addressed the jubilant crowd that surged to the White House grounds to hear what the President had to say regarding the lately arrived tidings of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It was on that memorable evening, also, that "Dixie" was played at the suggestion of the President, who loved the song and the section it represented but slightly less than he loved "Columbia" and the Union.

IN JOHNSON'S TIME

When Lincoln was gone and the White House was the home of President Johnson, it was found necessary that the entire mansion be renovated before the new incumbents occupied it, for the stains of war were fresh upon it when Lincoln's reign was ended. The home of Samuel Hooper, considered one of the handsomest of that period in Washington, was occupied by President Johnson while the White House was being refurnished under the able supervision of his daughter, Mrs. Martha Johnson Patterson, who, because of her mother's illness, assumed the duties of mistress of the mansion. To her credit be it said that she remembered the drain which the war had made on the United States Treasury; of the poverty of many of her beloved friends "south of the line;" and, while endeavouring to have the Executive Mansion worthy of the office it represented, curbed all extravagant suggestions coming from those who would convert the mansion into a showy palace. She also set a good example to society by wearing simple dresses, and preferring a white japonica in her hair to jeweled bandeaux.

Undoubtedly, the respect and admiration which Mrs. Patterson inspired had much to do with the forgiving of the sins of her father, who was heartily disliked by even his former friends of the same political faith. Early in his administration it was proven that he was rather lax in granting pardons to those who wanted to come back under the flag, to escape drastic punishment for offences committed during the war. It was revealed to the satisfaction of honest men that a well-organised pardon bureau was doing business at a profit in Washington, because the women connected with it had much influence with the administration. Indeed, one of the most notorious of these women brazenly admitted that she received as high as three hundred dollars for procuring pardons through her personal influence with the White House.

THE TRIAL POR IMPEACHMENT

Though many causes helped bring about President Johnson's trial for impeachment, after the Reconstruction Bill was passed over his veto, the particular act on which the charge of "high crimes and misdemeanors" was based, was in his removing from the office of Secretary of War, Edward M. Stanton, "the Great War Secretary," and installing General Grant in his place. The Senate overruled the deposition of Stanton; and General Grant abdicated. President Johnson denounced Congress, issued an order for the removal of Stanton, and appointed Adjutant-General Thomas in his place. The ultra-radicals went wild. Charles Sumner telegraphed Stanton to hold fast to the war portfolio and surrender it to no one. Up at the Capitol disorder prevailed, and Wade, Stevens, Ashley, Butler, and like men demanded the impeachment of the President when Congress met in December, 1867. It was on March 3, 1868, that the House of Representatives agreed to the articles of impeachment, which the Senate received a few days later. The day when the vote was taken in the Senate was a never-to-be-forgotten one to all who were present—and every prominent person, from the Diplomatic Corps to society women who could crowd into that small chamber, was there. They witnessed a dying senator, Grimes of Iowa, brought in to cast his vote against impeachment; because he wished to go before his Creator with a clear conscience—he did not believe Johnson guilty, but rather a victim, like Mrs. Surratt—who was executed for conspiracy against President Lincoln—of the intemperate, distrustful period following the long war.

There was one Senator whose vote was the subject of conjecture up to the moment it was voiced. Ross of Kansas had received the message from his State, "Vote for impeachment or come home for political defeat." It was seen toward

the end that on his vote the fate of Johnson depended. Intense stillness prevailed in the crowded chamber when his name was called, and then every strained listener relaxed into a state bordering on collapse when he thundered, "Not Guilty." He abided by the dictates of his conscience, and Kansas settled his political career. When last heard of several years ago he was setting type on a newspaper down in one of the southwest territories. When the story of political sacrifices is told the name of Ross of Kansas will be highly regarded by those who believe that the honourable name of the President of the United States is one to be guarded as zealously as the flag and all it symbolises.

THE "OFFICIAL FAMILY"

The President's Cabinet is often termed his "official family," and like other families, it has caused its head no end of troubles, so that changes in Cabinet circles are looked for as changes in the weather in Washington. A certain young woman who prided herself on knowing the names of the Cabinet, broke down during President Roosevelt's administration and confessed herself unable to keep up with the Roosevelt pace for shifting men around the Cabinet table; which she compared to the changes in the personnel of the Latin-American Diplomatic Corps.

Yet one woman was the cause of an entire Cabinet resigning. She was pretty Peggy O'Neal, daughter of a Georgetown inn-keeper, who after many vicissitudes married General Eaton, Secretary of War in Jackson's Cabinet. The other Cabinet ladies treated the pretty Mrs. Eaton with open contempt, and when Peggy's brave spirit broke, and she wept her woes to her husband and also related them to the President, "Old Hickory" swore "By the Eternal" that she should receive the respect which was her due. But he did not reckon on the spirit of spiteful women, and when he learned what an unconquerable demon it is, he was forced to part company with the members of his Cabinet, in order to rid the White House of their wives.

It is remarkable how few of the women of the White House enjoyed their reign there. If they did not come into it invalided and unable to assume its responsibilities, they were broken down some time during their career as its mistress. It is no wonder that Mrs. Polk exclaimed—

"I would rather be Doorkeeper in the House of the Lord than Mistress of the White House!"

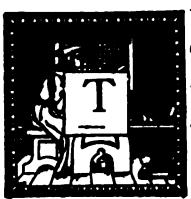
She was a woman temperate in speech and bearing, and if this expresses her feelings what must have been those of women who were of nervous temperament, as many of these refined women undoubtedly were. Poor Mrs. Lincoln, who has been charged with many social sins and even insanity, what reasonable, sympathetic person can blame her for being unbalanced during those years when the entire nation seemed unbalanced, and every woe imaginable was brought to the doors of the White House. When she objected to the usual state dinners on the ground that they were extravagant, she was condemned as parsimonious; when in reality she was frightened at the thought that Washington would fall almost any day, and its inhabitants experience the same terrible fate as those of many great cities since the fall of Babylon. Remembering the circumstances in which she was placed it would be well if her many critics would also remember her husband's beautiful sentiment, "with malice toward none; with charity for all," in speaking of the woman who was mistress of the White House during the most critical period of our nation.

The literature which has emanated from the White House may be divided into two classes—the Messages and Documents of the Presidents, and the Letters of the Ladies of the White House. The former have been compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, who was a Member of Congress from Tennessee for twenty years, resigning to accept the exalted office he now holds, that of Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, Thirty-third Degree, Scottish Rite Masons, the highest Masonic office in the world. Some day, perhaps, a woman will compile the second class of literature, which will be as sparkling and as full of social history as the Presidents'

papers are dry and replete with political history. It was witty, intellectual Mistress Abigail Adams who wrote the initial letters from the White House, and to her we owe what pictures we have of it in those unvarnished days, when a straggling village bordered by river and forests and traversed by red mud roads was the nucleus of what is now considered even by the British Ambassador to the United States, "the most beautiful capital in the whole world." Many other ladies of the White House related its social history in epistolary form in the days when it was regarded bad taste to have one's social affairs chronicled in the daily press; and to these we look for truthful accounts of White House social affairs in the era which was free from social advertisement.

THE NEWEST PROBLEMS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



HERE is a growing tendency, more noticeable perhaps in England than in this country, to make the latest social problems, the most recent ethical movements, the basis for fiction; and on the whole there is something distinctly encouraging in this tendency. It shows at least a more widespread recognition of the serious value of the novel, as well as an assumption that the weighty problems of the hour are of sufficient interest to the general public to justify their adoption even into the literature of relaxation. The English novel is in this respect simply following in the footsteps of the Continental novel—and so long as the thing is done intelligently and with a wise discrimination between what is foolish and ephemeral and what is important and eternally true, the Novel of the Newest Problem should be a beneficent and a widely popular type.

It is essential, however, to approach new problems with a certain amount of sound conservatism, viewing them in the light of past experience and not championing them with the zeal of a reformer. There is no reason why such themes as the suffragette movement, the trial marriage, ethical culture or any other of the latest fads and fancies in economics, science or art should not be made the central theme of a strong, compelling novel—providing always that the author handles his subject sanely and does not try to debase the whole art of fiction into an instrument for winning converts. It is an important truth that while the public is forever clamouring after new lamps for old and forever hailing the latest one discovered as the true Aladdin's lamp of infinite possibilities, the world as a matter of fact goes on in its wonted course and throughout a long succession of social upheavals and philosophical reforms human nature remains pretty nearly a constant quality. We might possibly be better off under some other system of law and order than that which we have—the thing which we have not is always alluring, offering a tempting and rather dangerous field for speculation. It would, of course, be quite simple to write a purely imaginative novel seeking to show what would happen if the United States should adopt the Chinese currency system or make Mohammedanism the state religion—but it would not be a valuable or instructive proceeding. And the reason why a book of the type of Mr. H. G. Wells's much discussed *Ann Veronica* is to a good many people rather irritating, is because to a mild extent it is just that sort of an attempt. It imagines a young woman who has chosen to live under exceptional conditions, a young woman who has put herself voluntarily outside of the pale in defiance of established codes and conventions; and it has pleased Mr. Wells to imagine that by so doing she has achieved happiness. In other words, he has chosen to hazard a guess about what might happen to an abnormal woman under abnormal condi-

tions and to establish his results as a safe precedent for the world at large. The safer and in the long run, more enduring type of fiction is that which remembers that woman to-day, hobble-skirt and all, is not essentially different from the woman of yesterday, and that while she may muster the courage now and then to defy convention, she usually pays heavily for her rashness.

But while we admit that the newest problems are a proper subject for treatment in fiction, the value of the books based upon them must inevitably differ very widely. A problem, though it looms up portentously for a passing hour, may be of no more serious importance to the world than a soap bubble and in passing leave as little trace. The new problems, whether in fiction or in actual life, that have a lasting quality will be found to be simply old problems in disguise. The latest phase of the woman's suffrage movement, whereby gentlewomen of birth and culture made themselves notorious in public brawls, finds its level as a literary theme in the comic supplements and the joke column. Yet the same problem viewed simply as one manifestation of woman's demand for fair treatment and recognised rights is a problem centuries old and deserving of a courteous and unbiased hearing. The social position of the Eurasian in India and the Philippines seems at first glance to be an essentially modern problem; as a matter of fact it is as old as the existence of racial antipathy. And similarly we might take, one by one, the new doctrines, new philosophies, new codes and discover, just by taking the trouble to see them clearly and without prejudice, that they are based upon some great and enduring human verity. Otherwise they would not be worth the expenditure of time and ink that goes to make a novel; for a book based upon what is really the fad of the moment is doomed in advance to perish together with the fad.

"The Miller of Old Church"

An excellent illustration of a comparatively new problem which in reality is as old as civilisation is offered by Ellen Glasgow's latest novel, *The Miller of Old Church*. It is new to this extent, that the specific conditions which determine the separate details of its episodes are of recent origin, forming a definite stage in the slow transition of southern social life that began with the reconstruction period after the war and is not yet ended. But in all its essentials Miss Glasgow's theme is nothing more nor less than that of the universal and inevitable struggle of the lower classes to rise and the jealousy of caste that would hold them back—and it is precisely the universality of the theme, studied under vividly local conditions that gives to Miss Glasgow's book a large part of its vital and compelling interest. The central human story of *The Miller of Old Church* has to do with the complex fortunes of Molly Merryweather, the illegitimate daughter of Janet Merryweather and Jonathan Gay, both of whom have died many years before the opening of the story. Janet Merryweather belonged to that humble and despised division of the white race in the South whom even the negroes felt at liberty to look down upon; Jonathan Gay, on the contrary, was of the aristocracy; the Gays were easily the social leaders of the community. Now Jonathan had a married sister, Angela, slender and fragile, whom her family and friends and even her physician united in declaring not to be meant long for this world. In fact, Angela possessed only one factor of strength, an indomitable pride of family and of caste. In a vague way she knew of Jonathan's scandalous irregularities of life; but according to the standards of her station and her time they were matters which a woman of refinement could not allow to be mentioned in her presence. At heart Jonathan sincerely loved Janet and he would gladly have made reparation by marrying her; but such a step was recognised to be impossible because for a Gay so to demean himself would be equivalent to a death blow to his sister, Angela. Janet Merryweather's disgrace and early death would have distressed Angela had she known all the facts; but marriage would have been something a thousand times worse, a stupendous, unimaginable calamity. That is why Jonathan contented himself with leaving a secret trust providing amply for his unacknowledged daughter, Molly, after she should come of age. He did not dream at the time that his fragile sis-

ter would outlive him by nearly a generation and that the knowledge of his secret bequest would fall upon her all the more harshly because so long delayed. Now, at the opening of the story Molly is on the threshold of womanhood. She has ripened into great beauty and is sought after eagerly by many of the young men in the steadily rising class of respectable white farmers and tradesmen—but by none more eagerly than by Abel Revercomb, the miller of Old Church. Now it happens that Jonathan Gay, the younger, Angela's only son, after long years of absence in the North has at last returned to Old Church, meets Molly, learns the story of her origin and, in the course of subsequent events, strongly casts his influence in favour of publicly recognising her. A marriage with Molly would have righted the ancient wrong and simplified many complex matters. But young Jonathan is, after all, a true Gay by nature. At the same time that he is openly paying court to Molly he is secretly meeting Blossom Revercomb, the miller's sister, and the old time tragedy is re-enacted. There has been a long-standing feud between the Revercombs and the Gays; and when the truth abouth Blossom is revealed, one of the Revercomb clan, old Uncle Abner, who has never been quite sound in mind since the old days when the sweetheart of his youth, Janet Merryweather, was lost to him, takes the law into his own hands and by Jonathan's death squares his long-standing account with the Gays. So much of the plot it has seemed necessary to tell in detail, carefully omitting all the numerous secondary plots, the complex interwoven threads that make this story a richly embroidered piece of living tapestry. Considered as a story dealing with the intimate concerns of a group of people whom we grow to love in a very personal way on account of their stirling merits or rare whimsicalities, the real interest of the book lies a good deal less in the plot structure than in the fine portraiture of character—in which respect it is far richer than any of Miss Glasgow's earlier works. For that reason it is unfortunate that it should be necessary to put so much stress in a review upon the plot itself. But it is necessary and for the following reasons: here, as in all her books, Miss Glasgow has developed finely and powerfully the epic method. In the broadest sense, this story is not so much the history of Molly Merryweather as it is the story of the New South. In the character of Angela, for instance, we have personified the survival of the old time Southern aristocracy, with its pride and its traditions—a survival that seems with each year to approach extinction and yet clings to life with the amazing tenacity of chronic invalidism. In the older Jonathan, we have the bygone type of the reckless, devil-may-care, hot blooded Southerner who at any cost would maintain his family pride; and in the younger Jonathan and Abel Revercomb we have typified the new aristocracy already beginning to yield to the encroachment of the new triumphant democracy. And lastly, in Molly Merryweather herself, we have, if we read Miss Glasgow's thought aright, the future solution of the social problem. In her origin and in her nature Molly represents a compromise between the upper class and the lower, combining the better qualities of each; furthermore, she typifies a social intermingling which in its origin was a disgrace but which to-day, owing to changed conditions, has come to be accepted. And even her marriage has its symbolic significance. Even had he lived she would not have married Jonathan, the last representative of an effete code of living; she would inevitably have taken the miller—because the younger society of the New South is destined more and more to draw fresh strength from the sturdy ranks of the rising democracy. This apparently is what Miss Glasgow set herself to say and she has said it with a courage, a clearness and a strength of conviction that makes it easily her best book up to the present time.

"Mrs. Maxon Protests"

Mrs. Maxon Protests, by Anthony Hope, is another apt illustration of the new problem that is eternally with us. Mrs. Maxon is simply one more young woman who has discovered marriage to be something vastly different from what she had imagined; and her difficulty is of the variety which she regards as almost humiliatingly commonplace—namely, incompat-

ability. Her husband happens to be one of those narrow, self-satisfied, dictatorial men, with old-fashioned ideas about women in general and a rooted conviction that a man has a high moral responsibility for his wife's conduct and must mould her in all fashions to his own way of thinking. Mrs. Maxon bears the strain for five years; then she consults a lawyer. She learns that while she cannot get a divorce in England, she can leave her husband and he cannot force her to come back. At the time of their separation, or to be more accurate, her desertion of him—for Maxon refuses to take the matter seriously—there is no other man in her life; but in the weeks that follow during which she stays at the country home of some friends with lax ideas of life and a houseful of curious and often irregular people, she suddenly surprises herself by falling in love with a certain Godfrey Ledstone and promptly scandalises society by eloping with him openly and unashamed. The rest of the book traces, with a clear-sightedness that Mr. Hope has not always shown in his books, the subsequent career of a woman who thinks that by the force of her own example she can bring the whole world over to her way of thinking. He does not spare us any of her disillusions, her humiliations, her heartache and loneliness. But through it all she is learning, strangely and cruelly learning much that is exceedingly good for her. She is learning, for instance, that charity and sympathy and understanding are often found where least expected. She is learning, too, that there are many other standards in this world as well as her own and that they are just as reasonable and perhaps nobler. She learns, for instance, that one of the best men she has ever had the good fortune to meet, loving her, pitying her, utterly disapproving of her, would nevertheless have made her his wife in spite of the scandal that had preceded and followed her divorce—but for one reason: he is an army officer and a woman with a taint upon her name would lower the social tone of his regiment and be in some degree a menace to the moral tone of the younger set. It is a temptation to analyse at some length the separate episodes of this rather unusual book throughout the years while Mrs. Maxon is slowly finding her way out of the quagmire of her own making into a belated peace and happiness, but after all what the book stands for is so admirably summed up in the concluding paragraph that one cannot do it a greater service than to close with one brief quotation. It is a satisfaction to find a book written upon this theme which, while recognising that there is much to be said on both sides, shows neither vindictiveness toward the woman nor a misplaced championship that would exalt her into a martyr.

In the small circle of those with whom she had shared the issues of destiny she had unsettled much; of a certainty she had settled nothing. Things were just as much in solution as ever; the welter was not abated. Man being imperfect, laws must be made. Man being imperfect, laws must be broken or ever new laws will be made. Winnie Maxon had broken a law and asked a question. When thousands do the like, the Giant, after giving the first comers a box on the ear, may at last put his hand to his own and ponderously consider.

"The Old Dance Master"

The Old Dance Master, by William Romaine Paterson, better known under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift, is in contrast with the foregoing not a problem story, but a whimsical and tender little tale full of odd and lovable characters that his English critics have found not unworthy of comparison with some of the portraitures of Dickens. Imagine a quixotic old gentleman, tottering on the verge of mental breakdown, who is recklessly giving away to charity a vast fortune that his conscience will no longer let him keep because his great-grandfather acquired it in the slave trade. Imagine this old gentleman taking his son and daughter one night to a middle-class dancing academy that is for the moment one of his pet charities. Now it happens that the delightful old German dancing master, Herr Habenicht, has a favourite pupil, a very beautiful young woman, the reputed daughter of the proprietor of a hansom cab establishment. The old man's son falls in love with her at first sight, scandalises his sister and father by seeking an introduction and actually leading the ball arm in arm with the cabman's daughter. Nay, not so fast,

gentle reader, for the plot is about to thicken. The heroine is not really the daughter of the stable keeper, she is the unacknowledged child of rank and wealth, and must be rescued from her base surroundings through the clever manipulations of Herr Habenicht, the present teacher of the dance and formerly a baron of high social standing in Vienna's exclusive set. In other words, as the tone of this review has tried to suggest, the book is a tissue of plausible extravagance. It is made up of some exceedingly well-drawn low life characters quite realistic in their execution and some equally clever but frankly caricatured personages of high life. The great merit of the book is the rare success with which it makes its way along that narrow path that separates the pathetic from the grotesque. Of the old dance master himself this at least must be said: that in recent English fiction the nearest parallel case of a nobleman who in adversity performs a humble task cheerfully and with unfailing dignity and under no circumstances allows himself to forget the compelling force of *noblesse oblige* is Herr Habenicht's worthy compeer, Count Skariatine, in Marion Crawford's *Cigarette Maker's Romance.*

"Dawn O'Hara"

Dawn O'Hara, by Edna Ferber, is a book that does offer a problem and in a certain sense answers it in its own sub-title. The problem is this: supposing a girl, after a few months of mad happiness, finds that she is bound for life to a man who has suddenly broken down and whom the doctors pronounce incurably insane. The sub-title of the book is "The Girl Who Laughed;" and that is not a bad answer to a good many of life's most trying problems. At the opening of the story, however, Dawn is very far from being in a mood for laughter. Ten years of unrelieved strain on a New York daily paper, with the driving necessity of paying her husband's hospital bills ever at her heels, at last breaks her down; and her sister and her fairly well-to-do brother-in-law pick her up bodily and transfer her to the peace and quiet of their home somewhere not many miles from Milwaukee. At this point it is not surprising for the reviewer to discover that he has a story before him which he is simply going to spoil if he tries to retell it. Supposing, for instance, he should say bluntly: This is the story of a young woman who has no right to think of love and marriage, and to whom a perverse fate has sent the kindest, staunchest, most lovable young German doctor you can well imagine. He makes a well woman of her by the sheer magnetic force of his will to have her live. And then, when they both realise what they mean to each other and what the hopelessness of their case means to both, they try to bury themselves in hard work, he in his Milwaukee practice, she in newspaper reporting on a paper in the same city, where his influence has found an opening for her. And then, at an hour when it seems as though nothing worse could overtake them, fate does give one added twist of the screw and her husband is released from the asylum as cured and comes to Milwaukee to claim her. None of this begins to touch the real essence of the book because, although it deals in tragedy, it is a fabric woven from threads of sheer light heartedness, unquenchable courage, warm-hearted understanding of the things which go to make the essential joy of living. There are, for instance, certain chapters in the book picturing a delightful, unique, inimitable German boarding-house in Milwaukee that makes one sigh while reading them, partly from a vague nostalgia for happy bygone days in German pensions, partly also from sheer envy of the subtle touch that penned them. And then, too, there is one portrait of a broken-down sporting editor, a man whose days are numbered, a man vulgar in speech and with many sins upon his conscience, but who, nevertheless, is rich in some of the rarest gifts that human nature knows and whose final tragedy leaves a vacant spot in the heart akin to that of a personal bereavement. For these reasons it seems the part of wisdom to inscribe the name of Edna Ferber in some easily accessible part of our memory whereby there shall be no danger in the future of missing anything that may come from her pen. It would seem that she is a young woman who has gone some distance already on the road of achievement and is likely to go much further.

The Sins of the Children, by Horace W. C. Newte, is precisely what its title implies. It deals with that unconscious ingratitude and lack of appreciation with which so often sons and daughters repay half a lifetime of self-sacrifice and devotion. It is an English story, the setting being either in London or the immediate vicinity. The narrative follows the history of a certain young woman named Jeannie Pilcher from her earliest memories of life with her widowed father through the long grey years that follow until the time when fillial ingratitude bears sharply home upon her the extent of her own failure to appreciate what her father had done for her. The book is rather sombre, rather colourless, rather hard reading to the majority who demand a sensation at the end of each chapter and perhaps an extra one in the middle. But to those who appreciate careful workmanship, a desire above all things to tell the truth and an unveiled, unflinching outlook upon life, whether it happens to be rose-coloured or drab, this volume by Mr. Newte may be confidently and cordially commended.

"The Sins of the Children"

Mr. F. W. Bain, who has already put forth from time to time five volumes professedly "translated from original Hindoo manuscripts," adds one more to the collection under the title *The Ashes of a God.* Unless we seek deliberately for some hidden symbolic meaning there is no problem here, modern or otherwise. It is simply the story of the way in which the gods hoodwinked a would-be saint who as a matter of fact had not the true essence of faith in him, but who, nevertheless, was piling up merit, such as by prayer it is possible for a Hindoo to do, at such a fearful rate that he would soon have on his credit side a sufficient amount to overbalance the whole assemblage of the gods and sweep them out of power. What has happened is this: there was a certain king named Ruru who having been deceived by the woman he loved conceived a hatred for all women, and forthwith proceeded ruthlessly to ruin the peace of mind and the material well being of as many women as possible. Now this king had a trusted minister named Trishodadhi, who had recently taken a wife much younger than himself, named Watsatari. Trishodadhi, knowing the king's weaknesses, is haunted by the fear that his own wife may fall under the king's covetous eye; and to his horror, one day, on returning home he sees Watsatari standing apparently enfolded in the arms of the king. He realises that the blame is not upon them, since they have followed the dictates of human nature; it is rather upon himself for having put faith in any thing human. So, forsaking both his wife and his court duties he retires to the wilderness of the Windhya Hills and devotes himself to a life of prayer.

"The Ashes of a God"

Now when in the course of years Indra and the other gods realise the amount of merit that this endless piling up of prayers is acquiring for Trishodadhi they realise that something must be done to trick him into forgetfulness of his vows, something to make him if only for a moment yield to the attraction of feminine charm. One after another their experiments fail, but finally Indra goes in person to beseech aid from Kalanidhi, one of the hundred daughters of Aparapakshi who lives at the bottom of the sea. And she, after much bargaining, consents to aid him—and this is what she does. She assumes the form of the hermit's wife, and through the lips of an elephant who asserts that in a former birth it was King Ruru she tells an elaborate tale which proves to the man of prayer that his wife was innocent, that he was a victim of circumstantial evidence and that in leaving her he committed a cruel wrong and shortened her life. The immediate result of the tale is that Trishodadhi forgets for a moment his prayers and seeing the reincarnation of Watsatari herself, eagerly clasps her in his arms and by so doing at once loses all the accumulated merit of his millions of prayers. And the final touch to the story is this: the tale that he has heard from the mouth of an elephant is not a fiction, but the simple truth, his wife and King Ruru were quite innocent, and his suffering was all groundless.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The Autobiography of Richard Wagner*

The history of literature for a hundred years does not show us a biographical or autobiographical work so profoundly and widely interesting as this very frank series of confessions, written down by the greatest musician of our age, the maker of a musical epoch. This may seem an extravagant assertion; yet if we compare other books of the same sort we shall see at once wherein this narrative stands first. It represents the triumph of the sensuous artist over the artist whose work is done through a single medium. Take, for example, Lockhart's life of Sir Walter Scott. That was a work of extraordinary interest and was written by one with first-hand intimate knowledge. Scott, moreover, was no local figure. His books were read all over the continent of Europe, and he was one of the primal influences in developing Romanticism. Nevertheless, those who read him outside of England were comparatively few, and they were obliged to do so through the medium of a translation. In other words, they never beheld Scott, save through a veil and at a distance.

We might even say that Boswell's *Johnson*—the greatest biography in English literature—was even more restricted than Lockhart's *Scott*. The book is delicious to an Englishman, because of the *curiosa felicitas* with which the perky Scot has drawn the huge, lumbering, self-opinionated, gluttonous Englishman—almost the caricature of an Englishman, and yet sound and sane, with unfathomable good sense. Every Anglo-Saxon delights in Johnson, because he understands him; but what would a Frenchman or an Italian make of him? Why simply an uncouth, disgusting monster, swilling twenty-five cups of tea at a meal, snorting and puffing like a whale, and combining gross self-assertion with frequent insult.

*My Life. By Richard Wagner. 2 Vols. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Coming down to modern times, let us think of Tennyson's biography by his son. Here again the limitations of language and country shut in the biographer and make his work of little interest to foreigners, save a very few. And the same thing is true of biographies not composed in English. Thus there are Bismarck's alleged *Memoirs*. Bismarck was a world-figure, a giant whose very nod was felt at the ends of the earth. Yet what sort of a biography was produced and made to appear his own life's narrative? A poor eviscerated fragment of the truth, containing not half so much meat as the books written about him by Busch, and being little better than the trebly expurgated papers of Talleyrand, for which the world had waited many years only to be cheated at the last. One thinks with a wistful longing of those mythical iron boxes which are said to be safely stored in England, packed full of vitriolic political explosives, to be brought out, perhaps, at the end of another fifty years when the present Kaiser and his eldest son shall both have died. As for Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, that made a temporary stir—mainly because Lord Morley writes so well, but in very small degree because of Gladstone's own career which was the career of a self-deceiver given over to the exploitation of little things and to his own enormous egoism.

For that matter, take what biographies you will and you will almost always find them wanting in that wider interest which makes the whole world seek them out and read them from generation to generation. Benvenuto Cellini offers a rare treat to the cultivated few. Goethe in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit* sheds inextinguishable light for scholars upon the pages of him who gave the great Faust poem to the world. Rousseau's *Confessions* have had a profound effect upon his readers ever since he wrote them. Yet when we consider all these writers we find such limitations, either of subject or of personality or of place and time, as to leave Plutarch in his unique position as the great master of biography for all time.

For when we think of other works of the same sort it is hard to recall any which is likely to make a universal and absolute appeal to men and women in every country all over the civilised world, as does this book by Richard Wagner which begins with his birth at Leipzig and ends with the year 1864, which marks an epoch, or perhaps the crowning point of his career, since it is then that his almost incredible hardships ceased, when he received a message from the romantic Ludwig of Bavaria. To him, that was the goal toward which he had continually striven. As he says, quite simply, in ending his narrative:

> The dangerous road along which fate beckoned me to such great ends was not destined to be clear of troubles and anxieties of a kind unknown to me heretofore; but I was never again to feel the weight of the every-day hardships of existence under the protection of my exalted friend.

It is somewhat odd that although Wagner did not gain his commanding place as a great master of music until after the period at which this Autobiography ends, still from boyhood he was a conspicuous figure in every capital of Europe, and his intense individuality roused both hatred and admiration even from those who failed to take his music seriously. Thus we have a vast bibliography of Wagner by friend and foe in pamphlet form and bulky volumes. There are swarms of personal anecdotes, there are serious biographies, there are monographs and special studies. We read his own letters, or such notes as those by Nohl and Pecht and Tappert and Ernst and Bischoff and Finck and Henderson, and we come to have a sort of definite impression of the man; and this interests us as it did his contemporaries at the time when the Wagner music-dramas were making such slow progress. One would have supposed that the emotional element in Wagner's personality would itself have been sufficient to secure the success of his work. Yet in 1852 the Berlin Opera House would not think of giving him seven hundred and fifty dollars for *Tannhäuser*.

> Leipzig thought one hundred and forty dollars an exorbitant price; Breslau paid eighty dollars; Würzburg could not go beyond thirty-seven dollars; while smaller cities averaged about twenty-five dollars for an opera. . . . In foreign countries, Russia first heard *Lohengrin* in 1867; Brussels in 1870 and England not until 1875.

Americans may be proud that their musical taste was in advance of that of foreigners; since as early as the fifties, numbers from Wagner appeared on concert programmes in this country at that time, while *Tannhäuser* was given in full on the operatic stage as early as 1859. It may be that this early interest in Wagner in our country makes this book of his so extremely interesting. We Americans have known him and appreciated him for nearly sixty years. Europe did not accept him until it received the cue from a king, and even then, down to his life's end, there were enmities and jealousies which marred to some extent his triumph. Yet the completeness of that triumph was and is so great, that every one who cares for music must read this book. Here, as we said, the artist who stirs the senses deeply has a great advantage over every other artist who has definite limitations. The German, the Russian, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Scandinavian, the Spaniard, the Englishman and the American all understand the Wagner music-drama, because it speaks to them and seduces them in a universal language and with arts which are universally understood. Here music rises above poetry or oratory or even the simple drama, in that it breaks the bonds of language and touches each individual soul alike.

It is a remarkably interesting thing to have these words of Wagner's come to us after his death with the conviction of finality. It is as though we had been chattering together about him in the anteroom of music, telling what we had read, and what others had said to us and what we had ourselves imagined—when all of a sudden, amid the idle clamour, a silver trumpet sounds and the great inner doors are thrown widely open, and the master himself comes forward and says amid a startling silence: "I am with you. I will tell you how it was."

Now what has been the general con-

ception of Wagner? A man of infinite persistence, of brilliant genius, of more than doubtful morals, of overweening selfishness, and yet so much beyond other men as to make the world at last accept him with all his faults. It may be said once for all that out of his own mouth in this self-written life of his, he confirms every one of these opinions, and he does so with a simplicity and the frankness that at once almost win forgiveness if not favour.

We may add that while the work contains much that will interest the musician, it is first of all intended for men and women; since in it he tries to show the sort of man he was. As he says in his preface: "The value of this Autobiography consists in its unadorned veracity, which, under the circumstances, is its only justification. Therefore my statements had to be accompanied by precise names and dates."

How unadorned this veracity was may be found in what he had to say about his first wife, Minna Planer. Other writers, even malicious ones, have been quite content to speak of Minna, whom Wagner married when he was a boy, with various degrees of contempt. But Wagner himself quite calmly goes considerably further. He always posed as the *mari incompris*, but in his Autobiography he rises to the height of scandal. Minna, by the way, was a young actress in a provincial theatre.

> Looking very charming and fresh, the young actress's general manner and movements were full of a certain majesty and grave assurance which lent an agreeable and captivating air of dignity to her otherwise pleasant expression. . . . She was at that time, as I had already discovered, on very intimate terms with a young nobleman. . . . Our friendship was resumed on our meeting again in Magdeburg. At seventeen a certain gentleman (Herr von Orienburg) had taken advantage of her at an unfortunate moment, so that some months afterward she became a mother.

In other chapters he gives every possible sort of praise to Minna's domestic virtues, but he remarks calmly (with Pecht) in substance: "I think that she loved me to the extent of her capacity; but she really had no capacity for loving." In this way he disposes of a woman whose life-long devotion practically kept him from perishing through sheer want in the days of his obscurity.

Take another point, which even his friendliest biographers have made against him, and that is his willingness to accept money from women who admired him. This was well known to be true; and yet Wagner in his book repeats it with additions, dotting all the i's and crossing all the t's, and, indeed, giving us a sinister view of some who had never before incurred suspicion. Thus there was a certain Madame Laussot (Miss Taylor), an English woman by birth, who was known to have contributed toward Wagner's needs. But until now there was never a hint of scandal about the matter. The lady was supposed to be simply a student of music who, with her husband's knowledge, did what she could to help the struggling artist. But now Wagner comes out and practically tells us that she, too, was his mistress. He fleers at her husband and altogether writes in an impossible way. He does not spare us even his minor peccadilloes. If, for instance, he became extremely drunk at a whist party, he records the fact with a certain gusto, and furthermore goes on to tell us how he went from the whist party to call upon two ladies and was too much overcome to leave the house. Therefore, they put him to bed and left him there until morning. In like manner he expands the episodes of Frau Wesendonck and of Julie Ritter.

Throughout all this sort of narrative, his manner is simplicity itself, blended with almost childish vanity and an absolute expression of self-satisfaction. Perhaps an explanation of his own may serve to illustrate this trait of his which runs throughout all the book.

> I am differently organised from others—I have sensitive nerves—I must have beauty and splendour and light. I cannot be content with the wretched position of an organist, like Bach. Is it really such an outrageous demand if I claim a right to the little bit of luxury which I like—I, who am preparing pleasure for thousands and for the whole world?

We must not anticipate the reader's pleasure by revealing too much of what

Wagner tells so frankly, and of his extraordinary bluntness. Every one will turn to his account of his relations with Liszt, to his narration of how he wrote his various librettos, and to his characterisation of distinguished personages. The book has fully as much to do with the man as with the musician—with one who, if he did not destroy and utterly supplant the pure melodies of the best Italian opera, did at least give the world a new form of music and verify the prediction of Herder, a dozen years before the birth of Wagner, "There will some day arise a composer who will annihilate the old operatic Kling-Klang!"

Franz Wortmann.

II

Ralph Nevill's "London Clubs"*

Many of the old school of London club porters rather despised confirmed bachelors who yielded to the allurements of matrimony. "No, sir," said one of these to an enquirer, "Mr. —— don't come here now as he used; since his marriage his habits ain't reg'lar." And this, the writer takes it, may be regarded as adequately summing up for every country the attitude of clubland toward the rest of the world. Thackeray somewhere says that the Englishman of his day could no more tolerate at his table the presence of an Englishman of the eighteenth century than he could the presence of an early Briton. The typical club member of 1780 would be even more out of place in a London or New York club to-day. The manners and tastes of those bearing the greatest names appal us. The extravagances of Fox and Sheridan, the excesses of the Duke of Norfolk, best reflect the spirit of the old club world.

Club life, in the modern sense of the term, was born in a mad age. A man won distinction by practising the art of hopping about a drawing-room from chair to chair. Brummel dominated society through sheer effrontery. Fox, swearing that next to winning at play, the next best sport was losing, and after that looking on, once sat at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday the 5th. An hour before that he had recovered £12,000 that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended by losing £11,000. The next day he made a speech in Parliament, and that evening he dined at half past eleven, and went to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for the Newmarket races. This was the manner of life of one of the greatest of English statesmen; smaller men of his circle emulated him on a scale of lesser magnificence.

It is not in a spirit of hostile criticism of Mr. Nevill's book that the reviewer remarks that much of the material in *London Clubs* was used in the same author's *Light Come; Light Go*, which appeared last year. The story of London gaming is the story of London clubs; it is merely a matter of approaching the same subject from two different points. The modern club grew out of the coffee house, the first distinctive club having been the Mermaid, supposed to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the reputed scene of many an exchange of wit between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Soon many landlords perceived the business advantage of setting apart a certain room for privileged customers, and in this way a number of fairly exclusive clubs came into being. Thus Tom's, White's, and the Cocoa-Tree. In the early part of the eighteenth century there were two thousand coffee houses in London. Every profession and trade had its favourite coffee house.

The lawyers discussed law or literature, criticised the last new play, or retailed the legal scandal at Nando's or the Grecian, not very far away from the Temple. At such places the young bloods of the Inns of Court paraded their gowns in the morning, and swaggered in their lace coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. City men met to discuss the rise and fall of stocks, and to settle the rate of insurance, at Garraway's or Jonathan's; parsons exchanged University gossip or discussed points of theology at Truby's or at Child's, in St. Paul's Churchyard; whilst military men mustered to grumble over their grievances at

*London Clubs. By Ralph Nevill. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Old or Young Man's, near Charing Cross. The St. James's and the Smyrna were the headquarters of the Whig politicians, whereas the Tories frequented the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, in St. James's Street; Scotchmen had their house of call at Forrest's, Frenchmen at Giles's or Old Slaughter's, in St. Martin's Lane; the gamesters shook their elbows in White's and the chocolate-houses round Covent Garden; and the leading wits gathered at Will's, Button's, or Tom's, in Great Russell



THE OLD WHITE'S

Street, where, after the theatre, there was piquet and the best of conversation till midnight. At all these places, except a few of the most aristocratic coffee or chocolate houses of the West End, smoking was allowed.

One of the last of these is the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, associated with the Elizabethan wits and later with Dr. Johnson and his circle.

Frederick Locker once called St. James's Street "the dear old street of clubs and cribs." It was the original club land of the West End, where such institutions as White's, Arthur's, Brooks's, the Cocoa-tree, and Boodle's were founded many decades ago, and where they still exist. The present White's dates from 1755, and soon came to have something of the organisation which prevails in modern clubs. We hear much of the modern increased cost of living, but in 1780 there was a charge of twelve shillings a head for the regular club dinner at White's, and one paid eight shillings for a hot supper. The entrance fee to the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, founded in 1735, was £26 5s., and every member paid five shillings for his own dinner, and 10s. 6d. for his guest. White's was the scene of many of Brummel's most superb impertinences. When the famous "Bow-Window" was built in 1811, he took immediate possession of it, and made it a shrine of fashion. Some of the old school resented the monopoly of the window by Brummel and Alvanley. "Damn the fellows!" said old Colonel Sebring, "they are upstarts and fit only for the society of tailors." Brummel was once reproached by a father whose son had gone astray in the Beau's company. "Really, I did all I could for the young fellow," said he. "I gave him my arm all the way from White's to Wattier's." Later, when his power was on the wane, a friend who had loaned him £500 pressed for repayment. "I paid you," said Brummel. "Paid me! When, pray?" "Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, 'How d'you do?'"

Between White's and Brooks's considerable rivalry at one time existed. Pitt was a member of both clubs, but much preferred White's. On this account the Prince detested White's and forbade his friends to attend a ball given there in 1789. Yet White's was the only other club recognised at Brooks's, for a member of Brooks's who joined any third club was at once struck off the books. Brooks's was another scene of Brummel's impertinences. He was once playing at hazard there with Alderman Combe, the brewer, who was Lord Mayor. After winning several hundred

pounds of the brewer's money Brummel left the table, saying: "Thank you, Alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," replied Combe, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same." Sheridan was twice blackballed at Brooks's before his final election, and Sir Philip Sidney, the reputed author of the "Junius" letters, was one of the club's vitriolic members.

Sir Philip had been the convivial companion of Fox, and during the short administration of that statesman was made a Knight of the Bath. One evening Roger Wilbraham came up to a whist-table at the club where Sir Philip, who for the first time wore the ribbon of the Order, was engaged in a rubber, and thus accosted him. Laying hold of the ribbon and examining it for some time, he said: "So this is the way they have rewarded you at last; they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck. And that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have? What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?"

The newly made Knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and, looking at him fiercely, exclaimed: "A halter, and be d——d to you!"

There is a story to the effect that Sheridan had himself elected to Brooks's by craft. He was inveterately opposed by George Selwyn, and one black ball was sufficient to exclude. When he came up for the third time he managed to arrive at the club, arm in arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. The waiter was told to inform Mr. Selwyn that the Prince wished to speak to him in the room below stairs immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons, and Sheridan entertained him with an invented political story during the time the ballot proceeded that resulted in Sheridan's election. The result was announced to the Prince and the successful candidate by the entrance of the waiter, who made the preconcerted signal by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately left, telling Selwyn, to the huge discomfiture of Wales, "that the Prince would finish the narrative, the end of which he would find very remarkable."

Another election at Brooks's, which illustrates curiously the manners of the times, was that of George Robert Fitzgerald, the notorious duellist. No good London club would admit him on account of his duelling proclivities. Nevertheless, he made Admiral Keith Stewart, who knew that he must fight or comply, to propose him for Brooks's. Accordingly, on the day of the election, Fitzgerald went with the Admiral to the club-house, and waited down stairs while the ballot was in progress. Of course every ball in the box was black, and it was decided that the Admiral should inform the candidate of his rejection. The impatient Fitzgerald, having an idea how matters were going, forced his way upstairs.

Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart: "So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brooks informs me that I have been elected three times."

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well, then," replied the duellist, "did you blackball me?"

"My good sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing?"

"Oh, I supposed no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by accident, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the same question to all in turn, "Did you blackball me, sir?" until he made the round of the whole club, and in each case he received a reply similar to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his investigations, he thus addressed the whole body: "You see, gentlemen, that, as none of ye have blackballed me, I must be elected—it is Mr. Brooks that has made the mistake. I was convinced it would end in this way, and am only sorry that so much time has been lost as to prevent honourable gentlemen from enjoying each other's company sooner." He then desired the waiter to bring him a bottle of champagne, that he might drink long life to the club and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a "raal gentleman by father and mother, and who never missed his man."

After this nothing more was said by the

members, who determined to ignore the presence of their dangerous visitor, who drank three bottles of champagne in enforced silence, for no one would answer him when he spoke. With cool effrontery the latter sat drinking toasts and healths, to the terror of the waiter. At length every one was much relieved to see him rise and prepare to depart. Before going, however, he took leave with a low bow, at the same time promising to "come earlier next night and have a little more of it." It was then agreed that half a dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to bear him off to the watch-house if he attempted again to intrude, but Mr. Fitzgerald, aware probably of the reception he might get, never did.

Regarded even in the light of a rejected candidate, Mr. Fitzgerald has had some distinguished company. Thackeray and Disraeli were once blackballed at the Athenæum; and the late Mr. Gladstone was rejected for the club at Biarritz.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

CANON SHEEHAN'S "THE INTELLECTUALS"*

The author calls the imaginary meetings and discussions of his little group of characters an "experiment in Irish club life" and hopes something like it may come true, "when under the influences of wider and more rational systems of education, the barriers of racial and sectarian prejudices may be broken down and the higher humanities accepted as an integral portion of social and domestic life." The members of the club, who take the name of Sunetoi on account of their "quick understanding and grasp of intellect," comprise the parish priest, the leading physician and the leading banker and their wives, a learned professor of Queen's College, a young woman who is a "B.A. of the Royal," a Scotch lady of severely accurate habits, and a young English civil engineer who writes verses. All but the last two are Irish Catholics, though with varying views on religion, politics and every other subject. The only member who has no ideas and cannot quote from the best writers in all languages is the banker, who of course is useful as a foil and as an excuse for explaining matters now and then to the reader. Later a genuine minor poet joins them. The club holds thirty-seven sessions, each of which is reported in detail and the number of subjects discussed and the amount of information interchanged are prodigious. It is an exceedingly elastic frame-work, admitting almost everything that the author happens to have read or thought about.

Thus a club meeting may begin with a discussion as to what constitutes a gentleman and end with Copernicus, as "the one man who has emancipated the human mind." Or a member may start gaily with the remark, "That brings up the eternal question, 'What is poetry?'" and they are soon saying what Wordsworth thought of Burns and how much Carlyle liked "Tam o' Shanter" and that poets are not always cleanly in their habits and that it is a mistake to suppose this earth is an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles, for it is really pear-shaped, and somebody quotes a line from Shakespeare and says it towers above men like the untrodden peaks of the Himalayas and somebody asks if it is greater than Halley's Comet. It gives a chance too for long lists of literary likes and dislikes. Somebody hates *Alice in Wonderland.* Somebody else adores it. The Professor deplores all French drama except Molière, thinks Calderon nearly as great as Shakespeare, prefers *Comus* to *Paradise Lost,* detests the *Faerie Queen,* and Montaigne and Goethe's *Faust,* and likes *Julius Cæsar* the best of Shakespeare's plays, and so on without reason or sign of intimacy or any contradiction from the others. And the others in their turn revel in equally bald assertions.

"I don't know, in the whole of my experience of authors, a more unreliable, unsafe and untrustworthy guide than the aforesaid Lord Macaulay."

There was a gasp of surprise, but the Professor went on:

"I always distrust preacher, teacher or critic who is absolutely sure of himself, and who dogmatises in such a manner that he leaves

*The Intellectuals. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1911. Pp. 386.

no room for a second opinion. I suppose such dogmatism offends my sense of pride, and I rise up in natural revolt against it. But I find invariably that modest men are right. I remember, and never without a sense of indignation, all the bitter and unjust things that were said against young poets at the commencement of the last century, poets that are now enshrined and immortal. And when I find Macaulay and Matthew Arnold adopting the same tone of infallibility, I at once reverse their verdict in my own mind. I conceived an aversion to the *Vicar of Wakefield* because Macaulay somewhere praises that book, and if anything could add to my adoring appreciation of Shelley it is the highly absurd censorship which Matthew Arnold assumes toward that poet and his works. Among our writers I have seen nowhere such just and impartial criticism of our English poets as that of Mr. Lowell; and, of course, in France, Sainte-Beuve remains supreme."

"You seem to think, Professor," said Mr. Hunt, "that poets are not the best or most impartial judges of poets."

"Certainly not. The very best proof of this is that poets are invariably the worst judges of their own work. You will hardly find a single case where the judgment of the poet and the judgment of the public is at one."

And there is a great deal about

> All the glory that was Greece,
> All the grandeur that was Rome,

and the value of a classical education and the claims of science and the modern languages, and the utilitarian members are easily downed by familiar quotations like the one above, and somebody quotes a Greek line and avers that the words have no equivalents in English, and nobody ever cites an English word that has no equivalent in Greek, for that would argue a very low taste indeed. Where would you find an English equivalent of *polyphloisbois thalasses* or *dakruoen gelasasa?* And nobody dares reply.

"Do you really mean, Professor," said the Doctor, interrupting rather brusquely, "that a man who is devoted to science cannot be a gentleman?"

"If you mean exclusively devoted to science," said the Professor blandly, "I say certainly, Yes! He cannot. The reason is plain. A gentleman is one of refined habits and feelings, sensitive to his own honour and others' comfort, physically unable to do anything coarse or rude. To raise the human mind to that level, ideas, as Miss Fraser so aptly said, are absolutely necessary; and these must be lofty and transcendent ideas—ideas that lift and raise and elevate above everything sordid and coarse and mean. Now, a scientist has to deal not with ideas, but with facts; and facts are vulgar things."

It is meant that religion shall get the better of science in these discussions and the classics prevail over the bread and butter studies.

We have quoted and summarised the text rather freely in a conscientious desire to offset our possibly biassed opinion that it is all rather pedantic and laboured. The style is exceedingly redundant, and as in the above passage, the reader often wonders why the "lofty" ideas should be made not only to "lift" but also to "raise" and "elevate." It has packed into one volume nearly as much as Dr. Holmes put into the whole "Breakfast Table" series, and its scope is more ambitious. Its Professor is more multifarious, its Poet is more persistent, than Holmes's ventured to be. At every point the worthy motive may be discerned. The writer is sure that he possesses "Culture" and he is trying to give some to us. He has read what he ought to read and he remembers a good deal of it. But he writes in a way that raises some delicate doubts as to his digestion. There must be a good many *Atlantic Monthly* contributions in such a man, but would that be a comfortable feeling? There are reckless consumers that had rather forget everything they have read than secrete only *Atlantic Monthly* contributions. This club for the domestication of the "higher humanities" is not a cheerful vision of the future, and the author's hope that it may some time come true is not an altogether kindly one. Its members seem dispirited by good traditions and overborne by worthy books. They are the "flat unraiséd spirits" of the higher plane. The chief result of their wide readings is the complacent sense of having done the gentlemanly thing.

But now and then when the Sunetoi forget that they are intellectual and talk of matters intimate or local their manner

is more spirited. Some good hard knocks are given to Parnell.

As for his aggregate work for Ireland, I tell you, it was the people behind Parnell and not Parnell himself, that won his battles. It was the poor devils that suffered themselves to be flung out on the road, that went to gaol, to the plank-bed and the skilly, not to the first-class hotel fare of Kilmainham; it was poor Davitt and O'Brien that won back the land from the stranger.

There is a very slight love story running through the book, terminating happily, and the attempt is made to develop each character sufficiently to give him an individual interest. The poet, who is described as the greatest of the minor poets in England, turns out to be a lord. "I fear," he says, after reading one of his poems, "I have been prolix," and the apprehension seems to us well founded, but it is only fair to quote in part

We glide from out the mists of Time,
Far, far away the fog-bell's chime
Seems through the sounds of seas to climb.

And farther, farther going,
Into the sunset faintly glowing,
From ocean into ocean flowing,

Over the seas as smooth as glass,
Mirrors unflecked, we swiftly pass,
The treasures of the deep amass,

Not in its ooze of pearl and gold,
The great, grey seas in their depths enfold,
Sought in the eld by mariners bold.

But in glorious day-dreams that ever come,
When sky, and sea, and lips are dumb,
And the albatross comes wheeling home.

* * * * *

C. M. French.

IV

Percival Pollard's "Masks and Minstrels"*

All the world loves a lover . . . and all the world is enthusiastic with the true enthusiast.

At a reasonable distance from any evolutionary art epoch, sedate criticism may be the best medium through which to study it. But while its currents still run turbulent, the hot-headed enthusiast who plunges into the stream can tell of its eddyings with the vividness of personal experience. His limited perspective may not allow him to see clearly what is lasting and what is merely ephemeral. But there will be an actuality about his narrating which gives enjoyment to the reader.

This is the spirit in which we must approach Mr. Pollard's little book. In it we will find a great deal of Percival Pollard, his impressions and his theories. But we will also find considerable knowledge and a sympathetic if incomplete insight into the men and ideas of a very interesting formative epoch in new German literature, an epoch little known and less understood by literary critics elsewhere, except perhaps in the neighbourly Scandinavian countries.

The part of Germany to which Mr. Pollard devotes most of the space in his book—the rest he takes for himself—has little to do with the Americanised Germany now being discovered by the news columns and the Sunday supplements of our dailies. By that token it comes a long ways nearer to being the real Germany. The past two decades have seen a new Storm and Stress period of German literary evolution, and the outside world has taken little note of it, judging the few who rode into international prominence on the current as if they had merely happened, as isolated phenomena. Mr. Pollard has set himself the task of clearing this misunderstanding, and he has done it with all the exuberant exaggeration, the belligerent temper and the strong flavour of the Personal Equation which characterise the men about whom he writes, the men themselves and the movement for which they stood. He caught his mood from his subject—or is it that his subject fitted his personal mood so well? Whichever may be the case, the peculiarities of his manner give an undeniably more accurate picture of an epoch of moods crystallising into permanent art forms than a saner-toned criticism might do.

His idols are Otto Julius Bierbaum and Detlev von Liliencron. Through their eyes and judged by their standards he sees all the others of the New German

*Masks and Minstrels of New Germany. By Percival Pollard. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

movement. This voluntarily set limitation accounts for some queer gaps in his knowledge and some amusing eccentricities of judgment. For some of what he tells of he saw at first hand, of the rest he "had read in a book." In one thing, however, Mr. Pollard has caught the spirit of the New Minstrelsy and all through his book runs the thread of the art form that was the most unique and truest expression of its utterance, the "Ueberbrettl." He translates it as Artistic Variety. Literary Variety seems nearer the truth, in the sense of the thing itself. This delightful little theatrical hybrid, born of a union of the Poetic Muse with the Music Hall "originally out of the Café, by Genius," Mr. Pollard says, was for three or four years so important a feature, artistically, financially and popularly, of Germany's theatrical and literary life, that it is astonishing how slow its echoes have been in penetrating beyond the national boundary lines. Now that it is dead and gone, it still lives in the new names it has brought to the fore in the literary, musical, and histrionic roll of fame, still lives in many a slang expression heard in the streets of Berlin and Munich, and still lives in the memories of many to whom it brought the keen joy it did to Mr. Pollard. He gives it a whole chapter, but acknowledges his failure to describe actually the thing itself. Much as he loved it, his experience of it seems after all to have been meagre. He did not live through its time of greatest triumph in Berlin when the public flocked to any sort of an Ueberbrettl (why not translate literally and call it the "Super-Variety-Show?") from a restaurant hall in a side street to Baron von Wolzogen's mauve and mignonette theatre with its "usheresse?" in mauve blouses and hair-bows, and its titled poet-manager, lithe and elegant in his blue satin evening coat, introducing the "turns" himself. Everything was "Ueber" in those days. This word, once thought the exclusive property of philosophic poetry, achieved the true test of popularity. It became the universal slang of the street. One was beseeched to spare the cat becoming annoyingly musical on the back fence. It might be a Super-cat practising its "turn." If your cabman drove in zigzag and you said so, he turned on you a reproachful, beery eye: "Why, Madameken, that's a Super-horse, I can't help what he does!"

But to return to Mr. Pollard. His own trick of digressing is infectious. He shows us how out of the Ueberbrettl was born a new poetry which did what its creators wished it to do—appealed to the great mass. He cites Bierbaum's book of poems, *Love's Maze,* selling up to forty thousand copies; he tells of the collections of Ueberbrettl songs selling twenty thousand strong. Then he flings his own country a challenge to show any such wholesale buying of poetry. Alas, who will dare answer him?

In following chatty, rambling chapters he talks of his two favourites, Liliencron and Bierbaum; talks at length of Ernst von Wolzogen the versatile, prince of literary entertainers; of Otto Erich Hartleben, who never grew up; of Richard Dehmel, virile, gifted poet; then of many others to whom he gives an impartially indiscriminate meed of enthusiastic praise, he comes to Frank Wedekind, the most weird and incomprehensible of them all. Mr. Pollard believes that the works of Wedekind will survive because he has "gashed the irremediable savagery of our times, surviving through centuries of so-called civilisation, so deeply upon the theatre and literature." He does not seem to realise that part of Wedekind's undeniable power, in spite of his savage brutality, lies in his equally undeniable command of stage technic—when he happens to want to show it.

Thoma; Schnitzler, the graceful philanderer; Bahr, the versatile with his one late success, *The Concert;* and Hugo von Hoffmanstal, superlative verse artist, all pass in review in these rambling notes, jumbled together with little critical sense of comparative values but presented to us with so much personal anecdote that the men themselves become living personalities even to the reader who knows little or nothing of their work. Herein, be it said again, lies the chief merit of the book.

One chapter deserves notice, the one devoted to Mrs. Hartleben's little book of anecdote about her husband. It was a case of *The Concert* in real life, and the

stories as retold by Mr. Pollard do indeed show a picture of wifely tolerance, wifely devotion and true understanding such as all poets may need, but such as is not given to many men, poets or otherwise, to enjoy. This one chapter alone makes the little book eminently worth reading. Although, if you are sure of your audience, you can pick out quotable sayings amid the exuberant utterances of Mr. Pollard's Super-temperament.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

THOMAS LEAMING'S "A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER"*

Some day a thoroughly equipped writer will probably produce a book—and that book will undoubtedly be a novel—which will do for America what *Bleak House* did for England in arousing public opinion against the law's delays and other abuses of the courts. The exposure of the nefarious Chancery practices in "Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce" did not work any immediate revolution in England's administration of justice, for they were still encouraging chicanery at the expense of honesty in 1875, years after *Bleak House* began the fight. But there was some excuse for England's delay in setting her legal house in order. She had no model upon which to frame a system insuring a better administration of the law, and she was hampered by the traditions and prejudices of the Bench and Bar—the most conservative if not the most powerful body of men in the Kingdom.

We of the United States have no such excuse for continuing the existing conditions in our courts which are rapidly making a mockery of justice. Except in a few States our judicial system is inherited directly from the mother country, and the reformation by which she has eliminated legal outrages and re-established justice is readily adaptable to our needs. Why we should refuse to avail ourselves of this invaluable experience and tamely submit to the scandalous impositions which to-day disgrace our courts is a mystery which can only be explained by the fact that the nation, as a whole, has not yet discovered the open secret of the steadily increasing disrespect for law in America.

Mr. Leaming's study of the London courts and his well-written and judicial views regarding them are not likely to arouse the general public to any passionate resentment against the legal evils that afflict us. There is nothing sensational, dramatic or even exciting in his pages. Nevertheless they contain much inflammable material for "apostles of discontent." For instance, the writer states that in England the most important action can be tried, a judgment given, an appeal taken, argued and orally decided on the spot—all in ninety days.

This quiet recital of facts ought of itself to create a revolution in this country. If a case can be begun, tried, decided, appealed and brought to final judgment within three months in England, why should we tolerate the legal jugglery and nonsense that keeps a similar cause three or more years in our courts? Americans are easy-going and slow to wrath, but it is extremely doubtful if they will much longer submit to a condition of affairs which is tantamount to a denial of justice. Meanwhile the influence of the judges, the courts and the law in general is daily being undermined. This would be a serious situation for any country, but it is doubly serious for a republic whose supreme authority is vested in the courts and whose very foundation is the law.

Mr. Leaming, however, has no thought of leading any crusade against the technicalities and other abuses which now infest the administration of law in his country. He is obviously impressed by the admirable system in vogue in the London courts, but at the very beginning of his volume he disclaims any intention of entering upon odious comparisons and he adheres to this policy throughout. The audience to whom his pages are primarily addressed is the legal profession, and he is apparently content to act merely as a highly intelligent and dignified guide, conducting a party of his legal brethren through the masses of practice, etiquette and tradition prevailing at the London Bar, and showing them its Halls

*A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. By Thomas Leaming. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

of Justice in a thoroughly business-like manner.

It must have been difficult for him to refrain from comment upon the fact that at the recent trial of Dr. Crippen a newspaper proprietor was fined £100 for speculating upon the probability of the prisoner's guilt, and an editor mulcted to the extent of £200 for publishing a statement not contained in the evidence; while another was fined the same amount for circulating a story that the accused had confessed. But perhaps no comment was necessary. Certainly the courts which thus enforce respect for themselves and afford protection for their prisoners and the public are highly respected and the ban upon "trial by newspaper," so popular with us, has not proved detrimental to the cause of justice.

Law as practised in England approaches the dignity and exactness of a science. With us it more closely resembles a game. The element of "surprise" is virtually eliminated in an English trial and this, Mr. Leaming thinks, would not appeal to the profession in America. If lawyers in this country were forced to exchange documents and otherwise to simplify the court proceedings, as is required in England, they would, in the author's opinion, "feel that half the fun of life were gone." One may sympathise with this if the law is a game; but if it be a science we might reconcile ourselves to a considerable diminution of its fun-making possibilities. The fact is that justice has been expedited and the public welfare immeasurably enhanced by the system now prevailing in the English courts, and when the Bar of America is aroused to the necessity of reform it will find the observations of *A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts* a mine of well-digested information and helpful suggestions.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

VI

Vaughan Kester's "The Prodigal Judge"*

It has become the fashion to trace influences, and *The Prodigal Judge,* no doubt, has not escaped that fate. Touches of Locke's whimsicality might easily be detected in the conception of the Judge himself, Dickens might account for the undoubted trick of caricature and occasional extravagances of style, and Mark Twain might be called upon to father certain indigenous types—but such criticism of literary heritage and environmental influence is of little value to the average reader. The essential thing is that Mr. Kester has added a distinct personal touch and insight in his interpretation of a large slice of life and, as a result, has produced a book of which any American novelist might be proud. "The Great American Novel" is not here—for no one book will catch the complexities of our ever-changing life—but the author of *The Fortunes of the Landrays* has transcribed a period in a vivid fashion and we know of no book of its pretensions more essentially American or so full of the real flavour of our early evolving conditions. The period he has chosen—some time before the Civil War—did not contain the grafted types of to-day—heterogeneous mixtures of divergent races thrown together and moulded *en masse* by the sheer centripetal force of our rushing life—but it was rich in characters who sprang from the soil and carried some of it with them. And that soil was still in need of furrowing, wealthy in potentials, racy with vigour. Mr. Kester has touched high water mark in describing those broad places, the faintly scorched roads but lately pushed by pioneers over the hills, the winding rivers that flowed by the occasional settlements with their mushroom man-made resting places. It is no indulgence in the superlative to say these descriptions are the best parts of the book, and it is the characters in particular who have caught and conveyed this atmosphere, rather than the conventional hero and villain, which are most successfully handled by the author. Mr. Kester's plot also, while marred at times by a conscious if somewhat comfortable coincidence, contains a device which gives opportunity for the peripatetic nature of the story. Numerous villains are trying to kidnap a child of mysterious parentage, who managing to elude his

*The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

pursuers, through an exciting series of adventures which take him from North Carolina to Tennessee, stumbles upon a cabin in the woods, where he is sheltered by the Judge—a rather preposterous drunken individual of magnificent language, loud deeds and heroic possibilities. Yet before the fact that he is the boy's grandfather is disclosed, and the Judge, recalled from prodigality, the various protectors of the boy pass through adventures of the most stirring sort which result in solving a mystery very cleverly contrived at the beginning. But the humour and pathos of the old prodigal's life lifts it out of a mere melodramatic story and gives it a quality and tone of rare merit. What is most encouraging is that Mr. Kester has written a "best seller" which really deserves the wide success it will without doubt continue to have, and we should not be surprised if its dramatic possibilities were translated into play form even at the expense of its genuine literary charm.

Griffin Mace.

VII

Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"*

You have reached the age of seven and thirty, in the life of the cultivated man the second and perhaps the most vital period of his romance. Youth is still there, and with it the memory of another and remote youth. With Béranger you muse on "Les braves jours qu'on est bien à vingt ans;" with Thackeray you say, "To drain all life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one;" with Longfellow you recall "The wharves and the slips, and the sea tides tossing free; and the Spanish sailors with bearded lips, and the beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea." It is all so distinct, that earlier youth, and the years have passed so swiftly. In memory it is so easy to recall the old thrills, the old aspirations, the old loves, the old pangs of pleasure and pain. But to seek out those ghosts of the past, and to try to reanimate them —may not that be the mistake? That, in brief, is the story of Conrad Warriner in Mr. Leonard Merrick's whimsical and clever book. The Fates have taken him out of England and brought him back at the age of thirty-seven in a position of comfortable affluence. Old recollections thrill within him. He will find again the scenes of his days as an art student on the left bank of the Seine; revivify the old loves of his boyhood; in a word he will go in the quest of his youth.

Now with a beginning like this the rest of the narrative is, in a general way, obvious. The search will bring much disillusion and some compensation. The cousins with whom he romped in his infancy on the shores of Sweetbay, have become conventional Londoners, and having rashly accepted Conrad's invitation to visit him for a time at that watering place, soon find excuses to carry them back to town. Never mind, thinks Warriner, there was Mary, that slip of a girl whom I adored when I was twelve years old; I shall find her. After a series of Quixotic adventures he does so; to be confronted with a heavy, simpering, and intolerably vain woman, wearing a vivid silk blouse, and a string of sham pearls, and answering to the name of Mrs. Barchester-Bailey. Then comes to Conrad another memory, a memory of an adventure in Rouen, when he was seventeen, that is curiously and innocently suggestive of an episode in Maupassant's *Notre Cœur,* a memory of Chypre, and of a woman named Joan Adaile. Again he starts in pursuit, this time to find disillusionment in a manner that is somewhat less humiliating. Finally Conrad learns the lesson that the past is irrevocable, that there "is no way back to Rouen," and finds a new life and inspiration in his adventures with a company of stranded strolling players, and in the companionship of a kindred spirit. He makes the great discovery—that a man is young as often as he falls in love. There is charm and much good writing in *Conrad in Quest of his Youth,* which is worth while reading if only for the vivid and whimsically humorous and pathetic picture of the tribulations of the players at Blithepont Pier.

Allen Pratt Savage.

*Conrad in Quest of His Youth. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

VIII

Upton Sinclair's "Love's Pilgrimage"*

We have no quarrel with Mr. Sinclair for wishing frankness upon all the facts of life and quite agree with him on the mock morality of some silences, but when his method of presenting those facts makes them relatively abnormal and unnatural, we feel a decided objection to his particular use of them. *Love's Pilgrimage* purports to be a page out of life and, no doubt, from strong internal evidence, and recalling his introduction to *Springtime and Harvest,* it has *l'air vécu;* hence as a specialised study of two egos working toward adjustment it may justly claim attention as rather an astonishing study of physical and emotional nakedness written with all the author's well-known fervour. But as an interpretation of the greater problem of living it fails; for though it deals with certain functional disturbances more or less common to all human beings the author unfortunately has asked the reader to look at those facts through the eyes of two hyper-sensitised individuals. In their resultant emotional reactions, consequently, which the author portrays with vividness, the reader is made to feel hideous and repulsive the very things with which Mr. Sinclair most wishes him to be on speaking terms. While a dyspeptic's attitude toward food may be true to life one would not expect him to look at edibles with the same eye as one in good health. Had either Thyrsis or Corydon approached normal healthy manhood and womanhood, the events of their life together, treated no matter how intimately, might have lifted the novel above the level it at present attains; for, on the whole, their series of adventures, however deep-rooted they may be in actuality, as art, makes considerable demands upon the reader's credulity. Mr. Sinclair has never veiled his personal struggles from publicity and hence it is difficult not to believe that the attitude of Thyrsis is his own. Unable to free himself from his hatred of classes, his socialism and his tractarian propensities, Mr. Sinclair does not seem to realise the husband and wife of his novel are punished for their crass stupidity and temperamental limitations: it is not the world which is at fault, as he would have us believe, for even in its smug complacency it merely asks genius to make good its claim of superiority.

Thyrsis possesses all the ear-marks of a genius: his selfish egotism, his mystical moments, his insistence on recognition, his lack of proportion and consciousness of his relentless destiny. Mr. Sinclair throughout has drawn this character with a skill which rivals May Sinclair's *Divine Fire*—a somewhat similar study. The novel deals with the struggle of Thyrsis, a writer precocious in emotion but ignorant in fact—to adapt his life with Corydon, his wife, a morbid, temperamental young woman by all means exceptional. There is nothing normal in their wooing nor in their relations: they face the ordinary facts of their life in a manner as sensational as it is unusual. Their intense imaginations distort the simple facts of sex. Indeed, they begin their married life as brother and sister and proceed to achieve parenthood after a series of most intimate revelations which Mr. Sinclair, in his splendid hatred of sham silence on such subjects, lays bare without the slightest reserve. But if he considers the average person's attitude wrong toward this silence, he has taken means to frighten a sensitive temperament into further reserve, not through his brutal realism alone, but, as has been said, because the events are exposed to us in an abnormal and at times perverted light. After the coming of the child in a scene which recalls quite naturally *La Joie de Vivre, Anna Karénina,* and *Esther Waters,* even the further unwashed details of babyhood's hygiene are also put before us.

But it would be unfair, however, to intimate that emphasis alone is placed upon these phases, for the vicissitudes of the literary life, so poignantly presented in George Gissing's *New Grub Street,* are written in Mr. Sinclair's best provocative manner. The incidents of Thyrsis's struggle between what he feels is his inspiration and commercial literary standards, the call of personal freedom

*Love's Pilgrimage. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

from the restraints of domesticity and the reach of Corydon for understanding amid the aloofness of a type such as his are of absorbing interest. But it is overburdened throughout with the author's own experiences ranging from play-producing, hack-writing, socialism, and even Fletcherism. No doubt the very formlessness of the novel, with its gratuitous comments, may be the author's best claim to its truth, but there is no logic in a method that purposely uses the obstetrical detail on one page and an idealistic selection on another.

Mr. Sinclair has written one of the frankest books in English; we wonder, in this connection, if that was his main intention, whether in some slight justification of the severe criticism he will no doubt receive, he has entirely forgotten Mrs. Gilchrist's letter to Rossetti on receiving a copy of Walt Whitman: " . . . as for what you specially allude to, who so well able to bear it—I will say, to judge wisely of it—as one who, having been a happy wife and mother, has learned to accept with tenderness, to feel a sacredness in all the fact of nature? But perhaps Walt Whitman has forgotten—or, through some theory in his head has overridden—the truth that our instincts are beautiful facts of nature, as well as our bodies, and that we have a strong instinct of silence about some things."

George Middleton.

IX

Francis Lynde's "The Price"*

That the wages of sin is death to the soul, that the end does not justify the means, and that it is not possible to right one wrong by committing another, is the theme of Mr. Lynde's latest novel. A theme cleverly handled too, where the moral, clearly pointed, does not in any way interfere with the exciting sweep of events narrated. In its external *The Price* is a good type of what one might call the "inverted" detective story, with the criminal in full view of the reader all the time, and the detective groping in a fog just behind. We hold our breath when they seem at the point of meeting, and whatever our convictions may be as to the right and wrong of the case, our morals weaken in our sympathy for the gallant if mistaken criminal.

Kenneth Griswold, an aspirant to literary fame, finds himself stranded in New Orleans with no more tangible assets than a vaguely rebellious nebulous radicalism and a decidedly disturbing hunger. Also the manuscript of a unanimously refused novel. Driven to despair, he decides on violent measures. He walks into a bank one morning, puts a pistol at the president's throat and forces him to hand over one hundred thousand dollars in cash. Then he walks out into the street again and effects a clever escape by the aid of common sense and much previous reading of detective stories. With the aid of the money he intends to assuage his hunger, publish his novel and in some way live out his vague radicalism. All things considered, this last task looks to be most difficult, and so it proves in the course of the story.

But first there is an exciting journey up the Mississippi on a passenger steamer, a capture and renewed escape in St. Louis, and the fortunate events of what would otherwise have proved an unfortunate railway trip to the little Minnesota town Griswold had chosen at random for the scene of his new life. Two charming girls are intimately concerned in the events of his flight and his arrival in Wahaska, and for a long time the reader is as much in the dark as to which of them will win out in the hero's affections as that young man himself seems to be. Although the author is not quite fair to the calm and lovely Charlotte Farnham in the sudden change he lets her make. Nothing in her previous conduct would lead us to suspect the selfishness shown at the end. It looks more as if Mr. Lynde had gotten himself and his hero into a dilemna out of which he saw no other way.

With little attempt at character drawing, there is good development of plot and a sustained interest that holds the reader's unflagging attention. We can even accept with no disturbing doubts the many times in which sheer Chance

*The Price. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

intervenes, and we do not need the author's repeated pointing out of the absurdities of Chance in the events of human life. The accidents of chance that save Griswold again and again when his case looked desperate fit so well into the plot that they only serve to make it more exciting. When we've finished one chapter we want very much to know what will happen in the next.

It is a pity, with Mr. Lynde's talent for telling a story, that he is not a little more careful as to workmanship. When he lets himself tell his story naturally, his narrative flows on in a direct simplicity that is attractive. But every now and then he seems to feel the need of "fine writing," of interpolation or personal comment. And in such moments his style becomes amateurish and awkward. One of its worst faults is the annoyingly constant use of such unusual words as "proletary," "prefigurings," "convincement." The offence is aggravated by the fact that in most instances these words are used incorrectly, in evident purpose of synonym for the simpler words which would fit the case. Only Mr. Lynde was not cautious enough to consult the dictionary before launching out onto the troubled waters of verbal variety.

J. Marchand.

X

E. B. Dewing's "A Big Horse To Ride"*

It is no simple task the author of *Other People's Houses* has set herself to accomplish, and she has achieved a *tour de force* of considerable proportions. Ordinarily the narration of a story through a first person with a complete knowledge of the proportion and value of the facts is difficult enough, but Miss Dewing has deliberately developed a mechanism much more complicated which has opened her to many psychological difficulties. Yet the artistry of her first book has not failed her here, and she fulfils the prediction of an extremely clever workman who knows the use of her medium. In fact, in many ways, *A Big Horse To Ride* will prove *caviare* to the discriminating, and as Miss Dewing has made no compromise in her treatment or her choice of incidents, this will, no doubt, be her greatest satisfaction.

The life of Rose Carson, as told by herself, is not over-exciting; it does not contain many of the thrills one would expect of a famous dancer, it lacks the conventional fictive sufferings of early beginnings, it is full of sustained success and it is, after all, only a written fragment snatched by her still in young womanhood; it leaves one with the impression of life's incompleteness suggestive of further experience for which the past has merely been a preparation. Three or four sections are written at different periods, and in the intervals life frequently catches up with her so that the reader sees the past as translated by the shifting moods of the present circumstances and developments. It is this which makes the book notable, for Miss Dewing has cleverly contrived to let this appear in Rose's narration, subtly colouring her own interpretation, finding new motives in her added knowledge to explain the mis-read, and thereby adding a suspense through the contradictions and ironies which externals are always arousing. At first she writes with a false delicacy, then an intense wish to expose brazenly and thus find deliverance in expression, and, finally, when life seems to have resolved itself into calm, she determines to view it all as something detached. As she does not wish to publish, there is no studied phrases with an eye to the reader's reaction. It is rather a simple revelation of a temperament and is quivering with all the filaments that make us individual.

And this is life—The Big Horse—as Rose sees it: full of digressions, high moments of reality and illusion, fugitive sensations, work, intense subjective struggles and the artist's isolation which is the penalty and gift of such as she. The outlines of the story in themselves would contain little indication of the canvas, for it is essentially a study of a character. Rose is the child of violent parents and she reflects from her back-

*A Big Horse To Ride. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ground the inheritance of physical excitation, which is accentuated by the nature of her calling. A born dancer, she has her father's power of accomplishment and she becomes a great success. Her career takes her all over the Continent and America; she is of the select few. All this Miss Dewing conveys with knowledge of the technical side of the profession, and its *milieu*, with only an occasional slip, is atmospheric and convincing. And it is this work of Rose which is really the prime fact of her life, for one gathers the great emotional experience is yet to come. The love for Barney Grant, Penny Black and even her marriage with Simon Featherly are somehow only moulding. The author has traced Rose's awakening moral sense, her surprise at her own emotions, her reaches after experience, her histrionic adaptability to the situations that confront her, the problematical effect of marriage on her career and her final technical surrender to Simon, after "a last flare of parental possessiveness," with Meredithian subtlety. Indeed the reactions require close reading—particularly when an unconventional triangle is reached: "three little ducks paddling about in the mud puddle all together." Rose's solution disarms criticism, for she is careful to say she may not read herself well and that throughout she may not have accurately penned all her whys and wherefores. It is this which makes the book true: the gaps, the commonplaceness at times, the dignifying of the trivial and the struggle for expression. If Miss Dewing does not allow her analytical tendencies to destroy her plot sense there may be no limit to her possibilities: *A Big Horse To Ride* suggests both.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Gertrude Atherton's *A Daughter of the Vine* is appearing serially in the *Figaro* of Paris under the title *L'Esclave de la Vigne.*

The *Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley,* published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, is now to be brought out in the Japanese language, there having been French and German translations.

American novelists who expect to spend the summer in Kinnebuncport, Maine, are Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. Booth Tarkington. Mr. Tarkington has recently been in somewhat delicate health.

June 14th last marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Comment on the new biography of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* written by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe, appeared in the BOOKMAN for June.

The new Cape Cod novel by Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln, author of *Si Whittaker's Place* and *Captain Eri,* is called *The Woman Haters.* The principal characters are an old lighthouse keeper and his young assistant, who live on a lonely part of Cape Cod.

The writer of the announcement notes for the Baker and Taylor Company in telling us that Mr. Owen Johnson, the author of *The Tennessee Shad,* is said to be at work upon a dramatisation of *The Varmint* makes the surprising discovery that Mr. Johnson has fallen under the glamour of the stage. Before reading the paragraph we were under the impression that Mr. Johnson's career as a playwright began some years ago and that he wrote *The Comet,* produced by Madame Nazimova.

Shortly after the appearance of David Graham Phillips's latest novel, some one wrote to D. Appleton and Company to know which character is meant to repre-

sent the Grain of Dust. "Several of my friends," said the writer of this letter, "maintain that the man does, and others that the woman does, and I claim that the child does"; and he wound up by thanking the publishers for their expected kindness in settling the question. It so happens, however, that Mr. Phillips made it perfectly clear to whom the title refers. On page 27 he speaks of Dorothea as "this inconsequential and negligible atom," and further on as "a mere grain of dust."

Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose novel, *Queed,* was reviewed last month, was at one time in his career a "newspaper bard." "It is rather singular to reflect," he writes, "that I am the author of over one thousand published 'poems.' For over three years I wrote a daily rhyme for the *Times-Despatch* (Richmond)—six rhymes a week, Monday's paper containing a clipped rhyme. These verses were of every conceivable sort, length and form; and on every conceivable subject, or on no subject at all. People used to ask me how I managed to keep it up, but of course it is the sort of thing which grows constantly easier, and it would have been perfectly simple to write two or four rhymes a day, as indeed some bards do."

There is an important addition to the series of red-bound Baedeker's Guide Books. It is a hand book to the Mediterranean, now for the first time published in England. The volume includes Madeira, the Canary Islands, the coasts of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Southeastern Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Palestine and Egypt.

A recent number of *La Nouvelle Revue,* of Paris, gave considerable space to a laudatory review of John Stuart Thomson's *The Chinese,* which appeared in this country a year or two ago from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

A publisher's note for which we disclaim responsibility: "In writing his new novel, *The Catspaw,* the author of *The Red Mouse* evolved such a mysterious and baffling plot that at times he felt it almost mystified and baffled him. He was compelled to diagram it and label the characters with letters in order to keep them distinct and apart."

Lord Loveland Discovers America, by A. M. and C. N. Williamson, is being published serially in *Lectures Pour Tous* of Paris.

After a visit to Spain Frederick Townsend Martin, the author of *The Passing of the Idle Rich,* has returned to Paris, where he will remain the rest of the summer.

Hulbert Footner, author of *Two on the Trail,* recently returned from the Canadian northwest, where the scenes of his book are laid.

It is said that the late William James of Harvard indirectly inspired the writing of Mrs. Fremont Older's *Esther Damon,* which has just been published by Scribners. Professor James's *Varieties of Religious Experiences,* which Mrs. Older read while attending the course of lectures given by Professor James at Stamford University, the year before the earthquake, is said to have suggested the story.



THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Molly-Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Later Pratt Portraits. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Social Direction of Human Evolution. Kellicott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Dawn of the Morning. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Girl I Loved. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. My School Days. Rae and others. (Stokes.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys in Finance. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. An Ardent American. Codman. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the "S. I. G.'s." Baker. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Camp St. Dunston. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. Diaz, Master of Mexico. Creelman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.
3. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
4. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. Joyce of the North Woods. Comstock. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. London. (A. & C. Black.)
4. Oxford. (A. & C. Black.)

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
2. To Love and to Cherish. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Brazenhead, the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
5. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. The Second Amendment. Hansbrough. (Hudson Pub. Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. The Glenloch Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

4. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Dawn of the Morning. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Across South America. Bingham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Stowe. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Quicksands. Lea. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.20.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Rubaiyat. Fitzgerald. (Crowell.) 50c.
3. Cradle of the Republic. Tyler. (Hermitage Press.) $2.00.
4. Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Wise. (Bell Book Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Henty Series. Henty. (Scribner.) 50c.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The House of Serravalle. Bagot. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) $2.00.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Bretano.) $1.50.
4. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The Contagion of Character. Hillis. (Revell.) $1.20.
4. Educational Problems. Hall. (Appleton.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Little Stories About Little Animals. Holton. (Children's Pub. Co.) 50 cents.
3. The Polly Page Yacht Club. Forrester. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffmann. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Country-Life Movement in the United States. Bailey. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Barbarous Mexico. Turner. (Kerr.) $1.50.
3. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Duncan. (Moffat, Yard.) 75 cents.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
5. Joyce of the North Woods. Comstock. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Bar—20 Days. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Eyes and No Eyes Series. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.
3. The Blowing Away of Mr. Bushytail. Davidson. (Duffield.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Pony Rider Boys' Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. To Love and to Cherish. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Manual of Gardening. Bailey. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The American Commonwealth. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Aeroplane Boys' Series. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
3. World Literature. Moulton. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. World of Life. Wallace. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with the U. S. Survey. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.20.
3. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. Luther Burbank's Works. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb. (Dutton.) 70 cents.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.10.
2. Life on the Pacific Coast. Wood. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.
3. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Williams.) 50 cents.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Phoebe and Ernest. Gilmore. (Holt.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilley & Britton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Way of a Woman. Ramsay. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Prince or Chauffeur. Perry. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Marie Clairs. Audoux. (Mussons.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. World Literature. Moulton. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys in the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Dare Boys' Series. Cox. (Chatterton.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing		1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
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"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	240
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.)	224
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20	93
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	91
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	82
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30	71



THE EVENING SUN, MONDAY, JULY 17, 1911

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NEWS OF THE THEATRES

QUERY: WHO'S GOING TO DRAMATIZE "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"?

Vaughan Kester's Untimely Death, Just as His Great Novel Is at the Very Beginning of Its Success, Makes It Almost Certain That in Some Form or Another It Will Finally Reach the Stage—Mme. Simone and Her Husband to Reach America Shortly.

The untimely death of Vaughan Hester, which occurred on July 4, had in it almost the same grim ironical tragedy which marked the death of Walter Browne on the very day that his play, "Everywoman," was first produced. Mr. Kester lived long enough to read the enthusiastic reviews of his novel, "The Prodigal Judge," and to hear the first paeans of praise which it has called forth from the public, but if he had lived for another six months his death at that time would have brought regret to a vast army of his readers who are only now beginning to hear of "The Prodigal Judge" as one of the most fascinating human and original novels that an American author has turned out in many a long year. That some one will try to dramatise it may be regarded as a foregone conclusion. Rumor has it that the late author's brother, Paul Kester, the dramatist, has already undertaken the work, but whoever does it faces an almost hopeless task, for to place that delightful old reprobate, the Judge, his indomitable pal, Mahaffy, and the dozen other vivid characters which seem to step right out of this romance of 1835 in such a light that actors may make them live and breathe as they do in the pages of the novel will be no sinecure.

"The Prodigal Judge" is essentially a man's novel. It deals with life in a broad and sweeping way, and yet back of the grandiose strut and chicanery of some of its characters there are scenes of most moving pathos and at least one episode—the final parting of the two old friends—of ineffable tenderness. "The Prodigal Judge" is the sort of book which you don't want to borrow from any one. Buy a copy of your own and, once you have read it, you'll never let it out of the family.

Speaking of Vaughan Kester's novel three actors in a restaurant were discussing "The Prodigal Judge" last night and a curious

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A TRIBUTE TO VAUGHAN KESTER'S NOVEL "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE" FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING SUN JULY 17, 1911

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
Publishers
NEW YORK
INDIANAPOLIS



MADISON SQUARE AND THE FLATIRON BUILDING. BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON
(See article, The Message of Manhattan)

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIII AUGUST, 1911 No 6

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Kipling and the Kaiser

In his history of England Mr. Kipling is not at all reticent about airing his political opinions. He is a Greater Englander, he had no sympathy for the pro-Boer element, he is cordially enthusiastic over the French alliance, he deplores the lack of martial preparation in present day England, and he regards the German Kaiser and his ambitions with the same suspicion that he manifested years ago toward the Czar when he wrote "The Truce of the Bear." It is not his fault if he fails to inculcate similar opinions in young English minds. For example, in describing the Saxon Englishman, he tells us that this person was not quarrelsome by nature, and, indeed, when he had once settled down in Britain, he was much too apt, as his descendants are to-day, to neglect soldiering altogether. He forgot his noble trade of sailor, which had brought him to Britain, so completely that within two centuries his coasts were at the mercy of every sea-thief in Europe; and down the northeast wind the sea thieves were always coming. *England should always beware of a northeast wind. It blows her no good.*

Some Writers on Sports

There was a story told years ago by American newspaper men at the expense of the talented but erratic proprietor of a great newspaper to the effect that once, in a moment of aberration, he had cabled instructions that a certain member of the paper's staff be made managing editor, and the reigning managing editor deposed. His orders were obeyed and the new man occupied the exalted position—for just one day. The point of the story was that the person in question happened to be the baseball reporter, and in those days a baseball reporter was supposed to be an individual of a rather low order of intelligence, whose fund of knowledge rarely extended beyond box-scores and batting and fielding averages. If any one happened to mention Cæsar or Hannibal in his presence it was expected that he would comment: "Never heard of them. In which one of the minor leagues did they play? Or were they rah-rah boys?" In a word he was a continuation of a type which had come down from the days of Pierce Egan and his *Tom and Jerry in London,* and the strange sporting jargon which so delighted Harry Foker as he perused it in the columns of *Bell's Life.* There was very little written about amateur sports in the United States a generation ago, because amateur sport was something utterly beyond the comprehension of the men who were assigned to conduct the athletic department of our newspapers.

But all that has been very much changed. To-day there is probably as much good, clear cut English to be found in the sporting page of a high-class metropolitan newspaper as there is in the department of art and musical citicism and rather more, we should say, than in the literary page. The man who blazed the trail was Mr. Casper Whitney, who, twenty years ago, started the little paper called *The Week's Sport,* in which he showed readers that if a man knew his Horace, his Addison, and his Thackeray, his account of an intercollegiate track

meet would be all the better for it. Later Mr. Whitney contributed to *Harper's Weekly* an admirable page under the head of "Amateur Sport;" then he was the editor of *Outing* for a number of years; and now he conducts the "Outdoor America" issue of *Collier's*. *The Week's Sport* was not many months old before other men of talent and education began to venture into the field. One of the first of these was Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who very early in the nineties went to England and wrote much for the American press about athletic diversions at Oxford and Cambridge. In December, 1893, there appeared in *Harper's Weekly* an account of the annual Yale-Princeton football game, then held at Manhattan Field in New York City, that was very widely discussed at the time, and that showed Mr. Davis's naïve descriptive power at its best. In this account Mr. Davis took the reader after the game to the dressing quarters of the Princeton eleven: "One of the Princeton coaches came into the room, and holding up his arm for silence, said: 'Boys, I want you to sing the Doxology.' And standing as they were, covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang



HUGH S. FULLERTON PROFESSIONALLY EMPLOYED



CASPAR WHITNEY. MR. WHITNEY WAS THE FIRST AMERICAN WRITER TO FIND A SUBJECT IN AMATEUR SPORT

the Doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely as they ever did in their lives." Mr. Davis is still a distinguished war correspondent, whether the field of hostilities be the Yalu or a roped ring at Reno, Nevada.

When we come to the present day there are a dozen, perhaps twenty men, who are entitled to very honourable mention. Formerly it was a case of men who knew sport trying to write and making a ludicrous bungle of the attempt. Now we have the trained writer finding a rich vein in the field of athletics. Mr. Rex Beach or Mr. Jack London is called upon to report the fight for the heavy weight championship, and though the latter may write at the top of his voice, and talk much of "abysmal brutes," and "cave men gnawing the bone," no one will seriously question the ability or the sound knowledge of the subject of either one of them. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams may not have a very profound knowledge of the mechanical mysteries of carbureters and cam shafts, but he can write easy



C. E. VAN LOAN, AUTHOR OF "THE BIG LEAGUE"

English, and can see things with the trained journalist's eye, and his account of a Glidden Tour is certain to make very good reading. In most cases the men who write are the men who know. Probably two-thirds of our men novelists are enthusiastic followers of outdoor sport. Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, for example, knows the batting averages of the Chicago "Cubs" quite as well as he does the intrigues of the court at Graustark.

In these days, at least one article dealing with some phase of professional baseball seems to be considered a necessary feature of an issue of a general magazine. A few years ago the best baseball article ever written would have had little or no chance of appearing between magazine covers. The subject was considered *infra dig.* Two or three months hence Mr. Walter Camp will be contributing football "specials" to most of the periodicals, with a profound knowledge of his subject, and a conspicuous absence of literary perception. Among the men writing baseball to-day the name of Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton should, we think, have first mention. Mr. Fullerton has been a baseball reporter of the best type for years, and although he has been quoted as saying that he wants to stop "covering big league ball" and settle down to write novels like those of Mr. William J. Locke, the wish implies no disloyalty to the subject that he had made so thoroughly his own. We have read every one of the articles that has appeared in the series that Mr. Fullerton has been contributing to the *American Magazine* during the last two years. The fact that we have been at times just a little bit sceptical about "grooves," and "angles," and signals that are changed ten times in thirty seconds in the scheme of attack and defence, has not in the least marred our appreciation of the general interest and excellence of these articles.

Then there is the gentleman who, as "Right Wing," writes comment on sport



HERBERT REED. ("RIGHT WING" OF THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST.") MR. REED'S ARTICLES HAVE WON THE APPRECIATION OF DISCRIMINATING READERS

ing matters in the columns of the New York *Evening Post*. "Right Wing" is at times an exceedingly lyrical sort of person, with a gift of apparently unconscious hyperbole that probably impresses profoundly the undergraduates, but provokes a grin from the seasoned reader. But for all that he is a talented and effective writer, who brings to his work an easy, colloquial style, and a very thorough knowledge of all the subjects that he is called upon to discuss. Then, too,



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS (TO THE RIGHT OF THE DRIVER) ON A GLIDDEN TOUR. MR. WILLIAMS'S RECENT ARTICLE ON "THE NEWSPAPER SCHOOL" IS QUOTED IN PART

he possesses an unusual faculty of seeing things that escape the attention of the average onlooker, and in his three-column comment on a college baseball game, a duel, a meet on the track, a race on the Thames, the Hudson, or Lake Carnegie, or the final of a golf tournament, there is rarely a superfluous line. Newspaper men, working anonymously, and doing really good work, seldom receive anything like the full meed of appreciation that is due them, and recognition of "Right Wing's" judgment, impartiality, and ability is far from being a waste of space. He is, in his own particular field —a minor field, perhaps—carrying on the best traditions of American journalism.

When we come to the men who are using athletics as material for fiction we are inclined to exclaim, with Mr. Squeers, "Such richness!" There was a time when the story of the cricket game in *Tom Brown at Rugby* stood out as almost an isolated case. Nowadays it would astonish us to find a book designed for boys in which the scenes for the big situations were not laid on the diamond, the cinder path, the gridiron, or the water. How many books constructed on athletic foundations has Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour written? Or that excellent workman, Mr. Ralph Paine? Where can one find a more vivid picture of a football game, or a more stirring interpretation of its spirit, than the account of the battle between the school elevens of Andover and Lawrenceville in Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Varmint?* In Mr. Jack London's *The Game* there was the very breath of the prize ring. A new volume of stories about baseball can be expected every week. We read one the other day by Mr. C. E. Van Loan, entitled *The Big League*. The stories were good, but not astonishing. Mr. Van Loan has resorted to one of the oldest tricks known in the writing of fiction. If you are a follower of professional baseball you will read the tales not only for their own sake, but because they offer you the additional zest of identifying the real characters. In some cases this is comparatively easy. No one will be long puzzled in deciding whom the author had in mind when he wrote the story of "The Fresh Guy," or what team was meant by the "Gamecocks" of early days, or who was the original of the pitcher presented in this book as Joe Corbin, or that other pitcher who was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian border to the Gulf as "Iron Man McFinnity."

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, by the way, wrote for a recent number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, a monthly pub-

lication conducted by the Senior Class of Princeton University, a paper on "The Newspaper School," which impresses us as being very much out of the usual. In this paper Mr. Williams makes some very shrewd observations. For example, he finds that the trouble with professors of literature as teachers of writing is that they know too much about writing. The advice they give is more likely to benefit the professional writer than the amateur. They are the judges of the finished product. Theirs is the point of view of the consumer, not the producer. He goes on to elucidate:

A gourmet can tell you all about *Filet de sole au vin blanc.* He can tell more *about* it, perhaps, than Marguery himself, the Boulevard restaurateur who was decorated by the French Government for his success with that *chef d'œuvre* of his distinguished art. The gourmet who eats it could tell you about the history of *Filet de sole au vin blanc,* what Louis XIV said about it, if he ever said anything about it; could discourse upon its sources and sauces; the influences of other chefs on Marguery's style, its ingredients and their proportions; the success of the finished product when done right, the reasons for failure when done wrong —all scholarly, all interesting and all appetising. But he could not teach you how to cook it, to save his dinner, unless he had gone into the kitchen and practised for years.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. ARTHUR HORNBLOW, AUTHOR OF "THE GAMBLERS," IN HIS COUNTRY HOME AT AVON BY THE SEA, NEW JERSEY



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. EVERETT SHINN
Courtesy of Brown Brothers

Jack London's Correspondents

Three or four years ago the BOOKMAN published a series of short articles entitled "Author's Letter Boxes." An interesting contribution to this subject is found in an early chapter of Jack London's *The Cruise of the Snark.* The prospective journey had been very widely exploited by the newspapers, and every mail brought to the author letters from applicants who wished to share the adventurous cruise. Ninety per cent. of the volunteers offered to work in any capacity, and ninety-nine per cent. offered to work without salary. The possession of a "passionate fondness for geography," was the way one applicant expressed the wander-lust

that was in him. Another wrote, "I am cursed with an eternal yearning to be always on the move, consequently this letter to you." A third said he wanted to go "because his feet itched." Almost all of the applicants wanted Mr. London to telegraph, at their expense, his acceptance of their services; and quite a number offered to put up a bond to guarantee their appearance on sailing date.

A number of the applicants seemed to have vague ideas about the work to be done on the *Snark;* as, for instance, the one who wrote: "I am taking the liberty of writing you this note to find out if there would be any possibility of my going with you as one of the crew of your boat to make sketches and illustrations." Several offered to serve, as one of them phrased it, "as assistant in filing materials collected for books and novels." One man gave the following qualifications: "I am an orphan living with my uncle, who is a hot revolutionary Socialist and who says a man without the red blood of adventure is an animated dish rag." Said another: "I can swim some,



JACK LONDON AT THE BUILDING OF THE "SNARK." BEFORE THE "SNARK" SAILED MR. LONDON WAS DELUGED WITH APPLICATIONS FROM VOLUNTEERS FOR THE VOYAGE

though I don't know any of the new strokes. But what is more important than strokes, the water is a friend of mine." "If I was put alone in a small boat, I could get her anywhere I wanted to go," was the qualification of a third—and a better qualification than the one that followed, "I have also watched the fish boats unload." The applicants included men and women from every walk in life. Physicians, surgeons, and dentists offered in large numbers to go along and, like all the professional men, offered to go without pay, to serve in any capacity, and to pay, even, for the privilege of so serving.

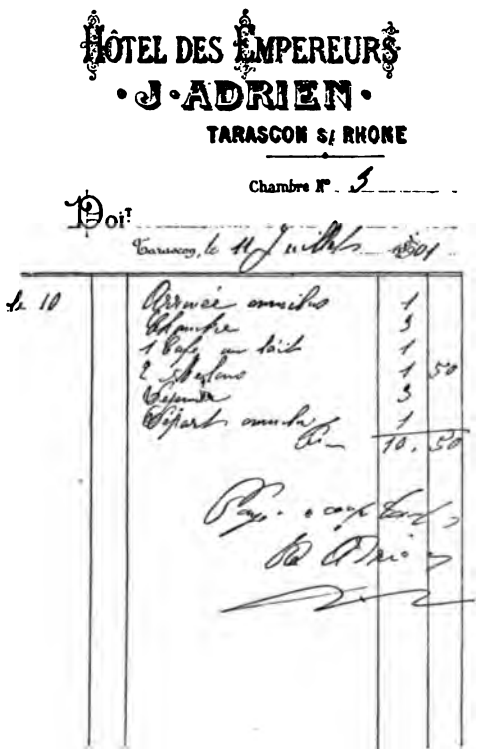
There was no end of compositors and reporters who wanted to go, to say nothing of experienced valets, chefs, and stewards. Civil engineers were keen on the voyage; "lady" companions galore cropped up for Mrs. London; while Mr. London was deluged with the applications of would-be private secretaries. Fathers and sons wanted to go and many men with their wives. For example: "I thought I would drop you a line of inquiry as to the possibility of making the trip with you, am twenty-four years of age, married and broke, and a trip of that kind would be just what we are looking for." Legion was the young woman stenographer who wrote: "Write immediately if you need me. I shall bring my typewriter on the first train." One applicant who rather puzzled Mr. London said: "I can assure you that I am eminently respectable but find other respectable people tiresome." A touching sacrifice that the author could not accept was: "I have a father, a mother, brothers and sisters, dear friends and a lucrative position, and yet I will sacrifice all to become one of your crew." Another volunteer pointed out that "to go in the ordinary boat, be it schooner or steamer, would be impracticable, for I would have to mix among and live with the ordinary type of seaman, which as a rule is not a clean sort of life." Then there was the young man of twenty-six, who had "run through the gamut of human emotions," and had "done everything from cooking to attending Stanford University," and who, at the time of writing, was "a vaquero on a fifty-five thousand acre range."

Oppenheim Plays Baseball

While he was visiting in Boston, E. Phillips Oppenheim, the English author, attended the annual outing of the Papyrus Club. Besides witnessing a mock coronation of King George and Queen Mary, Mr. Oppenheim was induced to play third base for the "Piccadilly Pets, Ltd.," in their baseball game with the "Bunker Hill Beauties." This was Mr. Oppenheim's first experience with the great American game, and he introduced some original



ideas. In base running, instead of touching the base with his foot, according to league rules, he gracefully reached down and gently tapped the bag with his fingers. Some one asked him what position he was playing—he was then half way between third base and the home plate. "Cover point, I believe," was his reply. The "Piccadilly Pets, Ltd." were badly beaten, but the English novelist took sweet revenge by defeating the Papyrus Club champion at golf.


HÔTEL DES EMPEREURS
J. ADRIEN
TARASCON S/ RHONE
Chambre N°. 1
Doit
Tarascon, le 11 Juillet 1901
fr. 10

A PILGRIM'S SOUVENIR

Imagine the illustrious Tartarin of Tarascon starting for Port Tarascon for the purpose of being a king, chartering the good ship *Pinafore,* and employing such members of the Gilbertian crew as, say, Dick Dead Eye, and the Bum-Boat woman, and Ralph, and you have the atmosphere of Alphonse Courlander's *Uncle Polperro.* Tartarin in this tale is James Polperro, a retired candy manufacturer of great wealth and vivid imagination. The Duc de Mons is a certain Major Bragada whom Polperro meets in the reading room of the Grand Hotel in Paris. The Port Tarascon which Bragada buys for the gullible retired tradesman from a certain Monsieur Jenairien—mark the name—is in the South Pacific seas, and like the isle of the Daudet story is in reality a British possession. H.M.S. *Pinafore,* originally known as the *Prancing Lizzie,* is rechristened the *Dje-mi-mêh,* which, when you look at it closely, is only a very common name fantastically spelled. On this boat Uncle Polperro, accompanied by a nephew and a niece, and his comic opera crew, steams away from the East Indian Docks, toward the lands of Romance. A whimsical, entertaining yarn.

Tartarin on the "Pinafore"

Speaking of the illustrious Tartarin, we are reproducing a pilgrim's souvenir of the "Grand Hotel des Empereurs," where the great man was wont to go and dine in state, attended by Bompard and Bravida and Bézuquet and Pascalon and even the jaundiced and insidious Costecalde and all the rest of the merry company of Cap-poppers and Alpunsts and Colonists. The Hotel of the Emperors is a tiny French inn of the type so common in the little towns of Provence. Had there been in the vocabulary or in the sun-inflamed imagination of the Tarasconese a title more sonorous, more magnificent, more magniloquent than "Emperor" it probably would have been something else. But the Hotel of the Emperors it was and is, and the literary pilgrim is prepared to say that the *dejeuner* mentioned in the accompanying bill was one that would have been found adequate by Sancho Panza Tartarin himself.

Belated Discoveries

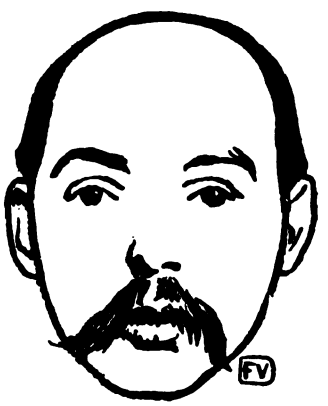
Among the new and forthcoming Italian publications, the following is announced by the house of Fratelli Treves, of Milan: *La Fiera di Vanità, Un Romanzo senza Eroe,* per W. M. Thackeray." In other words, Italy has at last discovered the author of *Vanity Fair.* As a matter of fact, English fiction of the better sort has been pretty thoroughly neglected by the Italians, so far as translations are concerned. A conscientious search through the publishers' lists furnishes at least negative proof that no one has thought it worth while to make Richardson accessible to them, or Fielding or Smollett. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey,* on the other hand, has been translated three separate times, but not *Tristram Shandy,* excepting for a few specimen chapters. There is no Italian version of Charles Reade, of Trollope, nor, excepting for *Richard Feverel,* of Meredith. Dickens

has been treated rather better: *Our Mutual Friend, Little Dorrit* and *David Copperfield* have severally found translators, and there are numerous special editions of *The Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Thackeray, oddly enough, has been persistently ignored, a circumstance all the more strange when one remembers that many of his novels have been translated into French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish and even Hungarian—and in the latter case pretty thoroughly disguised as to title: you have to look more than once at such a cryptic name as *Hiúság Vasara,* before suspecting that it is simply the Magyar equivalent of *Vanity Fair.* So far as the records show, there is just one other Thackeray translation in the whole history of Italian book-making; and that was another version of *Vanity Fair,* privately printed thirty years ago and sold only for the benefit of the Margherita of Savoy Hospital for the Blind.

The Italians by no means have a monopoly of belated discoveries. The French have just waked up to the fact that America once produced an author by the name of Stephen Crane; and *The Red Badge of Courage,* or as it is called in the French version *La Conquête de Courage,* is receiving enthusiastic appreciation from the reviewers. "It seems to me," writes the critic of *La Revue,* "that since the patriotic novels of Erckmann-Chatrian and the great Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Paul Adam's *Bataille d'Uhde,* nothing has been written more impressive and convincing." The translation, by the way, is the joint product of Henri Davray and the well-known poet, Vielé-Griffin, who, it will be remembered, is an American by birth and brother of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

Benson's "Ruskin"

For some years past we have forborne to comment in these columns on a new book by Mr. A. C. Benson, because his writings followed each other with such wonderful rapidity and were so much alike that we caught, like him, the habit of saying the same thing over again. After *The Upton Letters,* and *From a College Window,* and



VIELÉ-GRIFFIN

Beside Still Waters, and *The Altar Fire,* we settled down into the same routine and damned each successive volume almost as monotonously as he wrote them. That, by the way, bears witness to the peculiar and pervasive influence of Mr. Benson's style. The critic who starts to curse soon falls a-crooning. And so sure has Mr. Benson always been of this immunity, that on one occasion when a critic actually roused himself in the midst of Mr. Benson's limpid and purling runnings-on sufficiently to write critically, the astonished and indignant author published a letter in the *Times* or some other august organ, asking, "Why do you slap my face in public?" Now, for the first time in many years, Mr. Benson has published a book which one can read without being propped up on a pillow. The reason why his little volume on *John Ruskin* departs so far from his usual manner is because it was prepared in the form of lectures. It consists of seven lectures delivered in the Hall of Magdalene College, Oxford, during the Michaelmas of 1910.

"I had intended vaguely," says Mr. Benson, "to recast them in a more formal shape; not because they were not carefully compiled and composed, but because they were written as lectures to be heard and not as a book to be read. But I found on reflection that this would entail rewriting the whole book on an entirely different scheme."

He found his gently snoring literary style was unsuited to a lecture. He had to face his hearers and they were sitting

upon chairs. It is impossible to read any of Mr. Benson's later books and remain sitting in a chair. We have tried it and it is torture.

He calls these sensible, straightforward talks on Ruskin "A Study in Personality," and though there is nothing either novel or interesting in his own point of view, he has brought together from accessible sources a good deal of material of an intimate sort. For example, he quotes the following letter to Rossetti:

> You constantly hear a great many people saying I am very bad, and perhaps you have been yourself disposed lately to think me very good. I am neither one nor the other. I am very self-indulgent, very proud, very obstinate, and *very* resentful; on the other side I am very upright—nearly as just as I suppose it is possible for man to be in this world—exceedingly fond of making people happy, and devotedly reverent to all true mental or moral power. I never betrayed a trust, never wilfully did an unkind thing, and never in little or large matters depreciated another that I might raise myself. I believe I once had affections as warm as most people; but partly from evil chance and partly from foolish misplacing of them, they have got tumbled down and broken to pieces. . . . I have no friendships and no loves. . . . My pleasures are in seeing, thinking, reading and making people happy (if I can consistently with my own comfort). And I *take* these pleasures.

Mr. Benson does not comment on this. A less judicial mind than Ruskin's one can scarcely imagine. Yet in his frequent essays in self-analysis he loved to call himself just. In the letters to Charles Eliot Norton, published a few years ago, he declared that he owed all the power he possessed to his "stern regard for facts." At almost the same moment he was saying that our Civil War was of no more significance than a battle between "red and black ants." Ruskin was never so preposterous as when giving an account of his own character. There have been few intellects to whom Browning's line better applies:

> The fact looks to the mind as the mind likes the look.

and at the very moment he was swearing allegiance to the pure white light of truth facts would take on all the colours of the rainbow. But Mr. Benson does not go into this intricate matter. In popular lectures, it is necessary to simplify human nature.

In the above letter Ruskin calls himself resentful, but he showed little of Tennyson's resentment against his critics, and he even went out of his way to give publicity to their attacks. For instance, in *Fors Clavigera* he included a number of hostile and even abusive letters that had been written to him as parts of it appeared. On the other hand, he could retort on an impertinent critic with equal rudeness. For example, *à propos* of *Fors Clavigera* some one wrote to him:

> As you disparage so much iron and its manufacture, may it be asked how your books are printed and how is their paper made? Probably you are aware that both printing and paper-making machines are made of this material.

Ruskin answered him after his kind:

> SIR: I am indeed aware that printing and paper-making machines are made of iron. I am aware also that ploughshares and knives and forks are. And I am aware, which you certainly are not, that I am writing with an iron pen. And you will find in *Fors Clavigera,* and in all my other writings which you may have done me the honour to read, that my statement is that things which have to do the work of iron should be made of iron, and things which have to do the work of wood should be made of wood; but that (for instance) hearts should not be made of iron, nor heads of wood—and this last sentence you may wisely consider when next it enters into yours to ask questions.

Coronation Honours

If we are to judge by the distribution of honours in connection with the coronation of George V in June, literature is very lightly considered by the advisers of the new English king. Certain men who have written books have been decorated, not because they are writers, but because they are

something else. For example, the Duke of Argyle gets a Garter, Lord Reay a Thistle, Lord Crewe a Marquisate, Lord Rosebery the Earldom of Midlothian, and Lord Curzon another Earldom. But not because these gentlemen have written books. Some Knighthoods have been distributed sparingly among men of letters. Sidney Lee, the Shakespearian scholar, has been made Sir Sidney in recognition of his work on the Dictionary of National Biography. Other new literary knights, so called, are Dr. A. W. W. Dale, Dr. Arthur Evans, Professor Walter Raleigh, Dr. Sandys, and John Rhys. We shall have to wait some time longer for an opportunity to applaud Baron Kipling of Rottingdean, Baron Hardy of Dorches-



Ethelred the Unready causes an Obstruction at a Tube Booking Office.



Caxton is overcome by one of the familiar Objects of our Streets.



Richard III., having offered his Kingdom for a Horse, can get nothing but a Taxi.



Dan Chaucer unfortunately misses the Canterbury Excursion Train.

MR. PUNCH'S GALA VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

From London "Punch"

ter, or Sir George Bernard Shaw of London and the world at large.

Matters are even more disappointing than at the coronation of Edward VII nine years ago. Then knighthoods were bestowed upon Arthur Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, Leslie Stephen and F. C. Burnand. But Doyle was honoured not because he was an admirable story teller and a masterly literary workman but on account of his *Great Boer War,* in which he defended the policy of the British Government in South Africa. It was the Canadian and the Member of the House of Commons and not the author of *The Right of Way* who received recognition in the knighting of Gilbert Parker. No-



Sir Walter Raleigh offers Queen Elizabeth a Pair of Rubbers.
(Tableau arranged by the Belumbia Rubber Syndicate.)



Lady Godiva rides through Coventry.
(Tableau arranged by the Bio-cinematographic Co.)

MR. PUNCH'S GALA VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

From London "Punch"

body seemed to know why F. C. Burnand was knighted, and Leslie Stephen owed his honours to the fact that he was President of the Ethical Society.

However, there is substantial recognition of literary men, past and present, in "Mr. Punch's Gala Variety Entertainment," which was the feature of the Coronation number of London *Punch*. In fact, literary persons seem to have the lion's share of this performance. M. Maeterlinck is represented as being one of the conductors of a bee fight arranged for their Majesties' entertainment. Mr. Walkley of the *Times* delivers a dissertation in Attic Greek with a French accent. T. P. O'Connor appears as one of a team



William Shakspeare dictates two Plays and a Sonnet simultaneously.
(Tableau arranged by the Express Typewriting Bureau.)



Eleanor of Castile inoculates Edward of England against the Effects of Poisoned Daggers, Arrows, etc.
(Tableau arranged by Sir Almroth Wright.)

MR. PUNCH'S GALA VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

From London "Punch"



MAURICE HEWLETT AS CHIEF JONGLEUR

of Irish back-chat comedians. Maurice Hewlett, in the garb of a troubadour, sitting on the back of a lion, is pictured as Chief Jongleur. George Moore is making the occasion an opportunity for exploiting his wares

For every ill my novels find a cure;
Don't hesitate to send and ask for Moore.



GEORGE MOORE MODESTLY CALLS ATTENTION TO SOME OF HIS OWN BOOKS

While George Bernard Shaw is shown wearing elaborate tights, beating a sort of sublimated tom-tom and announcing:

Monarch or peasant, 'tis the same to me:
Counsel for both I've ready—fluent, free.



MR. SHAW STRIVES TO EVADE PUBLICITY

Shaw's Formula

In his preface to *Three Plays by Brieux,* George Bernard Shaw tells how to write a popular play. First, he says, you "have an idea" for a dramatic situation. If it strikes you as a splendidly original idea, whilst it is in fact as old as the hills, so much the better. For instance, the situation of an innocent person convicted by circumstances of a crime may always be depended on.

If a young officer, he must be convicted of selling information to the enemy, though it is really a fascinating female spy who has ensnared him and stolen the incriminating document. If the innocent wife, banished from her home, suffers agonies through her separation from her children, and when one of them is dying (of any disease the dramatist chooses to inflict) disguises herself as a nurse and attends it through its dying convulsion until the doctor, who should be a serio-comic character, and if possible a faithful old admirer of the lady's, simultaneously announces the recovery of the child and the discovery of the wife's innocence, the success of the play may be re-

garded as assured if the writer has any sort of knack for his work. Comedy is more difficult, because it requires a sense of humour and a good deal of vivacity; but the process is essentially the same; it is the manufacture of a misunderstanding. Having manufactured it, you place its culmination at the end of the last act but one, which is the point at which the manufacture of the play begins. Then you make your first act out of the necessary introduction of the characters to the audience, after elaborate explanations, mostly conducted by servants, solicitors, and other low-life personages (the principals must all be dukes and colonels and millionaires), of how the misunderstanding is going to come about. Your last act consists, of course, of clearing up the misunderstanding and generally getting the audience out of the theatre as best you can.

In the eyes of Mr. Shaw, Brieux, since the death of Ibsen, is the most important dramatist west of Russia. In that kind of comedy which is not only an entertainment but a history and a criticism of contemporary morals, Shaw considers him the greatest writer France has produced since Molière. There is, of course, the

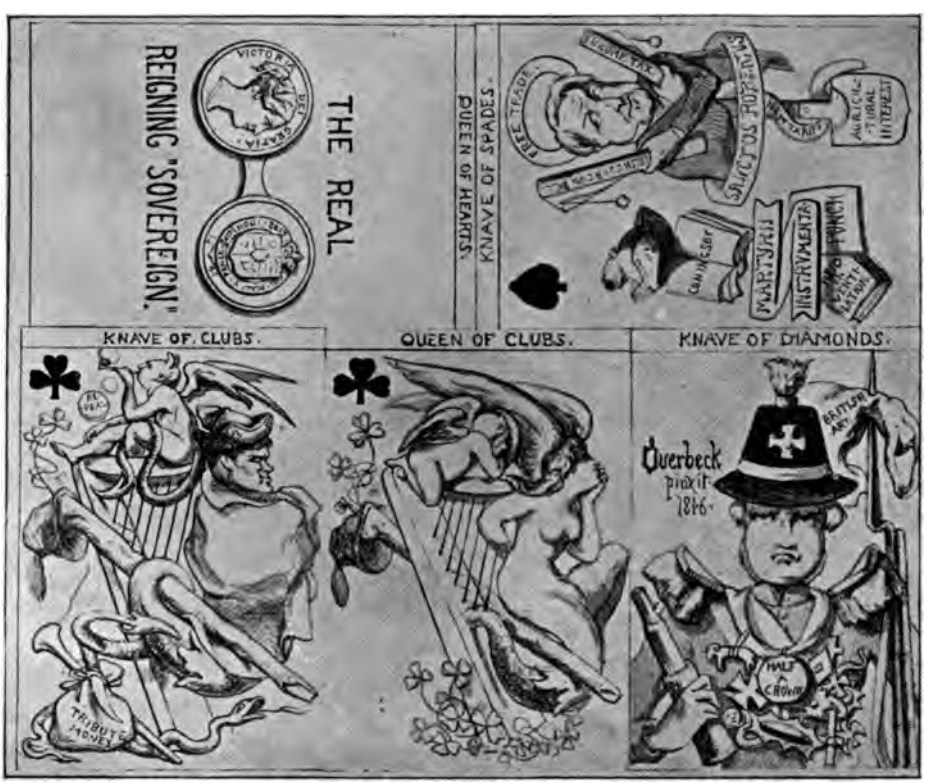


EUGÈNE BRIEUX

M. Brieux is one of the most striking literary figures in contemporary Europe. George Bernard Shaw hails him as the greatest dramatist west of Russia, and the most important French dramatist since Molière.

name of Beaumarchais. But our Irish friend contends cynically that the French critics have never read Beaumarchais, and therefore do not know how very little of him there is to read, and how, out of the two variations he wrote on his once famous theme, the second is only a petition in artistic and intellectual bankruptcy. "Had the French theatre been capable of offering a field to Balzac," writes Mr. Shaw, "my proposition might have to be modified. But as it was no more able to do that than the English theatre was to enlist the genius of Dickens, I may say confidently that in that great comedy which Balzac called 'the comedy of humanity,' to be played for the amusement of the gods rather than for that of the French public, there is no summit in the barren plain that stretches from Mount Molière to our own times until we reach Brieux."

Mr. Shaw apparently has little respect for the literary and artistic perception of the French public. Paris he characterises as "easily the most prejudiced, old-fashioned, obsolete-minded city in the west of Europe." When she produces great men she certainly does not do it by halves, but there is nothing she hates more than a Frenchman of genius. Mr. Shaw cannot understand why they made Brieux an Academician instead of starving him to death and then giving him a statue. "Can it be that in his early days," he suggests, "before he could gain his living by the theatre, he wrote a spelling book, or delivered a course of lectures on the use of pure line in Greek design? To suppose that they did it because he is a great man is to imply that they know a great Frenchman when they see him, which is contrary to all experience. They never know until the English tell them."



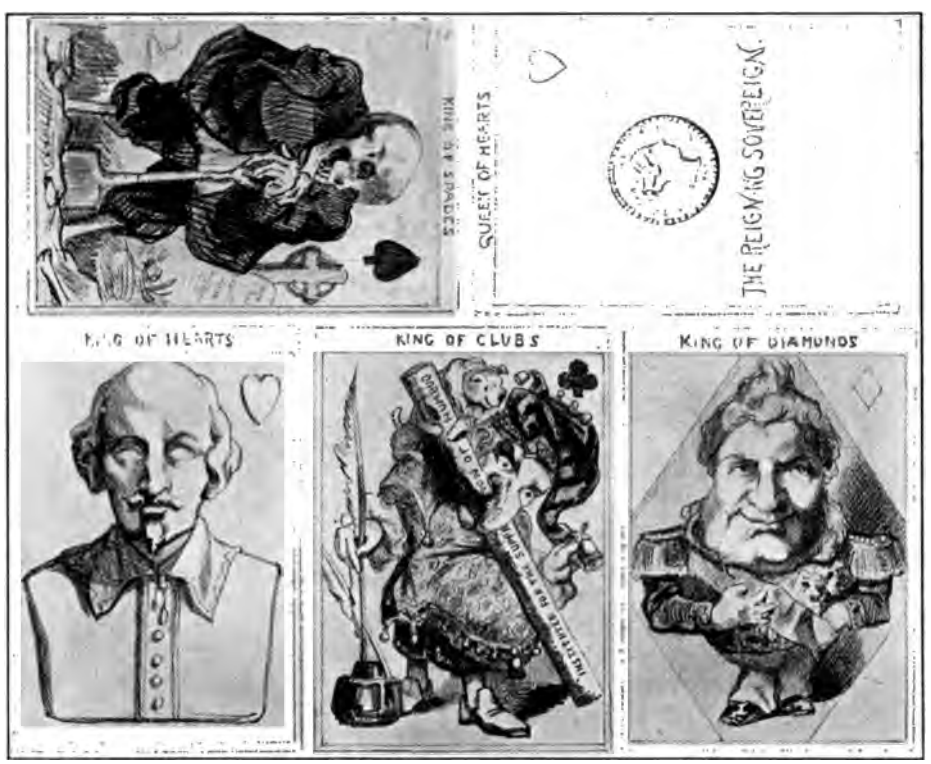
A SERIES OF "COMIC COURT CARDS"

With two exceptions these drawings are now published for the first time. The portraits will be readily identified. The King of Hearts is Shakespeare; King of

Mr. Shaw is characteristically iconoclastic in the paragraphs in which he writes of the difference between Brieux and Molière and Shakespeare. For example, we have been taught to regard *Tartufe* and *Le Misanthrope* as representing the highwater mark of Molière's genius. But Mr. Shaw professes to consider *Le Misanthrope* to be Molière's dullest and worst play. It is "like *Hamlet* in two respects. The first, which is that it would have been much better if it had been written in prose, is merely technical and need not detain us. The second is that the author does not clearly know what he is driving at. *Le Festin de Pierre,* Molière's best philosophic play, is as brilliant and arresting as *Le Misanthrope* is neither the one nor the other." G. B. S. thinks Brieux's task larger than Molière's. "Molière destroyed the prestige of those conspiracies against society which we call the professions, and which



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE
From an etching by William Bell Scott.



DRAWN BY ROSSETTI IN 1846

Diamonds, Louis Philippe; Knave of Diamonds, the Prince Consort; and the Knave of Spades, Sir Robert Peel. (Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)
From the London "Sketch."



JOHN BURROUGHS AND WALTER H. PAGE AT THE DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY RECEPTION

thrive by the exploitation of idolatry. He unmasked the doctor, the philosopher, the fencing master, the priest. He ridiculed their dupes: the hypochondriac, the academician, the devotee, the gentleman in search of accomplishments. He exposed the snob; he showed the gentleman as the butt and creature of his valet, emphasising thus the inevitable relation between the man who lives by unearned money and the man who lives by weight of service. Beyond bringing this latter point up to a later date Beaumarchais did nothing. But Molière never indicted society. Burke said that you cannot bring an indictment against a nation; yet within a generation from that utterance men began to draw indictments against whole epochs."

Well-staked Claims

A good deal has been written from time to time about the names of heroines in fiction and their relative popularity with authors—as for instance, whether there are more Marys or Kates in English novels than there are Marthas or Josephines; and whether certain names have any direct connection with certain types of women, either physically or temperamentally—in other words, whether the moment an author tells you that his heroine's name is Lily you have the right to assume that she is of the flaxen-haired type with a beguiling trick of a side-long glance; or if she happens to be Charlotte, that she has abundant black curls and a rather quick temper. It is astonishing how much harmless amusement can be derived from just this sort of idle conjecture about which no two people will ever by any chance quite agree, because of course our opinions are all predetermined by the more or less concrete image of some particular Lily or Charlotte that we have personally known. But there is one point regarding the names of heroines in fiction which we do not remember having anywhere seen mentioned: and that is that certain names, however frequent they may or may not have been at an earlier period become, as it were, the exclusive property of some one novelist and



ANNA KATHERINE GREEN AT THE DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY RECEPTION

henceforth are by a sort of tacit consent avoided by other writers. This apparently unimportant little fact in reality constitutes one of the hall-marks of the really great novelist. Your second and third rate writers can go on eternally giving us an unending array of Mamies and Bessies, Gladyses and Gwendolyns without ever by any chance making us feel that we are debarred from an equally free use of these same names. But when a Shakespeare creates once for all the type of an Ophelia or a Desdemona it would take a pretty bold novelist to try to interest us in the career of a Miss Desdemona Smith or a Miss Ophelia Robinson. There have of course been numerous Mollys in later English fiction—even the present generation of readers has not quite forgotten the Duchess and *Molly Bawn*—but we do not recall any serious piece of fiction in which the leading character bore the name of Moll since Defoe preëmptied it in *Moll Flanders*. Clarissa and Pamela are still the personal property of Richardson, just as Belinda is of Miss Edgeworth and Rowena of Scott. Beatrice is not an uncommon name in fiction; but has any one ventured to use the variant form of Beatrix since it was identified once for all with the heroine of *Henry Esmond?* Similarly, there has been no dearth of Rebeccas ranging all the way from the beautiful Jewess who defied the Knight Templar, down to her namesake of Sunnybrook Farm—but there is and can be only one Becky, and the list might be amplified indefinitely: George Eliot's Romola, William Black's Sheila, Hewlett's Jehan, Ibsen's Hedda and Nora—everywhere creative minds of the first magnitude have taken some woman's name and made it stand enduringly as the symbol of a certain definite



THE AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' RECEPTION AT GARDEN CITY

On Wednesday, May 17th, Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company gave a reception to authors and artists at their new home, Country Life Press, at Garden City, Long Island.

type, a certain unforgettable character. And this is true largely because the novelist of the first rank realises the vast importance of a name; he knows that somewhere in the language there is one name and one name only that fully expresses the woman he is creating. Sometimes the name may come in a flash of inspiration; sometimes it is discovered after an elusive chase of weeks or months; but, however, it is acquired. The trick of getting the one inevitably and undeniably right name is nothing less than a stroke of that kind of genius which is not disdainful of infinite pains.



THÉOPHILE GAUTIER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR, WHEN HE HAD JUST WRITTEN "MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN," AND WAS A CONSPICUOUS STANDARD BEARER FOR THE ROMANTICISTS

The Gautier Centenary

Professor Brander Matthews is the American member of the committee which has been organised in Paris to celebrate fittingly the centenary of Théophile Gautier on the thirty-first of this month. England is represented by Professor George Saintsbury, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Edmund Gosse, and William Heinemann. The most conspicuous of the seven representatives of Germany is Hauptmann; two of the five members for Austria are Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Arthur Schnitzler; while among the representatives of Italy are Matilde Serao, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and Giovanni Verga. The list of French members thoroughly covers literary France of to-day. There are twenty-four men on the committee who are entitled to wear the frogged coat of the Academie Française. Twenty members are from the Institut de France. The honourary president is Adrien Hébrard, and the active presidents, Gautier's two daughters, Madame Judith Gautier and Madame Emile Bergerat, and his son-in-law, Emile Bergerat, and the vice-president his son, Doctor Paul Théophile Gautier.

Most French men of letters have met with early opposition from their families in following their careers. This, however, was not the case with Gautier. Encouragement at home took a decidedly practical turn. His *Mademoiselle du Maupin,* which took France by storm, was published when he was twenty-four years of age. The task of writing was at times exceedingly irksome to the young man, who preferred to flaunt himself and his gorgeous clothes upon the boulevards. But his mother and sisters locked him in his room, and when he begged for release would call through the keyhole, "You can't come out until you have finished six pages of *Mademoiselle du Maupin.*" Despite his very substantial literary achievement Gautier is most conspicuous to-day by the memory of his flaming red waistcoat and his violent participation in the "Battle of Hernani." He carried his admiration for Victor Hugo to the point of idolatry. "If I thought that a single line of the Master's was bad," he once said, "I would not acknowledge it to myself, if I were alone, at the bottom of a dark well."

Mr. Austin's Indiscretion

The only really exciting thing about the *Autobiography of Alfred Austin,* which has just been published in two volumes, is the somewhat heated controversy that has grown out of a passage which is, to say

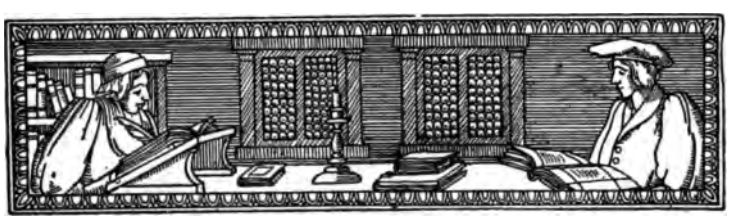
the least, surprisingly indiscreet. As Poet Laureate Alfred Austin was invited to the unveiling of the statue of Robert Burns at Irvine. On his arrival he spent the evening with the local authorities and was their guest at an early dinner. "I fear," he writes, "they must have thought me a poor creature, unless they were familiar with southern ways, for I drank sparingly, according to my custom, while they, to my amazement, tossed off glass after glass of whiskey neat, remaining just as sober as before we sat down. I hope the next morning I made some amends for my sobriety by my open air address at the unveiling." Now these are words not likely to fall pleasantly upon Scottish ears. From over the border there have come a number of voices in angry protest. One Scottish divine has written an indignant letter to the London *Times,* in which he denies emphatically the episode of the whiskey neat, and characterises the offending Poet Laureate as "a chiel among us makin' notes."

Apart from this paragraph the autobiography is about as commonplace and stupid as we expected that it would be. It belongs to the literary school of the late Queen Victoria. Here is a man who, by virtue of his position, has had the opportunity for ten years of rubbing elbows with all that is best and wittiest in literary England. Yet instead of giving us impressions and anecdotes of interesting contemporaries, he fills his pages with hopelessly dull paragraphs about himself, about the letter that Lord So and So wrote him inviting him to the lawn party at Little Podlington, about an agreeable visit to this Dowager or that, about how clever he (Alfred Austin) had been in guessing that the Prussians would go to Paris and not the French to Berlin. For example, in this book one might expect to read something about the real Laureate of the British Empire. The name Kipling appears once, but it refers to John



MRS. ALFRED AUSTIN, THE WIFE OF THE LAUREATE

Lockwood Kipling, with whom Mr. Austin once happened to take a ride in Italy. Such a book as the *Autobiography of Alfred Austin* makes us think much more respectfully of a book like Mr. Hall Caine's *My Story,* which we discussed last year. Both books express personal egotism, but Mr. Caine's book was certainly not dull.



JOHN MASEFIELD, SEAMAN-AUTHOR

BY MILTON BRONNER

I



OHN MASEFIELD has in his time written historical works, short stories and a novel dealing with the sea and the old Spanish Main, poems dealing with salt water, and, finally, is the author of two books of tragedies. As a writer of fiction dealing with the sea he is surpassed by Joseph Conrad; as a singer of the sea he is excelled by Kipling and Henry Newbolt; as a historian of the sea his work pales before that of Captain Mahan and others; but as the author of tragedies, considered both as literature and as drama, he is a figure unique. This record is a strange climax in the life of one who is still comparatively a young man. One gathers from his books and their dedications that he has spent part of his life as an ordinary seaman, part as a tramp in various sections of the world. He probably has an acquaintance with most of the seven seas and with several continents.



JOHN MASEFIELD

Now the sea, with which the history of the Anglo-Saxon race is so intimately and profoundly concerned, has been approached in many ways by the poets. The early ones were impressed most by the terrors of angry ocean, the early ballad singers by the exploits of those who won victory and fortune on blue water, the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century by the magical beauty and glory of the waves. In our own day Kipling has been often preoccupied by the career of the liner and the cruiser, the submarine or the sealer, while Newbolt has lauded the bravery of those who made sea exploits a heritage for the race. In the old chanties one finds a mingling of romance, music and fun. Masefield has something of this romance and a great deal of this fun. For the nonce the melancholy in the author's nature seems to have disappeared and he exerts himself to preserve in prose and verse some of the old legends, traditions and superstitions of the sea which are rapidly dying out, coincidentally with the disappearance from the waters of the old time sailing vessels.

Not only does Masefield differ in his material from many who have written of the sea, but also in his manner of approach, in his entire mental attitude and point of view. On the fore-page of *Salt Water Ballads,* he proclaims in a quotation: "The mariners are a pleasant people, but little like those in the towns and they can speak no other language than that used in ships." Masefield's mariners are essentially pleasant people and in many of the ballads speak their own language and no other. This is true of *Salt Water Ballads,* of *A Mainsail Haul* and *Ballads and Poems.*

But this pleasantness is not the chief

characteristic of these books. Rather it is this: nearly every Englishman who has written of the sea and seamen has either been a literary man like Stevenson, Kipling and Newbolt, or an officer in the navy like Captain Marryatt, or a commander in a clipper like Conrad. But Masefield was never an officer, or at least, one so gathers from his books. He was not used to giving commands, but to obeying them. He was one of the men in the ranks, a sharer of the hardships and the privations of the fo'c'sle; not an aristocrat, but a plebe of the sea. So that we find him, in a consecration to his first book of verses, saying that he celebrates:

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp
of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders
pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary
a load.
The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man
with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a
tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired
lookout.

And this promise is abundantly fulfilled. He does not picture pretty comic opera seamen, but the genuine old "shellbacks," the men who work hard, live hard and die hard, who know long hours and little pay, and are fleeced in the first port where they get shore leave. There are homely poems dealing with the death of mates in storms, followed by the hard unsentimental observation that this means more work for the survivors. One sees sailors shaking with fever and either suffering from the lack of quinine or being accused of malingering. We are told in the tone of the true sea ballad how the *Loch Achray* was wrecked and all hands lost, and how the days pass and the lonely wives and sweethearts wait and watch in the rain for absent ones,

"And the bloody fun of it is, *they're drowned.*"

Or leaving the field of realism and going in for the purely fanciful, the reader learns that he had better not pitch a corpse into the sea at night, because if he does, the shivering cadaver has to swim until morning,

With its shudderin' soul inside the throat
(Where a soul's no right to be).

Or there is given the veracious account of how gulls and other cheeping sea-birds are not really birds at all, but only "sperrits of men livin' agen." Then there is Kingdom Come, the Port o' Many Ships, where all the drowned seamen and all the wrecked ships of the world will gather, where the airs will be light ones, and the sailors will do nothing but gather on the fo'c'sle and sing.

Likewise there is the story of Bill, who died and whose "corp" was tumbled into the sea, and whose unquiet soul thus made complaint to a shuddering seaman:

"I'm aweary of them there mermaids,"
Says old Bill's ghost to me:
"It ain't no place for a Christian
Below there—under sea.
For it's all blown sand and shipwrecks,
And old bones eaten bare,
And them cold fishy females
With long green weeds for hair.
And there ain't no dances shuffled,
And no old yarns is spun,
And there ain't no stars but starfish,
And never any moon or sun."

To be brief, there is preserved in this sea poetry something of the pathetic minor of the chanties and the old sea ballads, something of the rollicking side of the life, something of the old legends and the genuine experiences of the men in the fo'c'sle, told singularly enough very few times in English verse and told here better perhaps than anywhere except in A. F. Brady's *Ways of Many Waters.*

But there is another aspect to Masefield's muse too. It is the side that does not sing of seamen nor of long tramps on land, but which deals with the loveliness of the beloved one, the beauties of nature, and memories of old romantic Spanish ports with their sweet chiming bells. There is at times an elegiac strain, very tender and beautiful, as here:

She has done with the sea's sorrow and the world's way
And the wind's grief:
Strew her with laurel, cover her with bay
And ivy-leaf.
Let the slow mournful music sound before her,
Strew the white flowers about the bier, and o'er her
The sleepy poppies red beyond belief.
Lay her away in quiet old peaceful earth
(This blossom of ours).
She has done with the world's anger and the world's mirth,
Sunshine and rainshowers;
And over the poor, sad, tired face of her,
In the long grass above the place of her
(The grass which hides the glory and the grace of her),
May the spring bring the flowers.

Occasionally there is a Celtic note in the songs of this west Englishman, a Celtic note like that of Yeats or Fiona Macleod:

Weary the cry of the wind is, weary the sea,
Weary the heart and the mind and the body of me,
Would I were out of it, done with it, would I could be
A white gull crying along the desolate sands.

But after all the clearest note, the most perfect song, is that which deals with the sea-hunger, that "joy of unrest," to use a phrase employed by Masefield in the introduction to *A Sailor's Garland*, an anthology of sea-poetry:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife:
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

II

Coming between *Salt Water Ballads* and the later poems, and, in a measure, complementary to both, is a prose volume, *A Mainsail Haul*, which, as its nautical term implies, is "loot." The author modestly attributes the best of the stories to an old seaman, Wallace Blair, formerly an instructor in seamanship in H.M.S. *Conway*. Most of them are fantastic, are good yarns, and are told with undoubted literary grace. If the atmosphere seems exotic, it is because the author tells the tales from the standpoint of the children of the sea, who are not at all sophisticated and who believe, or at least pretend to believe, the tales they are spinning. Thus there are given here, among other things, a nautical version of the Rip Van Winkle legend, one about the rats that leave all the sinking ships of the world, and another which veraciously sets forth how a grumpy old sea captain outwitted the devil. Then in "A Deal of Cards" there is a splendid, vivid, grotesque story of buccaneering days, which is purely Masefield's own and which displays to the full his undoubted power of gripping the imagination. In this book, as in the poems, Masefield does not choose to view things from the standpoint of the spectator. On the other hand, all these stories, whether grotesque or humorous or splendid, are told as by a seaman himself and very much in a seaman's language, but raised by art to the point where commonness leaves off and beauty begins.

In our time there have been three distinguished stories dealing with pirates, Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Joseph Conrad's *Romance* and Masefield's *Captain Margaret*. It were useless at this late day to attempt to add any meed of praise to the famous book by R. L. S. But one thing is certain, both Conrad and

Masefield knew more about the scenes of genuine piratical adventure than Stevenson, and Masefield, at least, knew more about the historical data upon which such stories should be based. The history of the real exploits of the buccaneers and pirates is told in Masefield's *On the Spanish Main*. This is an accurate and painstaking book written in a rather graphic style. In it are recounted the deeds wrought by Henry Morgan and others at Panama and Cartagena and other famous towns on the Main. However, the same studies of Esquemeling and other historical sources which led to this book, bore even better fruit in *Captain Margaret*. This is a novel which gives not only a splendid picture of the buccaneering times of the late seventeenth century, but one which for beauty of language, skill in character drawing, straightforward march of story, and virility in tone, deserved a wider audience than it achieved for itself several years ago. Just by way of comparison: an English scholar, Dr. C. H. Haring, recently issued a serious monograph dealing with the buccaneers, but quite as much information can be gathered from Masefield's novel, and the facts are not thrown at the reader as historical data, but as necessary parts of a narrative that sometimes thrills by its vivid pen-pictures. The reader is introduced to an old buccaneer, Captain Cammock, who is the seaman in charge of the ship *Broken Heart*. From his lips come musing reminiscences and confessions concerning the good old days when he fought around Panama with Morgan and Coxson: he gives glimpses of the wild life in the logwood cutter's camps; he tells of cities hidden in tropical verdure where the remains of the dead are weighted down with gold. He is alive to his finger tips, a sturdy figure of a man, lovable despite his past, prepared alike for a fight or a storm, cool in time of danger, reliable in days of stress. There is no extraordinary novelty in the plot. A good and lovely woman, whose goodness and loveliness are dwelt upon with a true poet's tenderness, makes one of those mistakes that sometimes characterise women both in fiction and in real life—she marries a thoroughly bad man. Fleeing from England, where he is in peril of death for forgery, this man, Tom Stukeley, takes refuge with his wife on the *Broken Heart*, a ship belonging to Captain Margaret, the unsuccessful lover. How Stukeley displays his brutal nature, how Margaret tries to shield the wife from real knowledge of her husband, how the revelation comes, and how the evil lout meets an evil end—these things make up part of the narrative, which, of course, ends happily.

Incidentally in the story one catches glimpses of Virginia in the early colonial days and of the Indies when the Spanish Main was still ravaged by fire and sword, while the buccaneers persisted in their search for loot. The breath of the sea blows through the book's pages and there are passages that are striking for the skill with which they depict the wild lawless life of the piratical adventurers and the savagery of their attack upon a doomed city.

Like Henry Newbolt, Masefield makes no attempt to reproduce the spirit of the times by employing a Wardour Street English. On the contrary, for the most part he seeks vividness and a sense of partaking of the life of those times by using the easily apprehended language of our own day. His descriptive passages are beautiful, often almost precious in their choice of words, but his dialogues are swift, pointed, natural, and telling, tinctured with something of the essential character of the person speaking. In sharp contrast with the frequent beauties of some pages is the baldness of others. A spade is called a spade. Stukeley is a villain and words are not minced in describing his evil deeds and in allowing him to damn himself out of his own mouth. And this he does abundantly well. He is almost too complete a villain to exist anywhere outside the pages of fiction. If he has any good moments they are not displayed. He is a bully, a coward, a traitor and a libertine. The author describes him as a cad who happened to be born a gentleman. It is a case of good blood gone wrong and in his every utterance he gives revelation of his true self.

Writ large over the book taken as a whole is the author's love of open water, his love of beauty, his admiration for fair womanhood. There is also his characteristic minor strain of sadness, his sense of the shortness of life and the ultimate futility of struggle. A troop of soldiers marches by and Captain Margaret muses much as other characters do in Masefield's plays:

> They are like the world. The men drop out, but the regiment remains. It still follows the rags on the broomstick, and a fool commands it, and a halberd drills it, and women and children think it a marvellous fine thing. Well so be it. I've bought my discharge.

Conrad has been mentioned as the sea novelist *par excellence,* and he, too, is obsessed with the idea of fate, and yet nowhere in his pages can one recall offhand such a passage as this, dwelling upon the inner meaning of the ancient custom of chantey-singing, and the final sadness of the sailor's fate:

> The two capstans hove in, moving the cable. All down the 'tween-decks rang the snapping creak of a cable at shaking strain. Some one at one of the bars, down in the half-darkness, began to sing. The crowd made chorus together, lifting the tune. Voice after voice joined in. Bar after bar sounded and shouted. The ship rang with song. The music of the tune floated out over the harbour. In the sixth-rate, the men joined in, till the whole crew were singing. Ashore they heard it. In the schooners at anchor, in the inns ashore, in the dance-house up the town, the music made echo, stirring the heart. As the light wind moved or failed, so died the tune or lifted. With a great sweep it rose up, towering on many voices, then drooped to the solo, to soar again when the men sang. They were singing that they would go no more a-roving. To Margaret and Perrin, standing there at the poop-rail, hearkening to them, much moved by the splendour of the song, the coarse old words seemed touching, infinitely sad, the whole of sea-life set to music.

III

As "touching and infinitely sad," Masefield evidently sees life itself. Suddenly he stopped writing about the sea and turned his attention to drama. He had evidently thought about the matter before, for in his novel *Multitude and Solitude,* the hero was a playwright whose play had been damned and whose beloved had died. There followed a remarkable analysis of the temperament of a writer, which reads very largely as if drawn from personal experience. Be that as it may, in 1909 Masefield made his appearance as playwright.

We have seen him as historian, novelist and short-story writer practising the art of narrative; we have seen him as poet pursuing the art of weaving lovely words into melody. Now everything he has learned is turned to the service of the drama.

It has been said that in the revolt against the banal plays that so often occupy the stage of to-day, two classes of writers have been showing the way to better things—the poets who are making plays out of dreams and romantic traditions and the social philosophers who photograph modern conditions and problems with dispassionate fidelity. Among writers in English perhaps the typical poet dramatist is Yeats, the typical expounder of cinematograph drama is John Galsworthy. Now Masefield belongs neither to the banal, nor the Yeats, nor the Galsworthy school. He is in a class almost by himself, for he is attempting to restore to the stage that most difficult and unremunerative of all forms, the genuine tragedy which is at once good drama and real literature, moving to pity for mortal fate when beheld in the theatre, stirring to deep thought when read in the closet.

The Campden Wonder and *Mrs. Harrison,* two little one-act plays included in his first printed volume of dramas, need not detain us long. They deal with British peasants of the early nineteenth century, the characters are very much alive and the action is so arranged as to bring the acme of horror to the reader or spectator, but there is no broad underlying relation to everyday life and conditions. One feels that the episodes are extraordinary. They reveal depths of sullen passion and barbarity in the English country louts. They are almost Russian in their savage realism and truth, but they are also marked by an

absence of the underlying element of Slavic pity.

From these preliminary studies in tragedy, so to speak, the author rises full panoplied in *The Tragedy of Nan*, undoubtedly one of the most notable dramatic productions of many decades.

Here the close student of human character, the accomplished master of dramatic technique, and the ardent poet have all combined to write a play unique in its kind. Two years ago it was given actual presentation on the stage and deeply impressed all who saw it.

The scenes are laid in an old, small tenant farm at Broad Oak on Severn and the year is 1810, when English law, with relics of the barbarity that survived from earlier and cruder days, still condemned a man upon the flimsiest of evidence, and still inflicted the death penalty for the heinous offence of sheep-stealing. Before the play opens there has been such an execution, Nan Hardwick's father being hanged. The play deals with Nan's fate. She is a beautiful Cinderella without a fairy prince. She lives with her uncle, William Pargetter, a kindly disposed but easily led peasant, whose wife is as bitter a shrew as ever the step-mother in the Cinderella story. There is a daughter, too, a vain, empty creature, Jenny Pargetter, who is in love with Dick Gurvil. He, in turn, loves Nan. Baldly stated, Gurvil proposes to Nan at a peasant merry-making, and on the very night that she has joyfully accepted him, although with a shadow of misgiving because he does not know about her father, Jenny's mother frightens the young man into announcing his coming marriage with the willing Jenny. This has been brought about by the statement that Dick's father will set him up in business if he marries Jenny, but disown him if he weds the penniless Nan, whose history is then brutally revealed.

In the last act the officers of the Crown appear upon the scene with the announcement that the law made a hideous error when Hardwick was hanged. In fact, the man was innocent. By way of some compensation the realm pays Nan fifty pounds. Desiring to secure this "fortune," Gurvil is ready to jilt Jenny and resume relations with Nan, who, disgusted with him and with life itself, stabs Gurvil. Then she carries out a resolution previously formed and commits suicide by jumping into the sea.

Thus poorly outlined the play seems flimsy enough, but the poet-dramatist has managed to invest it with terror, with pity, with glamour, and with charm. There is the play of the world old passions of love and hate, jealousy and cupidity. The English peasant life is revealed with a fidelity almost like unto that of Thomas Hardy, while there are touches and gleams of natural poetry which have something of the genuine Celtic air about them.

Upon Nan and upon a poor, half-crazed fiddler, Gaffer Pearce, Masefield has freely expended the treasure of his talents. Pearce plays a part in the drama something like the mysterious old harpers and blind men and bards in the plays of Maeterlinck and Gordon Bottomley. Gaffer is one who, fifty years before, had lost his fair young wife and never forgot her. Half coherently, but always poetically, he discourses of her. There is something about Nan's sad beauty, her soft voice, her gentle ways that reminds him of his loved and lost one. He confuses the one with the other, talking in a strain of semi-insanity. It is he who, with a pæan to the rising tide, subtly puts into Nan's mind the notion to drown herself.

Nan is a remarkable creature, all fire and passion when aroused; one who speaks the natural poetry that seems to flow from some women, no matter what their station. And Masefield manages to convey this idea by using words that the veriest peasant would have in her limited vocabulary.

"Do you love him very much?" she is asked. To which she replies exquisitely: "It feel like my 'eart was in flower, Jenny."

"My beautiful, I'll make a song for you, my beautiful," says Dick in his first unselfish ecstasy.

And again, simply and exquisitely, Nan replies: "Your loving me, that's song enough."

And finally to show the lyrical beauty Masefield can impart to his compact prose, listen to this duet of the lovers, in

which the plain, English words suddenly attain a magic, a glow, a fervour that holds the reader, and that spoken aloud reaches over the footlights and touches the very hearts of the auditors:

NAN: It be always 'ard for a man to give up, even for a child, they say. But a woman 'as to give up. You don't know. You never think per'aps what a woman gives up. She gives up 'er beauty and 'er peace. She gives up 'er share of joy in the world. All to bear a little one; as per'aps'll not give 'er bread when 'er be wold.

DICK: I wonder women ever want to 'ave children. They be so beautiful avore they 'ave children. They 'ave their red cheeks, so soft. And sweet lips so red's red. And their eyes bright, like stars a-zhining. And oh, such soft 'ands. Touch one of 'em, and you 'ave like shoots all down. Beau-ti-vul. Lovelee.

NAN: It be a proud thing to 'ave a beauty to raise love in a man.

Masefield's tragedy folk are the victims of their fate, caught up and whirled to their doom, with none to save. From the beginning one feels that no true and lasting happiness can come into the life of Nan. One perceives that hers is a tragic beauty, that she is marked apart for sorrow and suffering, heart-break and untimely death. So, in *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great,* the reader knows at once, not only because it is history, but also from the manner of the play, that Pompey is to be hurried on to a miserable end. The drama opens with a note of elegy. There are elegies spoken all through, elegies in prose, varied by two seamen's songs, two genuine chanties in which the fate of Pompey is fitly sung.

The first scene shows Pompey's house. Antistia, a servant, is lighting lamps with a taper and hears the troops pass, their horns blowing:

More soldiers. Blow your horns. Spread your colours, ensign. Your colours'll be dust the sooner. Your breath will be in the wind, a little noise in the night. That's what you come to, soldiers. Dust, and a noise in the trees. Dust, and the windows rattling. No more flags and horns then.

Thus the servant. Now hear the master pronouncing a farewell over the body of one who has fallen in battle:

Poor boy. You have gone a long way from this inn. When you were born, women kissed you, and watched you as you slept, and prayed for you as women do. When you learned to speak, they praised you; they laughed and were so tender with you, even when they were in pain. And to-night you will wander alone, where no woman's love can come to you, and no voice speak to you, and no grief of ours touch you to an answer. The dead must be very lonely.

Historically the drama is in many ways accurate. It conforms closely to the written records. But the author does not accept Cicero's characterisation of Pompey as one who had "no courage, no purpose, no force, no energy." On the contrary, the Pompey of this play is shown to have abundant courage, purpose, force, and energy. Masefield gives a very near and modern view of him. Time was when every dramatist followed the lead of Shakespeare in treating of the lives and fortunes of great kings and conquerors. These humans were seen amid a haze of regal glory. They were something above and beyond mere men, used a different language, lived in a different air. But in our own time, Bernard Shaw, the iconoclast, with reverence for nothing save himself, has invented a new kind of drama about the great. He is content to leave to the followers of the English classical tradition the drama showing kings in their royal robes with crown and sceptre. Shaw shows us his great men in dressing-gown, in their moments of ease, of dalliance, of unguardedness. In such wise we see his Napoleon and likewise his Cæsar. In this regard, Masefield follows the Shavian dispensation. We see in *Pompey* the great ones of the Roman world at close range in their follies, their weakness, and their vanities. We see them plotting and planning like the politicians of to-day. We hear them discussing their chance to defeat Cæsar, the demagogic leader of the mob. We see the Senators, jealous of their waning powers, thwarting Pompey and foolishly bringing about his downfall and their own ruin. The dramatist does not choose to make the play a tragedy about the last stand of the patricians against the people. He

rather enhances the character of Pompey and enthrones him as a great leader, soldier and thinker, so that his fall will be all the more significant as fact and potent as drama.

Not only is the old tradition as to atmosphere dropped, but, as a necessary accompaniment to this change, there is a difference in the dialogue. The grandiloquent eloquence formerly deemed necessary in a drama dealing with ancient times and men is forgotten. Shaw taught his fellow-dramatists that the play should treat the ancients as if they were exactly the kind of men we are, with the same passions, the same manner of expressing them. The result is that in his plays the dialogue is intensely modern and real, as much so as if all the characters set forth were men and women of to-day instead of thousands of yesterdays ago. And there is gain rather than loss. Masefield thoroughly approves this theory. His Romans discuss their problems as if they were our contemporaries. Even colloquialisms are introduced, which may startle for the moment, but which are proper if the whole theory is right. They add vividness, they give the reader or auditor the idea that he understands these people even as they understood themselves.

Pompey the Great justifies its title. The play is filled with greatness. It presents a picture of one of the noblest Romans of them all, a man who did not so much dream of perpetuating the ascendancy of the patricians over what he deemed the many-tongued mob, but of maintaining the supremacy of Roman law, Roman peace, and Roman truth. With Cato in the play he could well proclaim that he cared little for the brick and stone city built by artisans, but very much for that other Rome which "glimmers in the uplifted heart." If he fails and falls, it is not because of an ambition o'ertopping itself, not because of mere base greed for power, but because of his love for Rome. He is ground between the upper millstone of Cæsar's ambition and the lower millstone of the Senate's jealousy of himself.

Along with the depiction of Pompey as one of the ideal great men of old time is presented a vision of the eternal city as it was seen by its noblest and most unselfish sons. In doing this the methods employed by the author are rather those of the poet than of the worker in prose; and yet there is no attempt at fine writing; on the contrary a decided shrinking from it. There is something in his peculiar prose which makes it at the same time human speech and exquisite style, weighty, poetic and full of lambent fire. Modern tragedy differs from the Greek, which presented the conflict of the human will with inscrutable fate, and from the Shakespearean form, which presented the conflict of the human will with the laws that guide the world. The essence of modern tragedy is the failure to achieve one's mission.

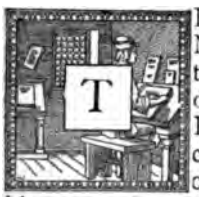
Poor little Nan's mission was to be the happy wife and mother, loving and beloved, the human cricket of the hearth with her bairns singing round her.

Great, high-minded Pompey's mission was to preserve the peace of Rome, to prevent the conflict between the aristocrats and the plebeians, to extend the honourable sway of Roman law and civilisation. Both failed miserably, Nan to die by her own deed, Pompey by the orders of an effeminate prince.

By depicting the fate of both, by creating so vividly the central figures and the persons who surround and affect them, by packing the dialogue full of the very stuff of life, by making the words not only literary but dramatic and true, by providing the tragic scourge of pity and terror, by clothing death with beauty and spiritual grace, by giving the plots the grip that comes from verity, Masefield has in these two genuinely great plays put himself at the very forefront among the playwrights of his day. There is no reason for timidity in awarding him a laurel wreath.

THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN

BY LOUIS BAURY



THAT prose laureate of New York and interpreter of Manhattan extraordinary, the late O. Henry, liked to call the city of his love "Bagdad-on-the-Subway." The idea pervades everything he ever wrote. "You can meet all the characters of the *Arabian Nights*," he once said, "walking up and down Broadway any day in the week—not to mention the nights." And O. Henry wrote his way into the heart of that fevered populace which reads as it runs by meeting it on just that basis, by finding caliphs in its grim-visaged millionaires, by surprising fairy-tales in its most ordinary transactions.

The parallel can be extended still further, however. A city is as truly emblematic of the people who have builded it as a work of art is an expression of the soul of its creator. New York stands to-day the expression of a multiple spirit, the conglomerate work of art of a people. And precisely as the creatures of the *Arabian Nights* parade Broadway and swarm the Bowery, so the storied castles, the terrifying caverns, the scarred battlements of ancient lore have been evolved into the twentieth century sky-scraper, subway, and mansion. The poetry, the romance, the witchery, the lure of present day life have crystallised themselves in these colossal monuments of masonry and steel. Their voice is heard in the roar of factory fires, in the nervous pantings of taxicabs, in the staccato rattle of the "L" roads, in the deep, rhythmic thunder of labouring machinery, and in the muffled roar of the crowds which surge to and fro in the midst of it all. This is the essence of New York, its fairyland of work, of play, of emotion—its Bagdad of existence. He who can catch its spirit and chain it to the bounds of words or marble or pigment will have set down the history of the early twentieth century.

There are many who have striven to do this in literature, but among the painters no such host appears. Of the thousands who dwell in the thick of it all nearly every one hies him to the Palisades or the still, open places when he would speak to us on canvas. Only a handful have sensed the fact that the vital message of the age is flashed forth in the incandescent signs on Broadway and graven on the park benches which are set down here and there among the metropolitan mountains of men. These few painters are artistic pioneers; to them the many-tongued voice of the city is speaking in definite, insistent terms. For them this Occidental sphinx has become articulate.

Perhaps there is no one whose name, artistically, is more closely associated with New York than Everett Shinn, a man whose vivid impressionism evinces a deep understanding in its dull, subdued tones. Representing as he does a recalcitrant and unjaded spirit, the message of the city to him is almost brutally direct. "It says, 'I suffer,'" declares he.

Mr. Shinn is vehement in the declaration that there is no art in the American soul—that we express ourselves artistically only when conditions leave us no other course. In the sections of which Fifth Avenue is the prototype conditions are at the command of the people, so he finds no art there. Watching a Fifth Avenue afternoon throng fills him with precisely the sensations which he experiences upon turning the pages of a fashion magazine. With the buildings, none of which, as he sees them, have any relation to their neighbours and all of which strive only to be more startling than all the others, he finds it little better.

"Of course, those things can be painted," says Mr. Shinn, "if an artist selects judiciously, for selection is, after all, art; but in order to make such a picture effective, the whole scene must be bathed in a sheen of moonlight, or obscured by a swirling snow-storm, or somehow thrust into the background. And even then the picture is artistic not because of, but in spite of the subject.

No, artistically that phase of New York is hopeless. It's all too new.

"But when you get down into the slums, the congested districts, what a different story it is. There the stress of conditions has done what only time can do for the other section. There the rows of tumbled houses really do express



NEW YORK STREET SCENE. FROM A PAINTING BY EVERETT SHINN. TO MR. SHINN THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I SUFFER"

something. And the something they express is—suffering. That is the real New York. We all do suffer here, whether we admit it or not. We suffer more than we do anything else, but we're so innately inartistic that it is only there, where conditions won't permit us to do otherwise, that we express it. People don't stand off in places of isolated prominence there as they do on Fifth Avenue. Their very suffering brings them together and, with shoulders that are habitually stooped and rounded from the burdens they are forced to bear, they collect in little knots—groups so eloquent in attitude that you can't help but paint them, because they represent New York—right before you in the life, talking to you. Even the sombre blending of colours in such groups is symbolic of the grey suffering of New York life.

"With the buildings in these sections," he elaborates, "it is precisely the same. The people and the buildings are complementary, and you cannot understand the one without the other, or the city without them both. The taverns and peasants' huts of England and France and the exquisite little nooks of Paris which furnish never-ending delight to the artist lend themselves to artistic interpretations because time has smoothed off their rough edges and mellowed them. Conditions have supplied this mellowing process to the poorer sections of New York. Congestion, poverty, work, avaricious landlords—a multiplicity of unavoidable conditions combined. Lines are broken here and there, buildings and odd little shops are harmonised with one another, and the ensemble speaks to any one who will stop to listen. Greenwich Village, the Gas House Section, the East Side—these are the parts of New York that are articulate and, speaking for the whole city, they say: 'I suffer.'"

It is quite a different New York which speaks to Colin Campbell Cooper. In Mr. Cooper's delicate, oftentimes wistful, paintings of the city, there is none of that brutal reality of fact with which Everett Shinn compels attention. Mr. Cooper's definition of art is: The exponent of an emotion acting upon an individual. He can never forget the universality of all emotion, of all art, of all things; so that he regards New York not as a place, but as a part of one great place.

"Emotion in its broader sense is the same everywhere," says Mr. Cooper, "in the country and in the city, in the far islands of the Eastern seas and in New York. All things vibrate to the tune of one great harmony; there is a universal music of the spheres. We are all of us, in all places, singing different *motifs* of the same infinite harmony; we are all living and experiencing different cantos of one all-comprehensive poem; we are all singing in tune with nature. Nature is the supreme thing: It dominates everything."

And the reason why Mr. Cooper chooses to depict the particular "canto" which New York represents is, as he very simply expresses it, "because it's here."

"I see it every day, and so I put it down," is his explanation. "The meaning behind my pictures would be precisely the same if I painted wooded hills and mountain torrents. They cannot but say the same thing, for they are all a part of the poem of life. The only difference is in the metre. Here in New York it is tuned to a quicker, more strident music, but the song it sings does not vary. I hope that I catch that stridency in my pictures, but much more I hope that I catch the notes of the song behind it, for that is the important thing. Nature, as I say, is supreme. All things must attune themselves to the music of the universal song it sings. New York does that after its own fashion, but I think that to me the most significant thing about Manhattan is the fact that it does do it. Yes, in the last analysis, the supreme thing that New York says to me is: "'I sing.'"

Another pair of contrasts, equally sharp, is presented by the views of Joseph Pennell, the pupil of Whistler, and Paul Cornoyer. Pennell's interpretation of Manhattan is foreshadowed very clearly in his etchings. In the rapid, tumultuous glimpses which they afford of metropolitan phases industry rises supreme and, gazing upon them, one can almost hear the clank of machinery resonant in his ears. Mr. Pennell's own words tell the story vividly.

"New York," he has written in a burst



BROADWAY FROM THE POST-OFFICE. FROM THE PAINTING BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER.
TO MR. COOPER THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I SING"

Photograph by Peter A. Juley.

of ecstatic enthusiasm, "rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay, the colour by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their heights in the evening. They are mighty cliffs glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night. The city is finer than anything in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Piling up higher and higher before you, it reminds one of San Ginuguano of the Beautiful Towers in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, mean brick piles, but noble palaces, crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. There are its great bridges, filmy, delicate, and lace-like by day; by night a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew; there are its streets, which represent Florence glorified—its squares, more noble than those of Seville; its golden statues; its triumphal arches, making splendid frames for marvellous vistas; and all of it new—all of it done by living people whom you know. From some vantage points the city masses itself so wonderfully that, as Castaigne said: 'It is not real, it's all a dream; we will wake up and find it a desert island.' But it is real—yet all unreal—a dream city, yet a stone and steel reality. Artistically there are only a few of us who have touched it. It is so great and so wonderful that, artistically, it will not be discovered for centuries, and never worked out."

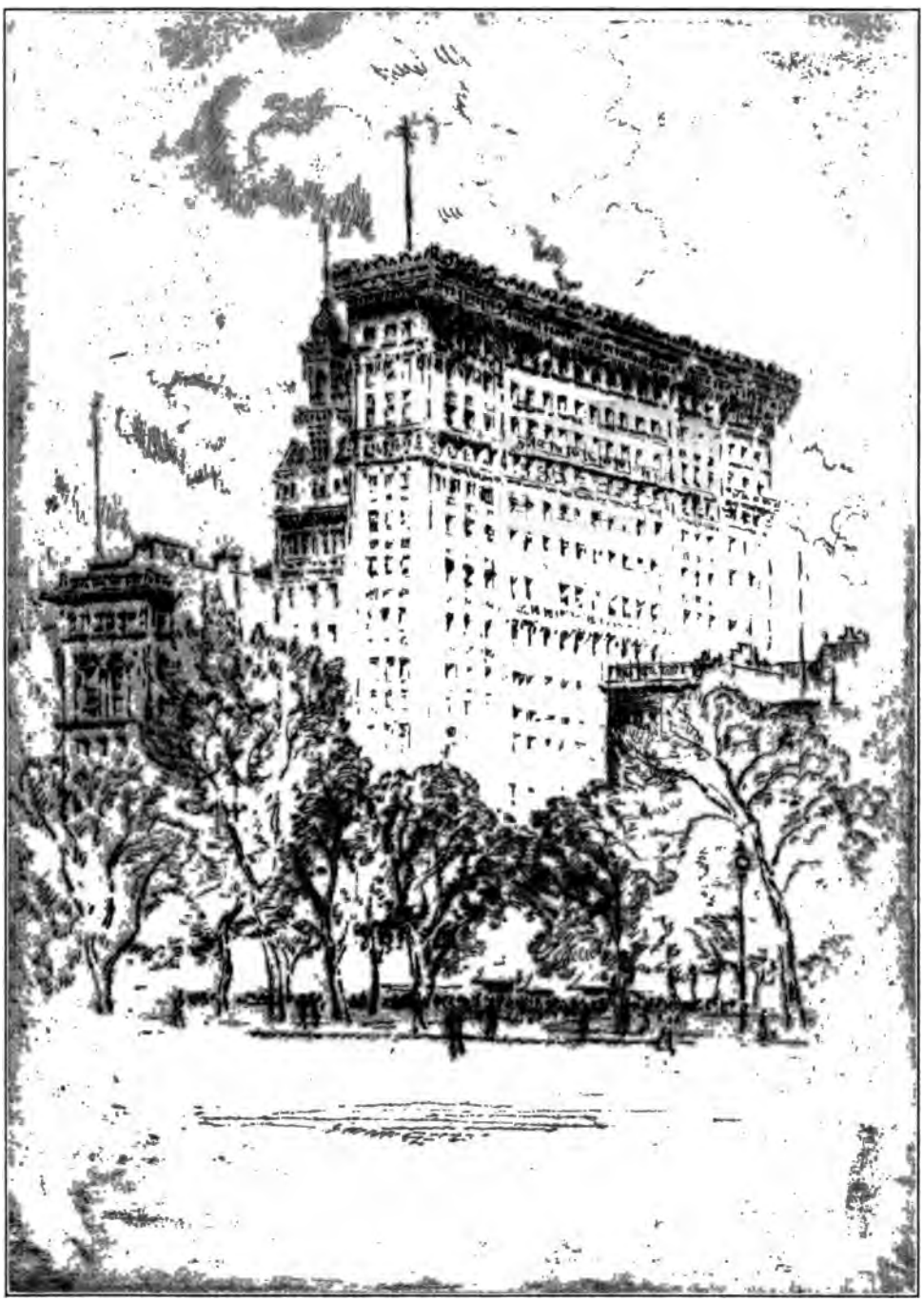
So the incredible, fairyland qualities appeal to him as insistently as did they to O. Henry. But even stronger rises the call of work. "The waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York." That phrase haunts the memory and conjures up a picture which ripples through the mind like some familiar melody. To Mr. Pennell it represents the crowning touch; as he says, the emblem. Wherefore it becomes obvious that to him New York says above all: "I work."

And the same wild rush which brings him that message, to Paul Cornoyer says: "I want to rest." Mr. Cornoyer is an impressionist and an æsthetic. He sees very little use in the existence of anything that is not in some way beautiful, and none at all in an art which, by its arrangement, does not render the objects painted beautiful, at least in their relation to one another.

"It is in the parks," affirms Mr. Cornoyer, "that the spirit of metropolitan life most truly reveals itself. The call of nature is vibrant within us all, either consciously or subconsciously. There it finds its outlet. The bustle, the work, the tension—all that is an inevitable accompaniment of city life. The spirit of it lies behind that—lies in the condition which that produces. And that condition is a great, pervading weariness, summed up, I think, in the phrase, 'I want to rest.' It is at this point that the call of nature asserts itself. New York finds this surcease in its parks.

"There you will find all classes. The children of the rich romp on the green side by side with the worn, haggard men for whom all hope has ceased; there shop-girls and working men pause for comfort on their way from toil; there all the people who go to make up New York's diverse population at one time or another find their way. Under the soothing influence of nature's green their troubles and worries seem lessened, the terrible strain from which they cannot help but long to escape appears far off and insignificant and they get just a snatch of that rest which they must desire above all else. And with the huge buildings towering up in the background —an indispensable reminder of the cause of this attitude—there, in a single flash, you have Manhattan's message."

Again quite different is the New York upon which Vernon Howe Bailey looks. From the Battery to the Bronx there is scarcely a spot which his tireless pencil has not depicted. There is something big, broad, and vast in all of Mr. Bailey's work and all of it is instinct with the mad throb of life, the trip-hammer pulse-beat which is New York's, and New York's alone. His very manner of work is so in harmony with the rush of the city's life that he might almost be called the typical Manhattan artist. No leisurely studio



MADISON SQUARE. BY JOSEPH PENNELL. TO MR. PENNELL THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I WORK"

drawings worked up from studies satisfy Mr. Bailey's indomitable ardour. He goes forth, props his easel on a street corner and, in the very heart of it all, draws, with the city piling up in its prodigal multiplicity before him, with the surge of the vari-hued, shifting, kaleidoscopic throngs singing in his ears, and a group of wide-eyed youngsters gaping over his shoulder at the fast-flying pencil.

"You must do it that way," says Mr. Bailey. "It's all there—right before you. To-morrow it may be gone; you must catch it while you can, or it will be lost to you forever."

He has drawn the sky-line in the face of stinging, numbing blasts whistling from off the East River, and Madison Square has formed his theme when the asphalt in that quadrangle was sticky and pliable underfoot from the fierce rays of an August sun. Some of his most vivid, convincing work has, under such spells of the city, been achieved in thirty minutes—a fact almost incredible when the fidelity and swift care of these drawings is observed. Almost invariably there is at least one sky-scraper in Mr. Bailey's drawings. To him that is the symbol of New York.

"It is the sky-scraper," he thinks, "which has made New York such a rich artistic possibility. The inimitable themes with which time has endowed England, France, Italy—all Europe, in fact—are, from the nature of things, here lacking. We are new in America, and we are still more concerned with growing than with anything else. But it was not until we began to send sky-scrapers rocketing heavenward that New York adequately expressed that fact for us. Of course, there are out-of-the-way corners of the city that I enjoy sketching, but really to catch the fleeting spirit of it all one must turn to the sky-scraper—that mammoth symbol of our insatiable ambition. Change is the essence of growth and of ambition alike; and here, too, the sky-scraper embodies it all. What was the tallest building in the city yesterday is only the average to-day, and to-morrow will be torn down to make way for some bigger effort. And so they go on rearing themselves upward, the last ever topping its predecessor, the entire collection telling the story of the America of to-day which is constantly setting up new goals for its own attainment—constantly straining upward—always and forever striving, striving, striving. That is why above all other things, New York says: 'I soar.' That is the element we must catch to show it as it really is."

To John Edwin Jackson the significance of the sky-scraper is likewise prominent, but in somewhat different aspect. "New York," he holds, "represents a drama—a drama upon which the curtain never falls and which includes far more than all the assembled dramas of the stage have ever shown us. For this reason the man who paints it must constitute himself an illustrator if he could catch anything more than a passing mood and, getting below the surface, sense the biggest part of all it holds. One of the principal themes of this drama is that of achievement. New York is rich in achievement. It has no patience with those who do not achieve. The sky-scraper stands for this, embodies it and typifies it. You must get sky-scrapers into New York pictures because of this—because they not only form such an essential part of the city, but because they stand for that which makes New York different from all other places. And, too, you must consider the crowds which are recording this achievement. New York would not be New York without them, and that is why in my own work I always give a glimpse of them, taking the point of view from the streets which they throng."

But these are only first principles, and Mr. Jackson avers that it is only after one has grasped them that he begins to get under the surface.

"Then in order to understand New York you must understand New York nights," he says. "Night is New York's time; it lives and toils through the day in the expectation of it. Then it is that the city fairly revels, that it gets out and spreads itself, as they say, and reaches its apotheosis. Ask any foreigner or out-of-towner coming to New York for the first time what most impresses him and he will instantly tell you—the lights. Every-



LOWER BROADWAY. BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY. TO MR. BAILEY THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I SOAR"

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where they flash, they scintillate, staggering and overpowering you. Things assume strange, new, bizarre proportions under their glow, and New Yorkers thrill in the atmosphere. The lights are artificial; but so is New York—supremely artificial, or it could never live through what it does. A drama is always artificial, anyway. But, remembering the achievement and those who have made it, the lights are what New York looks up to. The whole city struggles toward them, impatient to get beneath their rays. Anywhere else New York is not itself and is not happy. It must be always to the fore, always startling, or it is not New York. The lights play chorus for the whole vast drama. What do they



WINTER AFTERNOON IN NEW YORK. FROM THE PAINTING BY CHILDE HASSAM

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say? They say: 'I must shine.' That is why in my opinion the innumerable picturesque quarters of 'Little Italy' and 'Little Hungary,' though they may make very excellent pictures impersonally speaking, make very poor New York pictures, because they are not New York pictures at all. The real New York has always the achievement, the people who have made it, and the lights. It never ceases saying, 'I must shine.'"

Then there is Childe Hassam. Unfortunately Mr. Hassam was on the high seas when this article was prepared, rendering it impossible to learn from his own lips the secret which the city has breathed to him. But his pictures we have with us always—poems in pigment, nocturnes in tint—and there it is all recorded with delicate, graceful subtlety. Any treatment of this subject would be indeed incomplete without mention of Mr. Hassam, and so, if in his absence, the writer may make a suggestion, he would say that to Mr. Hassam New York says: "I dream." Take the accompanying reproduction, for example, with its lone wayfarer, its cab waiting to go—whither?—its "white-wing" who has stayed his shovel and is looking off across the snow-bedded street through the blue-white haze which rests over all like some filmy, delicate scarf. The long line of sombre, mysterious houses, stretching away until they are lost in the mist, holds behind its impassive front a poignant suggestion of many lives, many hopes, many eager plans, many ambitions. For a space the ever-shifting ocean of metropolitan life is here calm. Any moment it may sweep up to a fresh high-tide of achievement; but now it waits. The city dreams—dreams dreams without which all the rest could never be. Every one of Mr. Hassam's New York pictures is pregnant with the same atmosphere, the same delicate mystery.

And so to this little group of pioneer artists New York variously says: "I suffer"—"I sing"—"I work"—"I want to rest"—"I soar"—"I must shine"—"I dream." It is all things to all men, and to no two does it speak alike. Yet all these messages it does bear—all these and many, many besides. It shouts them—it breathes them in softest cadences; it laughs them—it weeps them; it confides them over feasts of riotous revelry—it mutters them over funeral baked meats; it sings them at births—it chants them at burials. It is Atalanta, giving all to the one who outruns her; it is Circe, luring men to their destruction with beguiling wiles; it is Charon, impassively conducting souls to oblivion as a matter of business; it is Narcissus, realising for all his dream of perpetual youth. There may come a day when some Balsac of the brush will arise who will set it down for us on canvas in all its infinite variety and profusion. Meanwhile this little group of pioneers is paving the way.

THE ILLUSTRATION DETECTIVES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



R. HOMER DAVENPORT, the cartoonist, several years ago accepted a commission to attend an exposition in one of the large American cities and to detail the most interesting phases of the Fair in a series of characteristic drawings. A so-called "Chinese Day" was to be a feature of the month's programme and, as an introduction to several drawings depicting the manner of the event, Mr. Davenport thought it would be a fine idea to get up a general design displaying the figure of a commanding dragon and containing the other conventional decorative ingredients that Americans demand in everything pictorial that is supposed to relate to the Yellow Kingdom. Accordingly, he drew the imperial winged serpent in the act of defying the uni-

verse and, when he had finished his task, was not at all displeased with the result. A friend, however, suggested to him that it might be a good idea to surmount the introductory drawing with a quotation in Chinese that would lend "tone" to the work and would, as well, serve as a further introduction to the balance of the Chinese series.

The artist agreed; sought out a Chinese connected with one of the Oriental merchandise exhibits, and asked the latter to put down some militant motto in his native letters. The Chinese, after a moment's hesitation, did so; Davenport traced the queer characters in his drawing, and sent the completed work to the publication that he was representing. Two weeks later it appeared, and two days later the editor of the publication received a letter from a well-educated Chinese in Washington that read, in part, as follows:

Mr. Davenport's picture is a credit to the sentiments that America holds toward China, but the incongruous words he has placed above it are out of place and spoil the whole thing. What do they mean in connection with the picture of our exalted dragon, our exalted emblem? What has "Buy of How Sing and Company" got to do with the patriotic drawing? Is the whole thing intended merely as an advertisement?

The way in which the crafty Oriental merchant tricked the artist has nothing to do with the case. But the story of the Chinese who ferretted out the flaw in the illustration, a story that has been repeated frequently at Mr. Davenport's expense in magazine circles, suggests the wider area of similar stories relating to that vast and scattered group of individuals who are known to the publishing world as "illustration detectives."

In the magazine editor's mail, the illustration detective—the man who picks out the defects in this or that drawing—figures quite as largely and regularly as the "contributing comedian," the "suggestor" or the "youthful author," each of whose cases has been already discussed. The illustration detective is the "eye that never sleeps" of the magazine world. His pen is held in constant readiness to inform the editor that Artist Howard Chandler Gibson has given Lucille Llewellyn, heroine of the story on page thirty, green hair where, as a matter of fiction fact, Author Robert W. Phillips has specified in the second paragraph that her locks were purple, or that Illustrator Charles Dana Wenzell has made Howard Rathskellar, hero of "The Common Flaw," only eight feet tall when, as a matter of record on page one hundred and sixty, the author specifies most specifically that Howard is eight feet ten in height. It must not be inferred from this, however, that the magazine illustration sleuths are always in error as to their gratuitous complaints. It must be chronicled in all truth that more frequently are they in the right. For even the most painstaking and cautious of illustrators sometimes inadvertently misses a seemingly trivial detail in the story he is picturing, a detail that, when given subsequent half-tone publicity, stirs to wrath some reader in Waukesha, Wisconsin, who happens to be well informed on the subject in the illustrator's hand.

Mr. Robert H. Davis has encountered numerous illustration detectives in his magazine career, but of them all he awards the palm to a railroad switchman in a small town in the Middle West. A story had been printed in one of the Munsey publications exploiting a railroad theme and one of the drawings used to illustrate the narrative showed a locomotive heading toward a switch. The locomotive, according to the best impressions of one's memory, was due, per the story, to arrive at a point beyond the switch in a few minutes' time or the day would be lost! A week after the magazine had been published, Mr. Davis received the following letter:

DEAR EDITOR: That's a great story on page ninety-two, but if it followed the illustration on the next page it would end very much differently than the author imagined. The man who drew the picture showing the locomotive steaming toward the switch Hades-bent-for-election made a bad mistake. He put the switch a fraction of an inch toward the left, where it should have been that distance in the other direction. The author was correct; but if that locomotive went over the tracks as the

artist has drawn them, it would first turn a complete somersault and would then land on its back in, or on, the roundhouse close by. The artist, by his carelessness, spoiled any possible happy ending to the story (as the author wrote it) for me, because I, knowing switches pretty well, could never believe the story could end well *actually* after getting a look at the picture in question.

The Picture-Pinkerton, who brought a good, round, honest laugh out of the editors several years ago when he pointed out that a drawing used to illustrate a famous British author's fanciful tale of King Arthur's Court included, among its details, the rays of light from an incandescent bulb, was surely more to be petted than censured. The good such detectors of defects as he may accomplish, when they are sincere, is of no inconsiderable measure in the final evolution of illustrative verisimilitude. Several months ago, one of the editors of a metropolitan magazine forestalled the illustration detectives when, on the day before closing the forms, he discovered that a drawing supposed to illustrate a fiction episode of ten years ago showed a telegraph office with a "night letter" sign plainly visible on one of the walls. But, wary as the magazine editorial and art-department overseers may be, illustrative imperfections will creep into the pages. The following two letters, treasured in the records of one of the well-known fiction-special article magazines published in New York, are self-explanatory. The first was from a woman in Salem, Massachusetts.

What considerable enjoyment I might otherwise have derived from the very excellent story by —— in the current issue of your publication was diminished by a study of the accompanying illustrations by ——, who is usually a careful workman, but who in the present case has permitted several defects to insinuate themselves into his sketches. In the first place, in the drawing showing —— leaning over the tub washing the family linens, the artist has placed the bar of soap at the precise point on the tub's rim where the girl's elbow would knock it off at every movement of her arm. This is readily apparent to any woman who has ever done housework—and what woman has not? In the second place, the author states that his heroine has just begun to take piano lessons and yet, in the drawing on page —, the artist has the girl seated at a baby-grand in the act of practising and shows her unmistakably striking chords with each hand. Such an achievement can come only with numerous lessons and is most certainly not included in the elementary practice exercises. Yes, such illustrative carelessness spoils a story, however good it may be.

A careful study of the drawings on the part of the editor and several conversations with women on the subject revealed the information that the Illustration Detective from Salem was probably justified in her small complaints, although just how two such trivial illustrative defects "ruined" the story was difficult to see. The second letter came from an actor in a stock company on the Pacific Coast and read as follows:

In the current number of your magazine I find an interesting story called "——." I also find two interesting illustrations that go with it. The latter, however, are interesting in a different sense. Let me point out the reasons. The story, as you know, deals with the first night's production of a rising young author's first play. In the first illustration, showing the heroine of the play seated at a window, the artist, failing to follow the author, who is correct, has drawn the sun streaming in through the window directly down stage. This shows that the artist doesn't understand the fine points of stage presentations. The "sun" never, under any circumstances, can, or is made to, shine *straight through* a window at the back of the stage, because, if it did, the light would then be thrown directly in the eyes of the audience and would blind the latter. Any person who knows anything about the stage will tell you—or the artist—this. In the second illustration, the artist shows an even more profound ignorance of the craft he has sought to picture. He has drawn a "behind the scenes" view of stage settings and has neglected to indicate the small ropes that are always thrown over the clamps of the scene-frames to fasten them together. No scenes set as your artist shows them could remain standing for two seconds. The next time you print a fiction story of the theatre, for Heaven's sake get a man who knows something about the subject to illustrate it! Any bill-poster can

do the job for you better than the "artist" in the present case!

Once in a while, however, the Illustration Detectives follow wrong clues in their eagerness to ferret out artistic crime. Take, for instance, the case of the Chicago scalawag who wrote this letter to the editor of one of the New York general magazines several months ago:

RESPECTED SIR: To err is human, but it is *not* artistic. I speak as to the story by —— in the last number of your magazine. According to said story, 'tis summer. According to artist in illustration showing hero entering cabin, 'tis winter. Perceive the snow on the shoulders of hero's jacket! Can it be possible that the author did not know what season it was and that the artist set him to rights thus slyly and craftily? Advise me, noble sir!

The editor handed the letter to the artist concerned and, characteristically, told him to "go to it." The artist, accordingly, dispatched the following expressive document to the Illinois Sherlock:

RESPECTED SIR: The "snow" on the hero's jacket, of which you make comment, was the snow neither of God nor the devil; neither of Nature nor witchcraft; neither of author's brain nor my hand. It was—and is—merely a defect in the half-tone reproduction of my otherwise perfect and undeniably beautiful drawing. Pray accept my sincere regrets that I cannot be present at your humiliation.

A second example of a Flaw Finder who ran amuck is revealed in the transcribed correspondence. The Flaw Finder's letter:

The frontispiece to the story entitled "——," appearing in the current number of the —— magazine, discloses a profound error on the part of the illustrator. In the story, it is stated by the author that the large power boat figuring in the action is propelled by gasoline and yet, lo and behold, the picture shows smoke issuing out of a smokestack on the craft. Smoke up, Mr. Artist!

Thus did the artist succinctly "smoke up":

See page 72: "While Evadne was below cooking the supper on the small stove," etc.

Smokestack primarily for ventilation. Placed directly over cooking compartment. See motor boat catalogues.

Smoke coming out of stack really thick vapours from cooking. See stove catalogues and cook books.

Smoke up, Mr. Faultfinder!

The shoe is sometimes gracefully returned to the other foot, however, as may be understood from the following series of documents:

DEAR EDITOR: Will you kindly tell the artist who drew the pictures that you have printed with ——'s story in the last number of your publication that the automobile which he has sketched in the larger illustration differs in many essential respects from the latest model of the machine to which the author of the story specifically refers. The artist should investigate, do a little studying—and be more careful in the future!

It was not unnatural that the artist, to whom the letter was handed, was somewhat annoyed by his critic's valedictory sentence and it was not unnatural, therefore, that he should make bold to alleviate his wrath in a reply. The motor critic's stationery bore simply the writer's personal address, "Such-and-such a number, such-and-such a street, Detroit," and thither the artist sent the following:

. . . If *you* will investigate, as you have seen fit to suggest that *I* do, I believe you will find that it is you and not I who should be more careful. My drawing represents the latest model of the particular automobile concerned in the story. Of that I am quite sure, for my sketch was made from such a car in the possession of a personal friend.

A few days later, the artist received in return the following letter from his Detroit censor:

. . . I regret exceedingly that your friend should have deceived you by pretending that his automobile was this year's model when, as a matter of fact, it was last year's. If you will call on our New York agent, Mr. So-and-So, at No. —— Street, he will be pleased not only to show you our latest model but to demonstrate its many excellent qualities to you in action.

The letter carried at its top the name of one of the best known automobile companies in America and, by comparing the signature of the writer with the list of officers tabulated in the letterhead, the artist suddenly awoke to the real facts in the case.

THE PIRATES OF TORTUGA

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

I

Pierre le Grand has one blind eye,
And fingers eight are Pierre's,
But the stoutest blades in Carib seas
Come, when he pipes to prayers.
And the buzzards swinging round the poop
They shiver when he swears.

We were eight and twenty men
On a Carib cockleshell,
Eight and twenty sullen pirates
Broiling on the tropic swell.

Not a breath of wind above us,
Not a pint of rum inside—
And the salt-pork like a razor
Scratching at a blistered hide.

Quoth Portúgues, "In Tortuga,
Cool and cosy by the quay,
There's a heavenly happy taproom
And a swigging company.

"And the tavern-keep is friendly,
And his rum is red as fire,
And the breeze plays in the palm-tops
Like an angel on a lyre."

Quoth Black Barley, "In Tortuga
There be girls of every shade,
And they're splashing in the surf now,
Fair and bare as they were made.

"And they're white and black and copper—
And they glisten every one
Like an ingot of Pizarro
'Neath a Caribbean sun."

Quoth Old Benjam, "In Tortuga
I've a wife as pert as they.
And I'd give my soul to know just
How she whiles the time away."

"There be pirates in Tortuga
That'll tell you when we land."
"Lies!"—*"A knife!"*—"Knives are for Spaniards!
Put them by!" cries Pierre le Grand.

"We're but eight and twenty men,
And I'll have no lifted hand
Till a galleon bound for Cadiz
Tops the west," quoth Pierre le Grand.

Cries Black Barley, "Galleons, galleons!
Forty days and nights we stew.
Jesus! What a laugh Tortuga'll
Laugh, at this boiled pirate-crew."

Pierre le Grand, the lifeless tiller,
Clutched. His scars shot purple-red.
"You'll not hear the laugh. Tortuga'll
See you either rich or dead."

II

Like a red *Carolus Quintus*
Over Cuba sank the sun,
But its last ray struck the Cross, high
On a Spanish galleon;

Sparkled like a friar's-lantern
In the marsh, and died. A star
Broke above. "The sweeps, ye beggars!
'Neath that star our ducats are!"

We were eight and twenty men,
And we plied the oars like whips.
And Pierre he hugged the tiller
With a black smile on his lips.

And the night grew thick, and heavy
As a gravecloth drooped the air.
And the sea-fires lit our faces
With a green and ghostly flare.

Cries Portúgues, "Sou'-sou' westward
Burns a light." And Pierre, "Speak low!
Muffle rowlocks!" Like a serpent,
Crawling to a bird, we go.

Sou'-sou' westward like a great bird
Tangled in a web of stars
On the mirroring swell the galleon
Dips her black and lazy spars.

From the middle poop-deck glimmers
Dim the cabin-lamp, and hark!
Comes a crazy, clear fandango
With a laugh across the dark.

And the man beside me shivers,
And I shiver, as we skulk
Breathless o'er the treacherous waters
By that awful, dreaming hulk.

But Pierre le Grand scowls whitely
From that narrow, restless eye.
"There'll be no retreat here! Surgeon,
Scuttle ship! We win or die."

And the surgeon's clotted bone-saw
Like a rat gnaws at the planks.
And the oily, patient waters
Gurgle their triumphant thanks.

With the tiller 'neath his armpit,
And a pistol in each hand,
Cold and silent by the galleon's
Heavy prow waits Pierre le Grand.

From the black poop through the blackness,
Comes a cry! We held our breath!
"Sixes, damn you!" "Tierces!" *"Sixes!"*
"Devil, then go dice with Death!"

Shouts and falling chairs, a moan!
Silence. Then a low command.
"Up the forestay! Up and over!"
And the first was Pierre le Grand.

At the prow a lowsy Spaniard
Stirred. "Quick, choke him!" That man died.
Then by sail and rail, like panthers!
And Pierre le Grand was guide.

We were eight and twenty men,
And we stepped like careful ghosts,
Itching foot and itching cutlass,
Through those black and snoring hosts.

Down the waist and up the gangways!
By an open door we stand.
Once more comes the cursing laughter,
"I go first," said Pierre le Grand.

Tiptoe down the reeking passage—
Then a great carved door, ajar—
And we stand with grinning faces
Where the drunk hidalgos are.

Six men bending o'er their dice-cups,
And they turned not hand nor head.
And the only man that saw us
Lay beside a divan—dead.

Not a sound. The dices rattle
Only, and an oath, half choked;
While the candle to the low beams
Sputtered, flared and wildly smoked.

Tiptoe, and behind each Spaniard
Soft a pirate took his stand,
Like a Memnon out of Egypt—
And the first was Pierre le Grand.

"Cinq and deuce! One throw more! Sixes!
Back, ye dotards, to Peru!
Farthings, ducats, guineas, ingots!"
And his drunken head he threw

Backwards, chuckling golden triumph—
Gurgled, stared—*"Christ! Devils!"* then
Silence, a quenched candle, darkness—
And the gasps of choking men.

"Devils!" "Ay!" laughed Pierre. *"Have mercy!"*
"First I'll have your ship and gold,
Farthings, ducats, guineas, ingots,
And the white pearls in your hold."

And Pierre le Grand glared hotly
From his fierce and bloodshot eye,
"Bind, gag! And the round half dozen
Throttle, if one makes a cry!"

Then, a whispered word, and softly
Twenty pirates at his beck
Tiptoed down the reeking passage
To the noisy slumber-deck;

Crouched, and watched like heavenly angels
O'er the blesséd, till the day
Broke, and sullenly the sailors
Turned their ship Tortuga-way.

III

In Tortuga there were stirrings
When we loomed against the east—
Tumult and wild shouts: "The Spaniard
Comes to murder and to feast!"

And they hid their gems and bullion,
Pushed wide many a secret panel—
Set a score of guns a-gaping
O'er the narrow harbour-channel.

And the women to the Mountain
And the wild sea-caverns fled—
For the Spaniard sleeps not singly
When his blood on blood is fed.

Boom! Across our bows a cannon
Splashed its challenge in the bay.
But before an hour, Tortuga
Greeted us a better way.

For the Bishop blest our coming
And the Governor shed tears,
And the girls danced round and loved us
With new jewels in their ears.

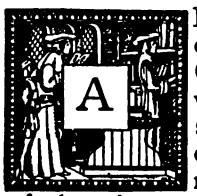
Ten swift days and nights Tortuga
Was a wild and dizzy land,
Save for one man counting ducats
On his galleon—Pierre le Grand.

Eight and twenty shining mountains
From the glowing casks he told.
And the tenth night a crazed pirate
Stabbed and killed him o'er his gold.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

VIII—Strange Stories of the Army and Navy



ABOUT five miles northeast of the National Capital is a green field which was the theatre of several "affairs of honour" between prominent men during the first half of the nineteenth century. Known as "The Bladensburg Duelling Ground," it is as famous as nearby Bladensburg hamlet, where our Army was routed by the British on their way to capture our capital, in the latter part of August, 1814. As the disgraceful fate which befell the nondescript army of defence was really the fault of a bickering, vacillating government, so the sad affair between two of the bravest men of our early Navy was indirectly due to this same source; for, had the Government not made a scapegoat of Commodore James Barron in trying him by court martial for neglect of duty when in command of the *Chesapeake* during its encounter with the British vessel *Leopard,* June, 1807, it is certain that the ill-feeling between Commodores Barron and Decatur—the latter a member of the court of inquiry and the court martial—would not have been engendered, much less terminate in a duel on Bladensburg field.

Barron was declared guilty of neglect, when in reality the Government, under whose supervision the ill-starred *Chesapeake* was fitted out, was to blame for sending it to sea unprepared as to guns and crew, and he was sentenced to five years' suspension from the service, without pay or emoluments. This was most humiliating to the ambitious man of forty years, who had the blood of sea warriors flowing in his veins. He had begun his naval career under his father, who was "Commodore of all the armed vessels of the Commonwealth of Virginia" during the Revolution and the Confederation. In 1798, though the Navy was not extensive, the young Virginian, then aged twenty, was appointed a lieutenant under Commodore John Barry, called "The Father of the American Navy." The new navy was established in 1794, and John Barry, who had served his country so well during the Revolution, was named its senior officer and placed in command of *The United States.* The Navy Department was not established until 1801; so Barry, bent on building up our Navy, was practically the pilot. It was considered an honour to be assigned to his command; and young Stephen Decatur of Maryland was fully conscious of this when he began his naval career as a midshipman on Barry's ship, *The United States,* though he was about eleven years younger than Barron.

THE BARRON-DECATUR DUEL

After Barron received his sentence he went to Europe, where he resided during the second war with Great Britain, chafing under his disgraceful inactivity; while Decatur, lauded and loved as "Bayard of the Seas," mounted higher and higher in the official and social scale. In 1818, Barron was again in his native land, and applied for restoration to the rank he bore before the *Chesapeake* affair. Decatur, then a member of the Board of Naval Commissioners, opposed this; not that he had personal spite against Barron, but that he feared such a course would establish a precedent that would encourage laxness in the service.

But when Barron opened fire by correspondence, Decatur did grow personal, and the correspondence waxed acrimonious, aided by talebearers, who abound in official circles, carrying veneered slander with no less zest than the village gossips run with the plain, unvarnished tale to tavern or post-office. Finally, the haughty Decatur informed Barron that he would pay no further attention to any communications from him unless they touched upon settlement by pistols. To this Barron replied that he was ready and willing to meet Decatur on equal ground at any time. On the 24th of January, 1820,

eight days after receiving this letter, Decatur wrote accepting the challenge, and referred Barron to his friend, Commodore Bainbridge, who was to make all arrangements.

Barron was taken seriously ill with bilious malaria—a common complaint in Washington then—and it was a week before he was able to read and reply to the challenge, saying that when on his feet again he would consult Bainbridge as to final arrangements for the duel. This was done, and the time designated was March 20th; the place, Bladensburg, Maryland. Barron's second was Captain Jesse O. Ellsworth. When the two naval heroes stood facing each other on the field, Barron, who was nearsighted, and who really believed that he would fall in the fight, said to Decatur, the hero not only of the Navy, but of other duels:

"Sir, I hope on meeting you in another world, we shall be better friends than we have been in this."

Decatur replied emphatically: "I have never been your enemy, sir!"

The exchange was like one shot, and both men fell to the newly greened earth. As they rested there, scarcely ten feet apart, Barron, who was first to recover, proposed to the gasping Decatur that they shake hands and be friends before they met in Heaven. (He was so sure they were both to die, and so certain that a Great Judge would not censure either for this affair of honour.)

Decatur, through whose body the bullet had passed, leaving a mortal wound, managed to reiterate that he had never been his enemy, and that he freely forgave him taking his life, but he could never forgive those who had stimulated him to it.

"Would to God, you had said this yesterday!" cried Barron, stretching out his hand to his dying foe, who sought to touch it as he was being conveyed to the waiting carriage; followed by the last words of Barron, who was also being assisted to his coach: "Everything has been conducted honourably. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart!"

On the 22nd of March, the handsome, gallant Stephen Decatur, then in his fortieth year, breathed his last at his home on Lafayette Square, Washington, leaving a childless widow to mourn him for forty years. He was well beloved in Washington, and his military funeral was supplemented by a long procession of citizens in carriages and on foot, who followed his coffin to the vault at Kalorama —the country home of Joel Barlow, the patriot-poet, a strong friend of the Decaturs. For nearly a quarter of a century the remains of the naval hero rested there, then it was conveyed to St. Peter's Churchyard, Philadelphia, and a fitting monument erected over it.

Barron was ill for a long time from his wounds and the mental depression following the tragedy. Gradually, thousands who had censured him in the *Chesapeake* and Decatur affairs saw the error of their judgment, especially when he was restored to an honourable position in the Navy. When he died, thirty years after the duel, he was highly regarded as the senior officer of the American Navy. Like Decatur, he was buried with military and civic honours; and while thousands of pilgrims have visited the grave of Decatur in St. Peter's thousands also have journeyed to old St. Paul's, at Norfolk, to do silent honour to Barron.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN KNIGHT

The records of courts martial are full of tragedies, though few are as striking as that which resulted in the Decatur-Barron duel. To the majority, the fact that a man has been placed on trial in any court blemishes his character, whether he be guilty or not; and what is true of courts in general is no less true of courts martial.

Recently, Captain Austin M. Knight, U. S. N., senior officer, and slated for promotion to rear admiral by January, 1911, was tried by a court of seven rear admirals convened at the Norfolk Navy Yard on charges of "culpable negligence and inefficiency in the performance of duty," in connection with the ordinance tests on the monitor *Puritan*, held at Hampton Roads, November, 1910, according to instructions from Congress. After the explosion following the charges of four hundred pounds of gelatin, resulting in the wrecking and sinking of the monitor, it was reported by the board

of inquiry that it floated for twenty-two hours, and the fact that it was allowed to sink in the mud, so that a wrecking company was necessary to raise it, was attributed to Captain Knight. The court martial honourably acquitted Captain Knight of the charge against him; but Secretary Meyer disapproved of the findings—it is said in order that he could defend his department from the criticisms of the House Naval Committee—but, when the case was referred back to the court for reconsideration it reaffirmed Knight's acquittal, and he was restored to duty. While on trial, Captain Knight was under arrest, and his wife became seriously ill and died during the period when he was detained at Norfolk by the court martial. Because of this, and the fact that Knight is broken over the blot placed on his fair record just about the time he should have been promoted, his brother officers are deeply, though silently, incensed. They claim that he is one of the most studious and conscientious men in the United Service, and was the victim of the rage for investigations, which seems to obsess a certain destructive element in Washington, who do not seem to realise that even if they acquit the victim, they send him out scarred for life.

Of recent years the Navy Department is following the long-established practice of England and France, in using condemned vessels as targets to experiment in the science of armament and armour; and some of the ships for which we have an almost human affection—the old *Texas,* which took a leading part in the battle of Santiago, July 3, 1898; the *Katahdin,* which was the objective point for sightseers at naval ports for years, and never taken seriously by the Navy Department until the Bureau of Ordnance and Construction remodelled it for a target, and the old *Florida*—have served the Navy by ending their careers in mock battles.

THE "CONSTITUTION" PETITION

When Charles J. Bonaparte was Secretary of the Navy, he suggested in his report for 1905 that the historic frigate, *Constitution,* or *Ironsides,* be used for experimental purposes—adding: "If for purely sentimental reasons, it be thought that this supposed veteran of our old wars be entitled to a warrior's death, she might be used as a target for some of the ships of our North Atlantic fleet and sunk by their fire."

Up rose all Boston and attacked this proposition of Bonaparte of Baltimore with Bunker-Hill fervour; and soon it seemed to the Navy Department and Congress that Massachusetts was leading the rest of the country in an indignation meeting, and that the poem which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote about half a century previous, when it was proposed to break up *Old Ironsides* and sell her timber, was so widely quoted that it had reached the volume of a war cry. Though, to be sure, he did write:

> O! better that her shattered hulk
> Should sink beneath the wave;
> Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
> And there should be her grave—"

that did not suggest that she be bombarded to death by the new American Navy!

The monster petition to Congress was headed by the Honourable John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy in President McKinley's Cabinet, and it was filled with so many signatures that it was long enough to serve as a carpet for the aisles in the House of Representatives. The defendants won, though Secretary Bonaparte in his report for the following year declared he had no reason to change his opinion regarding the disposal of the old ship.

DEEDS OF HEROISM

A cursory glance at the records of the Army and Navy Departments would reveal the fact that deeds of heroism are not confined to times of war, and no one knows at what hour a hero may be born on land or sea. Within less than a decade a dozen serious explosions have occurred on the battleships, resulting in many deaths and maimed. But in almost every instance these might have been more disastrous were it not for the presence of mind and heroism of some of the crew.

When the magnificent new flagship *Connecticut* was participating in target practice off Cape Cod, in October, 1907,

Lieutenant William Piggott Cronan—a graduate of the Naval Academy in the class of 1900—lost his right index finger in his successful attempt to prevent a terrible explosion in the turret, which would undoubtedly have killed or maimed all the men who were in it engaged in firing the four eight-inch guns. Just as the last bag of powder was being hoisted into the breech, Lieutenant Cronan noticed that it was leaking; and knowing that if the breech-block were to grind the loose grains they would ignite and explode the entire charge of powder in the gun with disastrous results—he called to the men: "Silence!"

All but one stood still; and that man was the one whom the lieutenant wished most to obey—the man about to swing the breech-block and lock it. Quickly realising that the man did not hear the order, and there was not a second to spare, the lieutenant rushed forward and thrust his hand between the wall of the gun and the breech-block. The block was swung to, and nipped off the hero's forefinger above the first joint, which formed a stop-wad and prevented a terrible disaster. The onlookers were shocked, as they realised how that little bit of bleeding flesh stood between them and death; and the man who was the cause of the sacrifice fell limp and had to be carried below.

Last summer, as the Sixty-ninth Coast Artillery at Fortress Monroe was conducting the usual practice, an explosion took place in one of the big batteries, killing eleven men and wounding several others. A greater disaster would have occurred, had it not been for two officers and two modest privates. Captain Prentice and Lieutenant Hawes, after the first shock, rushed about extinguishing bits of burning powder, and then carried off two fifty-pound bags of powder lying near flame. As they rushed past with their awful burdens, two unknown privates followed their example, and carried off the two remaining fifty-pound bags to a place of safety. Lieutenant Van Duessen, whose leg was broken and face burned by escaping gases, clung to the railing of the platform and called to those who came to his assistance to leave him alone, and go at once to others whose clothing was sprinkled by grains of powder which they were unable to remove. When the dead were buried with impressive ceremonies, in sight of inspiring Hampton Roads, and inquiries were made for the heroes, the men shrugged aside the mantles of glory, declaring that no man had done anything more than he expected to do while he was in the service of the United States.

It is well that since the foundation of our Republic the Government has substantially recognised the valour of Uncle Sam's sons—though, as in other walks of life, many heroes go undecorated and unsung because proper attention is not called to their deeds. Medals of gold, silver and bronze; swords, prize money, and promotions, are some of the rewards which Congress has bestowed on naval and military heroes since the beginning of the nineteenth century; and frequently, when the hero died in his brave act, his relatives have received a token of regard from the Government. Congress has frequently recommended that the President bestow a medal, and, in turn, the President has requested Congress to recognise gallant service—there seems to be no hard and fast rule about this matter; though there is regarding the reward; for it is only acts of the very highest order of bravery which are rewarded by gold medals. There are instances when a commander and his men are given awards at the same time, though not of the same intrinsic value. One of the most recent examples of this was when Admiral Dewey and his crew were awarded medals for their valour at Manila.

THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME

Resembling a beautiful baronial estate is the National Soldier's Home for the Regular Army, with its five hundred acres of cultivated gardens, farm and lawns and its primeval woodlands, interspersed by buildings which have cost upward of four million dollars, and which commands a wide sweep of country, embracing the National Capital, lying to the south. It has long been considered one of the most enchanting parks about Washington, and several Presidents have made it their summer quarters when the

heat and hum of the White House were too much for them. Lincoln loved to come to the Anderson villa, named for Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, though many still call it "The President's Cottage," notwithstanding the fact that President Arthur was the last of the Presidents to sojourn in its simple rooms, around the windows of which roses and honeysuckles clambered. Lincoln's last leisurely drive was made through these peaceful grounds, shortly before his assassination; and he spoke feelingly to his wife of the time when they could go back to Illinois, and be able to enjoy many outings free from official cares. This is one of the interesting stories of this home for soldiers; but the most interesting has to do with its foundation, which occurred sixty years ago last March.

In 1844, General Winfield Scott gave special prominence in his official report to the need of a home for soldiers of the regular army—not only for the aged, but for the young who had become disabled in the line of duty. Though other army officers joined him in the agitation, nothing was accomplished until 1848, when the brave old soldier—who entered the United States Army forty years previous, and had been the hero of two wars—sent his draft for $118,791, part of the tribute which he levied on the City of Mexico during the war, and asked that the Secretary of War accept it as the nucleus of a fund for an asylum for men of the army. This generous action roused Congress to pass an act in March, 1851, for the founding of the home, which now has more than twelve hundred warrior guests. The term *guests* is used advisedly; for there are no more proud nor pampered set of soldiers in the whole world than those who enjoy the hospitality of the place. The fact that it was founded on prize money, and has been kept up by funds which come almost directly from the regular army—each man contributing twelve-and-one-half cents per month during his service, to which is added money forfeited by deserters, or belonging to unclaimed estates of deceased soldiers—makes the inmates of the home very independent. They delight in relating this to visitors to the buildings and grounds; and some of them, waving their hickory canes in an effort to embrace the rich acres and the splendid buildings, are apt to tell you most emphatically:

"It's all ours! We earned it and own it; and we don't owe anything to anybody living for it. General Scott—for whom that white marble building is named, and whose statue commands the brow of the hill—is the man that some of us tough soldiers pray for—when we do pray! Not one bit of tribute to any but him—mind you!"

FUNSTON AND FROST

It is a well-known trait of the men of the United Service to fight as fierce verbal battles over the honours due their respective commanders and company or crew, as physically to battle with the enemies of the country. Though thousands who read of General Frederick Funston's feat, in swimming the Marilao River with his command, under heavy fire from the insurrectionists, have forgotten it, not so the men of the First South Dakota Volunteers, under Captain Albert S. Frost. They side with their commander in claiming that, on the 27th of March, 1899, when General McArthur, commanding, ordered Frost to advance on the enemy entrenched along the Marilao, they found that the railroad had been torn up with the exception of the stringers. Two companies of the battalion crossed on these; while the remaining two, obeying the command of Frost, plunged into the river, with firearms held high above their heads, and tried to wade across. The undercurrent was so great in the river swollen by the tide from the bay, and the fire of the enemy so hot, that they were obliged to strike out and swim before they had proceeded far. They contend that it was the next day when the Twentieth Kansas, under Funston, came along and repeated their feat—one which they did not consider much more dangerous than others they had performed in the Philippine campaign. But when Funston was given first credit in the press—though General Otis did praise Colonel Frost and his men in his report of the campaign, and recommended that Frost be brevetted—the men from Dakota were chagrined; even though their beloved commander laugh-

ingly declared it all happened because he had no press agent like Funston, who had been a newspaper man!

WEST POINT AND THE RECRUITING STATION

In times of peace two roads are open to the ambitious young man who hopes to become eventually an officer in the United States Army: one starts from the recruiting station and the other from West Point. In the first instance, he does not need any influence to get in, and must depend on his own merit to pass the different grades until he is permitted to take the examination for a commission. In the second instance, Congressional or Presidential influence opens West Point to him; where, provided with a modest allowance and surrounded by inspiring scenery, he passes his time agreeably until the proud day when he graduates and receives his commission as a second lieutenant.

Not many aspirants for shoulder straps are in favour of the recruit route, if there is any chance of going by the cadet route; and Frank Bloom, son of the post tailor at Fort Myer, Virginia, belonged with the majority when he and his parents asked an influential man to have President Roosevelt give him a West Point education. President Roosevelt, for some reason or another, was not inclined to do this, and suggested that young Bloom try the recruit route. Neither downcast nor injured, the young man obeyed, and worked so well that it seemed but a short while before he reached the point to take an examination for a commission. Then he encountered a fortress of race prejudice, when Colonel Joseph Garrard, commandant of the post, after endorsing on his application the fact that he possessed all the virtues and qualifications necessary for the rank, added that, as he was of Jewish persuasion, and the son of the post tailor, he was not desirable in the command as an officer, who would necessarily be a social associate with the other officers and their families.

The cause of withholding the appointment came to the ears of Mrs. Bloom; and this courageous mother crossed the Potomac to Washington, and there enlisted the services of Honourable Simon Wolf to carry her son's case to the President. President Taft acted promptly, directing an investigation, and then asked the Secretary of War to reprimand the offending officer, and warn him not to repeat the offence.

This country has much to be grateful for to the Jewish race; not only now, but from the beginning of our struggles for Independence. There is a movement on foot to erect a memorial to Haym Salomon, who lent, without security, nearly three-quarters of a million dollars to assist the Continental service. He died in prison before he was able to adjust his affairs, and left a widow and four children in want.

THE PRESERVATION OF MONTICELLO

It is known only to a small percentage of those who venerate the memory of Thomas Jefferson that his beautiful home and estate "Monticello" has been preserved only through the efforts of a Jewish family; and not even Mount Vernon has to-day the soul of hospitality which we find still alive at Monticello. You pay a fee of twenty-five cents to enter Mount Vernon—a fact which makes admirers of the "Father of His Country" blush—but at "Monticello" you come as you might have come in the days when Jefferson was its genial host.

About nine years after Jefferson's death, when the lordly estate and the classical home were about to be divided, Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy, U.S.N., learning this deplorable fact, hastened to buy the estate, and to gather in what lands had been sold by the Jefferson heirs and Jefferson himself during his last years. The magnificent place now belongs to the Commodore's nephew, Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, United States Representative from New York; so that for three-quarters of a century this historic shrine has been preserved by a Jew who served with great distinction in the American Navy, and his heirs.

The most interesting part which Commodore Levy played in the American Navy was in causing flogging, so degrading to the men, to be abolished. He was a disciplinarian, but he abhorred that form of discipline; and he lobbied be-

fore Congress, about 1850, to have the practice discontinued. He furnished Members of Congress with cats-o'-nine tails to illustrate the horrible punishment, as they denounced it on the stump; for he wished the people to carry the question over the heads of the Naval Board, and insist on Congress making such punishment illegal. He gained his battle, and those who are happy in visiting "Monticello" may well salute the full-length oil portrait of the Commodore in the stately hall, when they read on the scroll he carries in his hand—

"Author of the Abolition of Flogging in the Navy of the United States."

DIFFERENCES IN RANK

Differences in rank in the United Service make a difference in the social status of the men and their families, when the latter are inhabiting the same place. This is a state of affairs which scarcely can be changed, even in a so-called democratic country. The men recognise this, as a rule, and are not foolish over the distinction; but the women are not so easily convinced that it is right; and if their men do not wear the epaulettes, they are inclined to want them to "wear chips" on their shoulders in order to show that they are "just as good as any other American."

For the discipline of our service, it is well the men are not prone to heed these rebels; and many fine stories of their accepting the decree of demarkation are told—sometimes by the men after they have mounted from the ranks. There is the story of two sons of a respected and wealthy man who were given equal starts in life. One entered West Point, graduated with honours, and was rapidly promoted in the service. The other entered into the zest of sowing a field full of wild oats before he reached his majority. In vain did his father help him to his feet; in vain did his mother and sisters plead with him to keep their name unstained; he went from one thing to another, until his father finally disowned him. Then he seemed to wake up suddenly; and, going to a distant city, he enlisted in the United States Army. Soon he found himself in his brother's command; but not by so much as a look did either betray the fact that they knew each other, and no one at the post was cognisant of the fact that the splendid young captain was brother to the raw recruit.

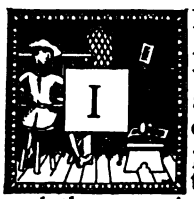
For awhile the black sheep stayed inside the fold; then one night he strayed into town and got wildly drunk, in a brawl almost killing a man. When he was on trial his officer brother came to him, and begged him to accept help in the form of counsel and money. Then the black sheep showed that he was not dyed in the wool:

"I am not your brother; you are mistaken. You can do nothing for me without hurting your standing in the service—for I am a private and you are my superior officer. You are not supposed to even recognise me out of the service." And saluting his superior officer, who could not deny all his brother said, he turned his face to the opposite side of his cell—content to wait trial alone.

Distinctions of rank in the service may be acknowledged by the men, but what they do object to is discrimination against their uniform when they move about the world—at cafés, theatres and dance halls, seeking what pleasure the world may give them as a change from their monotonous duties. They have frequently been ejected from such public places, not because of ungentlemanly conduct, but because of their uniform, which seems to injure the sight of the particular patrons, who deem it "common." This fact has been called to the attention of Congress, with the result that we will no doubt be treated to accounts of arrests for assault of parties who dare criticise loudly, much less touch roughly, the uniform which clothes the forms of the men who have enlisted in the Army and Navy of the United States.

THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW

BY FELIX TRENT CARNEY



N any of the established Academies of Letters, when a member passes away there is always a candidate waiting for the place, the gap closes in, the ranks are filled again, and the organisation goes on as before. In that larger and broader World-Academy which exists not by any printed constitution and by-laws, but by the tacit consent of the universal brotherhood of letters, matters are ordered otherwise; when one of these great figures of cosmopolitan fame is lost to us there is a void left like that in a forest when some mighty oak has fallen. It is idle to talk for the moment of filling in the gap; the havoc wrought by the fall is all too recent, the lesser magnitude of the surrounding growth too painfully apparent. "The king is dead, long live the king!" does not apply to the rarer heights of literature in which there must perforce be many an interregnum.

Quite recently so many giant oaks have fallen that the ground seems to be still quivering with the shock. Almost within the year Scandinavia has lost Björnson, Russia has been bereaved of Tolstoy, Italy has had Fogazzaro taken from her, while France's losses, although numbering among them no single figure so conspicuous, include writers of such wide note as Edouard Rod, Jean Moréas and no less than three Academicians, among them the subtle critic and novelist, the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüe. And if instead of a single year we extend our glance backward over the past decade we see no longer a series of scattered losses but a decimation. The interesting question arises, How are the broken ranks of the world's literature to be filled again and who are there left to-day to take the place of the fallen standard bearers?

Now, when a writer of cosmopolitan fame like Tolstoy or Zola or Ibsen passes away, there is a curious and illogical impulse on the part of most people—so far as they stop to think of the matter at all—to look around with a pessimistic shake of the head and lament that there is no precocious genius, no young and ardent spirit already giving proof of the divine fire. They forget all the slow years of patient accretion, all the long and unappreciated toil that in most cases formed the solid foundation on which the great writers who have gone from us built their fame. The process is here again quite like the life history of an oak: the giant of the grove dwarfs by comparison the tallest of his companions; but when he is gone some one of them in turn by the simple law of the survival of the fittest will slowly attain that fulness of growth that means supremacy. In letters as well as in life, nature is not in a hurry. Now and again some young writer shoots upward, overtopping his elders, as now and again a sapling outstrips its comrades by prodigious and unnatural growth. But too often such precocity means a quick loss of vitality, with no real strength at the base, no deep-rooted purpose. Some writers, like Maupassant and d'Annunzio, obtain a cosmopolitan recognition at an earlier age than others; some, like Fogazzaro and Anatole France, had to wait much longer before receiving their just dues. But the fact remains that the new immortals of cosmopolitan literature are in almost all cases drawn from the ranks of those who one or two decades earlier were already recognised as forming the advance guard of the younger generation of literary geniuses.

To realise this we have only to glance back to those volumes of literary criticism in which France was peculiarly prolific during the late nineties. A volume like René Doumic's *Les Jeunes,* which appeared precisely fifteen years ago, not only admirably illustrates the early prominence of those writers who are now in the front rank, but also curiously illustrates the flight of time—because at

least two of the writers whom at that time he saw fit to rank among "The Young," namely, Edouard Rod and Huysmans, have since died in the full maturity of achievement. Maurice Barrès, Paul Margueritte, Maeterlinck and d'Annunzio are prominent among those whom at that time M. Doumic's keen critical instinct hailed as geniuses of the future; and he was among the earliest to recognise that the novels which d'Annunzio had then produced already entitled him to "an enviable place among contemporary writers of Europe." Similarly, if we take the trouble to glance through the volumes of Jules Lemaitre, devoted to *Les Contemporains, La Vie Littéraire* of Anatole France and the various critical writings of Pellissier, Rod, and many another lesser authority, the interesting fact that cannot fail to strike us is that with just a few exceptions, all the more conspicuous for their rarity—Selma Lagerlöf, Blasco Ibánez, and Pirandello —practically every writer of European fame to-day was cordially recognised and carefully appraised in France fully fifteen years ago.

Who then are the leading writers of Europe to-day as compared, let us say, with those of a decade earlier? It is convenient to begin with France. In



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. PIERRE LOTI

"Loti's long series of delicate, fragile, exotic romances, seen through a mist of gentle melancholy, must remain for style, for artistry, and for their matchless landscape colouring in word and phrase among the few almost perfect products of contemporary French letters."

1902, the champions of the realistic school, Flaubert, the de Goncourts, Maupassant, had passed away; Zola himself was destined to follow them within the year. The writers of the younger generation then coming into prominence were Bourget, Prévost, Loti, Anatole France, the brothers Margueritte, Maurice Barrès—to speak for the moment only of the novelists—and it is these who to-day stand at the very head of French fiction. The only change noticeable is that of their relative importance. With the wane of interest in the psychological novel of the boudoir, Bourget and Prévost found themselves constrained to seek for some deeper interest, some note of wider social and ethical import in their later novels; and frankly the change did not augment their reputation. Bourget has in a measure wisely reverted to that earlier field in which he stands un-



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. ANATOLE FRANCE

"The most conspicuous living figure in French literature . . . He has achieved the perfection of grace; he is the final flowering of the Latin genius."

rivalled; Prévost is still experimenting, still groping his way. In some of his later books, as for instance in *Monsieur et Madame Moloch,* wherein he has tried to interpret social and political Germany of to-day in terms comprehensible to France, he leaves an impression of a brilliant effort which has just failed of success. Pierre Loti and Anatole France have enjoyed the peculiar advantage of remaining independent of fluctuations in literary taste, and of having always written first of all to please themselves. Loti's long series of delicate, fragile, exotic romances, seen through a mist of gentle melancholy must remain for style, for delicate artistry, and for their matchless landscape colouring in word and phrase among the few almost perfect products of contemporary French letters. Anatole France has a wider and a higher claim to recognition. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he is to-day the most conspicuous living figure in French literature. Novelist, critic, historian, and philosopher by turn, he has brought to everything that he has touched the charm of a unique personality, the rich fruits of a rare erudition, the magic of an impeccable style. What Jules Lemaitre once said of *Le Lys Rouge* applies equally to all of his writings: "His style is a composition more precious than Corinthian bronze. There is blended in

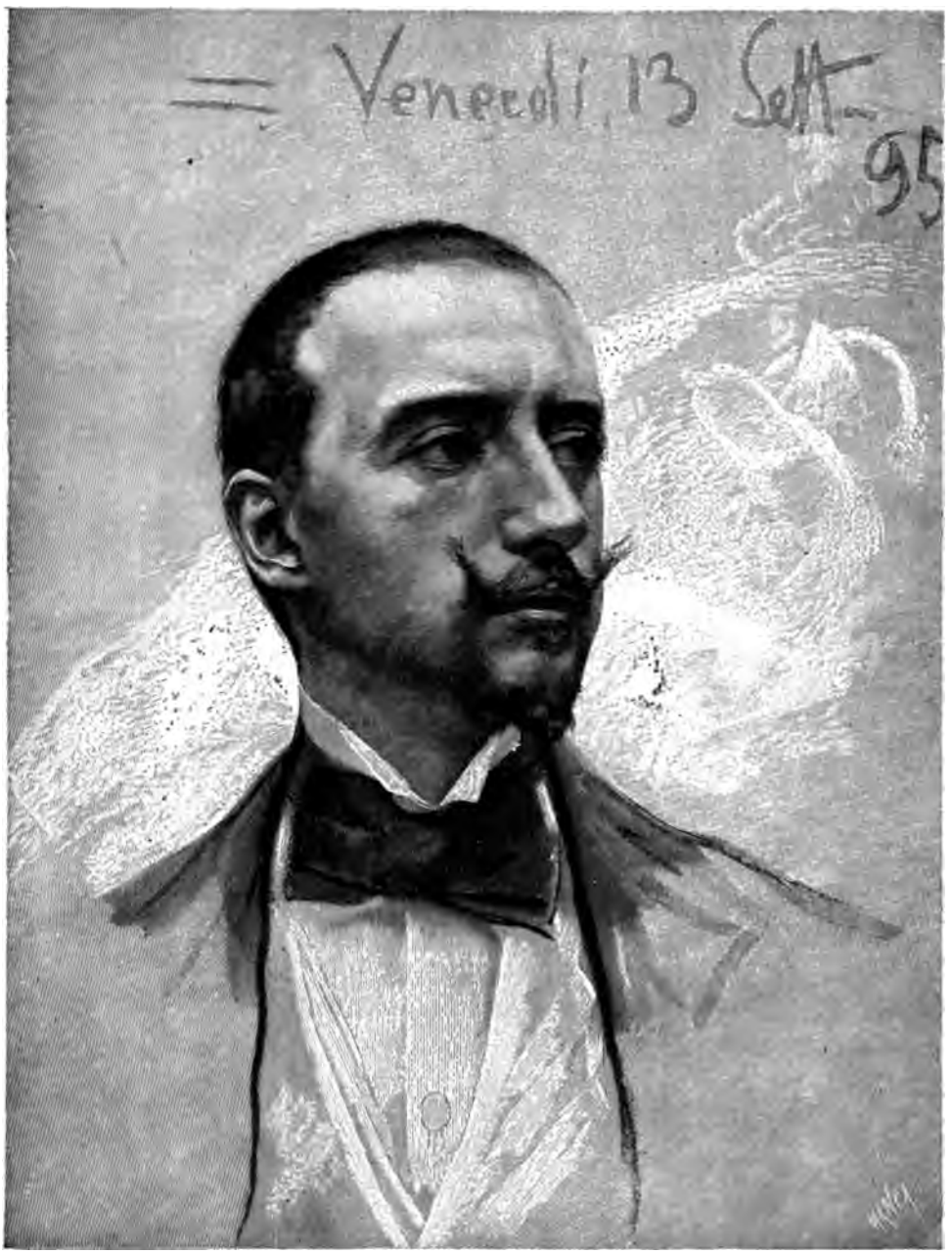


THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. EDMOND ROSTAND

Rostand's erratic audacities achieved for a time an extraordinary vogue.

it something of Racine, of Voltaire, of Flaubert, of Renan, yet it always remains Anatole France. He has achieved the perfection of grace; he is the final flowering of the Latin genius."

Of the men who to-day are carrying on and modifying the traditions of French drama, men like Brieux, Donney, Mirbeau, Henri Bernstein, it is impossible in an article like the present to do



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

"D'Annunzio remains to-day the one star of the first magnitude in Italian letters as novelist, poet, and dramatist."

more than make brief mention. According to their various abilities they are doing valiant service; but not one of them has achieved a vogue comparable to that which for the time being at least has rewarded Rostand's erratic audacities. Yet one feels that they are building on a firmer foundation than the author of *Chantecler*. With Maurice Maeterlinck the case is quite different. From the days when he wrote his naïve, somewhat inarticulate little dramas, which overzealous admirers insisted upon hailing as Shakespeare pure and simple, he has made enormous strides. It was easy for critics to dismiss *La Princesse Maleine* as "a charming error"—but it long since ceased to be possible to dismiss the rich tragedy of his later plays, the subtle and charming wisdom of his essays with anything less than a cordial recognition of their author as one of the most wide reaching influences in contemporary letters.

Turning to Italy, we are struck at once with a more sweeping change than in France; and for the simple reason that the Italian men of letters who have achieved an international reputation are much fewer in number. A decade ago if one had been asked who were the most prominent of Italian writers, the answer



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. A. PALACIO VALDÈS
"Valdès is writing little and has admittedly fallen away from the early promise."

would probably have been Carducci, De Amicis, Verga, Fogazzaro, d'Annunzio, Rovetta, Matilde Serao, Emilio de Marchi, and in a different line of writing Paolo Mantegazza and Cesare Lombroso. Of these no less than six are dead: namely, Carducci, De Amicis, Fogazzaro. Rovetta, de Marchi, Mantegazza and Lombroso—while Verga, after keeping the world waiting year after year in vain hope of the long promised third volume, *La Duchessa di Leyra* in his series of *The Vanquished,* finally brought forth a volume which proved to be nothing more than a novelisation of one of his peasant plays, *Dal Tuo al Mio.* D'Annunzio remains to-day the one star of the first magnitude in Italian letters, as novelist, poet and dramatist. That his fiction is frankly pagan and that his highest philosophy of life is a sensual worship of physical beauty is undeniable; but this does not alter the fact that there is no other Italian who can approach him in artistic technique, in the music of his verse or the exquisite colour and rhythm of his prose. There are, however, two writers of fiction who have come into more or less prominence within the past six or seven years who deserve something more than a passing word. These are the Sardinian novelist, Grazia Deledda and the Sicilian, Luigi Pirandello. Grazia Deledda is a native of Nuoro, in the wildest, ruggedest region of her wild and rugged island; and the greater part of her work bears the imprint of the hard and primitive peasant life amid which she was reared. Her stories, long and short, have the sombreness of Verga, without his wonderful conciseness of phrase, his intuitive foreshortening of events—but at the same time she has what Verga lacks, a sympathetic and quite feminine interest in her people, which softens and mellows the grimness of their narrow lives and the savageness of their setting.

Pirandello, a native of Girgenti, and now a professor of rhetoric at Rome, is the latest comer in that group of Sicilian "verists," whose leaders are Verga, Capuana and de Roberto. Unlike most Italian writers, he is surprisingly prolific, and the rapidity of his production seems in no way to interfere with its uniform high quality. The prevailing note of his work is an incisive and somewhat grim irony. He will, for instance, tell you a story of a defaulting cashier who knows that his misdeed will be found out on the morrow and who spends his last *lire* for a railway ticket to the coast, intending to drown himself, but throughout an entire day is kept from his purpose by the well-meant importunities of some friends who have come on a pleasure excursion and insist that he shall make merry with them. Besides several volumes of short stories, Pirandello's work includes a novel, *The Late Mattia Pascal,* which in the same characteristic vein of mordant humour narrates at great length the adventures of a man who, finding home conditions intolerable, escapes from them by allowing himself to be thought dead.

In Spain the prominent writers of ten years ago were Galdòs, Valdès, Valera, Pereda, Emilia Parda Bazàn and the dramatist Echegaray. Of these Pereda and Valera are dead; Valdès is writing little and has admittedly fallen away from the early promise of *Marta y Maria, José,* and *El Cuarto Poder;* and Señora Pardo Bazàn is devoting herself less and less to creative work and more and more to criticism. There is no question that to-day, as for many years past, Galdòs is the biggest figure in Spanish literature and also the most widely read. His achievement of a series of no less than forty historical novels under the general title *Episodios Nacionales* would alone entitle him to a high place in Spanish letters, even though one concedes that as works of art they fall considerably below his finer achievements, such *as Doña Perfecta.* In recent years, while carrying on his historical romance at a uniform rate of four a year, he has chosen to expend his more careful and finished efforts upon the drama rather than prose fiction, and in this field has achieved some noteworthy successes. Yet in spite of them, Echegaray's position as Spain's leading dramatist stands unchallenged in the eyes of the world at large.

It seems hardly more than yesterday that the simple and sufficient answer to the question, Who are the great Scandinavian writers? came in the form of a triumvirate, Ibsen, Björnson and Jonas Lie. These three, one and all, are now



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

"Among the steadily rising writers of a younger generation, the one who seems to demand careful watching on account of his exceptional promise is the Viennese, Arthur Schnitzler."

dead; and there is for the present no one in sight upon whom their mantles seem to have descended. The one figure in all Scandinavian literature who to-day looms at all large in the eyes of Continental Europe is Selma Lagerlöf, author of *Gosta Berling,* recipient of the Nobel prize two years ago, and who first and last has exerted a strong reactionary influence on Swedish letters in favour of old customs, old legends and the old simplicity of life and speech and thought. Scandinavia, it has often been said, has been too prone to draw her literary impulses straight from Paris. Selma Lagerlöf is a notable exception; she is emphatically of the soil. In substance, in treatment and in spirit, her work is home-spun, the unmistakable, inalienable product of her native Wärmland.

There remains space to say only a bare word or two concerning conditions in Germany and in Russia. Of the few German writers whose names are really familiar to the average Anglo-Saxon reader, it need only be said that Sudermann and Hauptmann are both still living and still pursuing their respective ideals of art—with this difference, that the popularity of Hauptmann has held its own while that of Sudermann seems to be on the wane. Among the steadily rising writers of a younger generation the one who seems to demand careful watching on account of his exceptional promise is the Viennese, Arthur Schnitzler. From the time of his debut some fifteen years ago with a little volume of grim hospital sketches he has made some rather astonishing forward strides—not even strides, by any means, for he has had his failures as well as his successes; but both in the drama and in prose fiction he is one of the modern forces in German letters which must be reckoned with. His recent little volume entitled *Reigen,* written with a frank audacity that disarms prudish criticism, is a gem of its own special kind, easily taking place beside the cleverest social satire of Gyp or of Henri

Lavédan. It is a trifle, if you like; nevertheless, in its completed cycle of amorous adventures it runs the gamut of all Viennese society, high and low, touching off the different types, male and female, with a laughing satire that nevertheless has beneath it a lurking sting.

Much has been written regarding a



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. SELMA LAGERLÖF

"The one figure in all Scandinavian literature who to-day looms at all large in the eyes of Continental Europe is Selma Lagerlöf.

possible successor to Tolstoy. Such a treatment of the question seems at present rather futile. The sum and substance of the matter may most advantageously be put thus: there was a Tolstoy, unique in his life, in his bursts of genius and in his undoubted defects. There are, on the other hand, able writers like Korolenko, Gorki, Chekov and some others. They have done worthy work, and they may do better in the future. But we shall not have a second Tolstoy, nor, having the first, is there any good reason why we should demand another. Perhaps the ultimate greatness of the real masters in any art is that they stand alone and when gone cannot be expected to come again.

THE DJOLAN

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Soft was the night, the eve how airy,
When through the big, fat dictionary
I wandered on in careless ease,
And read the a's, b's, c's and d's!

But stop! What is this form I see,
Beginning with a hump-backed d?
I pause! I gasp! I falter there!
It is the djolan, I declare!

It is the djolan, wond'rous word!
The *Buceros plicatus* bird!
Ne'er, ne'er before had I the bliss
To meet a djolly word like this!

'Twas djust before my dinner hour—
Well, let the djuicy djoint go sour!
Djoyful I read. I djust must see
What this strange djolan word may be!

Ah! ha! It is a noun! A noun!
(A "name word" as we say in town)
"*E. Ind.* The native name of the
Year bird." These are the words I see.

"A hornbill with a white tail and—"
The big book trembles in my hand—
"—plicated membrane at the base—"
Ah, well-a-day! If *that's* the case!

"—base of the beak, inhabiting—"
Oh! dictionary, wond'rous thing!
"—the Sunda Islands——" Where would we
Without our dictionary be?

"—Malacca, e-t-c." That's all!
I let the dictionary fall.
I am replete. All is explained.
Knowledge (it's power) is what I've gained!

Soft was the night, the eve how airy,
I read no more the dictionary,
But Oh! and Oh! my heart was stirred
To learn the djolan was a bird!



FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

HERBERT A. L. FISHER'S "THE REPUBLICAN TRADITION IN EUROPE"*

In this volume Mr. Fisher, of New College, Oxford, author of *The Mediæval Empire* and *A Political History of England, 1485-1547,* has published his Lowell Lectures of 1910. It is a survey of European history from the fall of the Roman Empire down to the establishment of the present republican government in Portugal, but while it necessarily contains the familiar substance of historical summaries, even of rather elementary manuals, it presents a new and useful arrangement. It gathers for the first time in a single volume whatever pertains to the development of the republican idea in modern times. But its range is not so wide as one might expect, for it does not seek out the remote origins of democratic thought or its sporadic and ineffectual expressions in the Middle Ages. In the course of about sixty pages he says all that he cares to say about mediæval republicanism and the Protestant revolution and thenceforth traces the movement from the rise of the French Republic to the present day. So his survey is virtually limited to the last century and a half.

One thing is brought out very clearly in such a survey and that is how little connection there has been between democratic progress and definite republican programmes. The philosophers of the eighteenth century with few exceptions favoured a monarchical form of government. Turgot held that bad laws can be best attacked under a monarchy, and that progress can be more rapid because the monarch can often act according to the views of the enlightened few instead of waiting for the slow advance of the common mind. Montesquieu held that the conditions precedent of a republic were a small territory, a large supply of public virtue, and an absence of large fortunes. Rousseau believed also that only small and poor states could prosper as republics, and Voltaire, who was at odds with the Genevan philosopher on so many other points, agreed with him in this. So late as 1789 the aims of the most advanced radicals were not republican. They sought merely a reorganised monarchy, with a better administration and judicial system, the abolition of privilege, of feudal dues, and of the militia, and other practical reforms. The Constituent Assembly was staunchly monarchist. A republic was not desired by the people or recommended by the philosophers; yet within the bare space of three years from that time a republic was established. A small republican group formed itself around the Jacobin advocate, M. Robert, whose newspaper, the *Mercure National,* declared for a republic on October 1, 1790, but the great parties held to their programme of constitutional monarchy and even after the King's attempted flight only a small body of extremists were professed republicans. But along with the contempt which the King's course inspired there arose a belief that since no calamity followed the successive curtailment of his powers the State could get along without him altogether. On September 2, 1792, the Duke of Brunswick captured Verdun. Two days later the Assembly declared war to the death against kings and kingship, and by the time the new Convention had assembled, the radical element in the country was won over to this view of kings as the natural enemies of democracy. On September 21, 1792, the second day of its session, it unanimously decreed the abolition of the monarchy.

The French Republic was a new phenomenon in the history of the world. The republics hitherto known in Europe had either been civic or federal, or essentially aristocratic, or a combination of all three. Milton's ideal republic was an aristocracy, Cromwell's very practical Commonwealth a mixture of aristocracy and dictatorship. The Swiss cantons, the Dutch provinces, the ancient Republic of Venice, were all governed upon aristocratic principles. But the French Republic was very different from these. It was a great unitary democratic State, founded in a sudden involution and by a wonderful manifestation of national energy.

*The Republican Tradition in Europe. By Herbert A. L. Fisher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

Then follows an outline of the alternating periods of European political history, the "idealism of 1789," the "Terror of 1793," the "compromise of 1799," revolution, excess, reaction, repeating themselves in 1830, 1848 and 1871. The author has imparted no new spirit to the tale, which proceeds in the manner of the usual historical manual, rehearsing the swing of the pendulum, and reducing all events to terms of progress in the present sense of the word. As philosophers have often told us, our old beliefs are not refuted; they are merely outlived. Writers on the recent history of Europe credit us with no curiosity in regard to lost causes and merely report the progress of "liberal" ideas. An English-speaking reader is safe in guessing beforehand that any new treatise on Europe in the nineteenth century will turn out to be not a history but a political tract.

To be sure, Mr. Fisher sums up now and then the arguments of the old order. De Maistre, he says, built up "a compact edifice of shining paradox in honour of Absolutism in Church and State."

> De Maistre, the philosopher of the Catholic reaction, argued that States were never the product of an articulate process of deliberation, but that, springing from some hidden root, they grew in virtue of a mysterious organising principle of which no man could render an account. A country was made, not out of calculation but out of patriotism, and lived, not by the lamp of reasoned self-interest, but by the inner glow of a national tradition. Men did not obey written constitutions or philosophies; they obeyed mysteries. Active obedience could only be due to the deep inarticulate call of instinct. The Jacobins put out declarations of the Rights of Man, and established a system of popular government which was, as it always must be, nothing but organised ostracism. In so doing they were, according to De Maistre, ignoring the character of the world in which they lived. They believed that justice could be realised on earth whereas God is unjust in time though just in eternity; they thought that the world was rational, whereas it is a system of profound, solid, and vigorous absurdities; they believed in the existence of Humanity, whereas we can know nothing but individual men.

But he does not often gratify our curiosity as to what the other side had to say for itself, and even here he punctually despatches the unprogressive De Maistre with the flat assertion that "the Jacobins were the blind instruments of God." It is a simple faith, that of the liberal historian, and its results are somewhat monotonous. God desired the modern constitutional state. Political history merely records how He got it. It has little concern with actual men and offers no proof that they were essentially better off at one time than another. It is too busy congratulating God on His progress in constitutional government.

The author devotes his final chapter to proving that since 1870 the cause of republicanism has made no substantial progress in Europe, France being today the only great European republic. In Great Britain the kingship is stronger than ever. He quotes the comment of the London *Times* on the death of George IV in 1830.

> If George IV ever had a friend, a devoted friend—in any rank of life—we protest that the name of her or him has not yet reached us,

and contrasts it with the national grief on the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 and on the death of King Edward in 1910. Hostility to the kingship is on the decline in England. The chief cause, he thinks, is the feeling that the Crown holds the Empire together. That, he says, would be the answer of nine Englishmen out of ten if asked what they considered the chief value of the monarchy. The success of the United States proves only that a republican government is suited to a country that is geographically continuous. As Mr. Balfour said last year:

> You could never direct the Empire on that principle simply because, if you insisted on having an elected President in this country, he would be elected by an electorate of this country and not by the electorate of the Crown or of the Crown colonies.

As an instance of the decline of republicanism in Europe in recent years, he cites Norway's choice of the kingship on her separation from Sweden. No country would seem to be better suited to a

republican form of government than Norway. It conformed to Montesquieu's requirements as to size, as to the character of the people, and as to the absence of large fortunes. After breaking away from Sweden she had a free choice among all the constitutional systems. The republican tradition flourished in Norway and there was a republican party headed by the famous novelist, Björnstjerne Björnson. The Norwegians as a whole, however, were not opposed to monarchy in itself, but only to unconstitutional government. For a generation the national leaders had been arguing for a constitutional monarchy. They could not consistently now turn radicals. A King with his dynastic alliances would afford a security of peace. Moreover, a republic, it was understood, would be less acceptable to Germany and England. A *plébiscite* was taken and the monarchical cause swept the country, even the republican Björnson advising the acceptance of a king.

The republican movement of Europe reached its zenith in 1848. The Latin world has experienced many subsequent conversions, and the weak monarchy of Portugal has recently been overthrown. Kingship is less secure in Spain and Italy than among the Teutonic, Scandinavian, or Slavonic peoples, and it is a nice question whether the cause of monarchy is more injured by its alliance with Ultramontanism or by its estrangement from the whole clerical connection in Italy. Yet the Republican party in Italy is overshadowed by the Socialists; the Republican party in Spain discredited by its association with anarchical or federalist aims. The accepted formula of political progress seems, if we are to be guided by the recent examples of Russia and Turkey, to be constitutional monarchy rather than republicanism.

He concludes in the words of Castelar:

All that we have defended, the Conservatives have realised. Who sustained the idea of the autonomy of Hungary? A Republican, Kossuth. Who realised it? A Conservative, Deák. Who advanced the idea of the abolition of serfdom in Russia? Republicans. Who realised it? An Emperor, Alexander. Who preached the unity of Italy? A Republican, Mazzini. Who realised it? A Conservative, Cavour. Who originated the idea of the unity of Germany? The Republicans of Frankfort. Who realised it? An Imperialist, a Cæsarist, Bismarck. Who has awakened the Republican idea, three times stifled in France? A celebrated poet, Victor Hugo; a great orator, Jules Faure; another orator, no less illustrious, Gambetta. Who has consolidated it? Another Conservative, Thiers.

C. M. French.

II

"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson"*

The new edition, in four volumes, of the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, selected and edited by his friend, Sir Sidney Colvin, definitively supplants the earlier editions and requires us to rearrange the Stevenson collections on our shelves. For one thing, the so-called *Vailima Letters*, which formerly were published in a volume by themselves, are now set forth in their proper chronological relation with the other letters emanating from the same period of Stevenson's experience. It is curious to note how this new arrangement adds to the interest, by discounting the monotony, of those monthly budgets of news of his daily doings at Vailima, despatched with regular and somewhat mechanical fidelity to their ultimate editor, as representing the inner circle of his friends in London. Formerly this particular series seemed too taken up with chronicles of local and transitory matters—so full of living as to be a little empty of life—a record more of doing than of being. Of this his friendly correspondent complained while the series was in progress; and the complaint was shared, to some extent, by the wider circle of the public after Tusitala's death. The trouble was that in these letters Stevenson was assiduously writing news; and, even as an amateur, he lacked the inclination of the journalist. His best letters are records not of actions but of moods; they deal not with island politics, and outlandish ceremonials, and wars and the rumours of wars, but with the great mystery of the heart of man as embodied in the ever-fluctuating heart of R. L. S.

*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sidney Colvin. A New Edition: Rearranged in Four Volumes: With 150 New Letters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this Vailima period, while he was faithfully sending news to Sidney Colvin, he was writing less carefully and thoroughly, and therefore more personally, to several of his other friends; and the editorial expedient of scattering these intimate and esoteric letters through the more objective journals of these days gives the reader a keener sense than heretofore of that range and variety of interest and emotion which was at all periods the most salient characteristic of R. L. S.

For another thing, the new edition sets forth one hundred and fifty-five letters by Stevenson which were not included in the earlier collections, and four picturesque narrative epistles by Mrs. Stevenson which cover certain interesting events concerning which Louis himself happened not to write. Most of the hitherto unpublished letters date from the formative period of the writer's youth; and twenty-eight of them are addressed to the guardian spirit of his growing age, the wise and beautiful woman whose friendship taught him to realise the full stature of his own spiritual beauty—Mrs. Sitwell, who is now Lady Colvin.

For yet another thing, the new edition of the letters is marked with fewer excisions and suppressions than the earlier editions. Important proper names which formerly were indicated by an initial or a dash are now often given in full; and a careful collation of the different editions reveals that here and there whole paragraphs which formerly had been suppressed are now restored and published. As was to be expected in such cases, the passages not hitherto released are nearly always the most interesting, on personal grounds, in the letters they belong to.

A great deal of light is cast by the new letters on many significant phases of Stevenson's experience. For the first time is now revealed the full poignancy of that prolonged religious controversy with his father which constituted one of the two tragic crises of his youth. The martyrdom of this heart-breaking altercation was, for Louis, piteous to bear; but ultimately it served him, and us, in good stead, by forcing him, in the process of combatting his father's religion, to discover and define his own.

It is, perhaps, a little to be regretted that a veil is still drawn over that other tragic crisis of Louis's adolescence—his perilous but ultimately successful struggle against the urgings of a physical temperament too emphatically sexed. Only one or two guarded hints in Sir Sidney's introduction serve to indicate that Louis did not sail serenely over the seas of growing-up with three lilies in one hand and a wreath of seven stars upon his hair. But now that Stevenson has been buried more than sixteen years, it would seem that at least a little more should be said to cure the world at large of what may be called the pre-Raphaelite conception of him. He was not in his youth a thin-blooded æsthete; he did not suffer, like Amiel, from too entire spirituality; he was of the earth earthy as well as of the heaven heavenly; he was, as Henley said, at once "buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist." And this is the basis for the only criticism that might be offered against the setting forth successively of so many letters to Mrs. Sitwell, and so few to any men except Sir Sidney, during the period when two natures were still warring within him. The letters to Mrs. Sitwell are, of course, the most beautiful that he ever wrote to any one; and the world could ill afford to lose a line of that exquisite efflorescence of the spirit. But they give expression to only one phase of Stevenson's youth—the highest, to be sure, but still, out of many, one. These letters accentuate that resemblance to Shelley upon which in later years, when he came to know the poet's son, he liked to meditate. But the truth is that, take him all in all, Stevenson was more of this world than Shelley: he loved to beat luminous wings in the void, but he was emphatically not an angel, and (perhaps for that very reason) not ineffectual. While he was writing so reverently and so poetically to Mrs. Sitwell, he must also have written in his moods of ribaldry to Mr. Baxter, or to Henley, or to Simpson, or to Ferrier, or to some other companion of his Edinburgh sallies among publicans and sinners. Such, at least, would be the logical surmise; but possibly in those years his more earthly moods did not express them-

selves in letters, or else the letters have been lost.

Several new letters to Henley illuminate Stevenson's relation with that most difficult of geniuses to get along with. In 1883 Henley took it upon himself to quarrel with an editor in some small cause of Stevenson's, and the latter thus reproved him:

But as for these quarrels: in not many years shall we not all be clay-cold and safe below ground, you with your loud-mouthed integrity, I with my fastidious briskness—and—with all their faults and merits, swallowed in silence. It seems to me, in ignorance of cause, that when the dustman has gone by, these quarrellings will prick the conscience. Am I wrong? Let us a little imitate the divine patience and the divine sense of humour, and smilingly tolerate those faults and virtues that have so brief a period and so intertwined a being.

Loud-mouthed integrity—was ever a man more clearly characterised in two words? . . . It appears, from these new letters, that Henley had a far higher opinion than Stevenson of the plays they wrote together. These plays were taken up by Louis in rather an amateur spirit, to relieve the tedium of the land of counterpane; and when he was again honestly at work with *Kidnapped*, he kept putting Henley off, whereas the latter, less clearly critical of their joint endeavours, was all for pushing on to fame and fortune in the theatre. In 1884, at a time when *Deacon Brodie* was about to be performed upon the stage, Stevenson wrote to Colvin, "and anyhow the *Deacon* is damn bad;" and in 1885 he remonstrated with Henley, in the following terms, for sending copies of their plays to their literary friends:

Do you think you are right to send *Macaire* and the *Admiral* about? Not a copy have I sent, nor (speaking for myself personally) do I want sent. The reperusal of the *Admiral*, by the way, was a sore blow; eh, God, man, it is a low, black, dirty, blackguard, ragged piece: vomitable in many parts—simply vomitable. . . . *Macaire* is a piece of jobwork, hurriedly bockled; might have been worse, might have been better; happy-go-lucky; act it or let-it-rot piece of business. Not a thing, I think, to send in presentations.

In general the new letters are no less replete than the old with what may be called, in the colloquial phrase, good things. A series of letters to a young art student named Trevor Haddon offer not only a singularly sane discussion of the personal problem of chastity, but also a great deal of very sound advice on matters of art:

In your own art, bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purpose in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes; to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious.

Here, addressed to Sidney Colvin, is a very instructive paragraph for writers of narrative:

I remember Bob once saying to me that the quadrangle of Edinburgh University was a good thing and our having a talk as to how it could be employed in different arts. I then stated that the different doors and staircases ought to be brought before a reader of a story not by mere recapitulation, but by the use of them, by the descent of different people one after another by each of them. And that grand feature of shadow and the light of one lamp in the corner should also be introduced only as they enabled people in the story to see one another or prevented them. And finally that whatever could not thus be worked into the evolution of the action had no right to be commemorated at all. After all, it is a story you are telling; not a place you are to describe; and everything that does not attach itself to the story is out of place.

From nearly every page, it seems, some phrase or sentence sallies forth to light a lamp: as, for instance, "that *belle humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant," or—"wherever we are it is but a stage on the way to somewhere else, and whatever we do, however well we do it, it is only a preparation to do something else that is different."

And here, as a taste of what is most poetic in these new letters, is a description, addressed to Mrs. Sitwell, of the great group of the three Fates in the Elgin marbles:

I have said the Fates are only women after a fashion; and it is one of the strangest things about them. They are wonderfully womanly—they are more womanly than any woman—and those girt draperies are drawn over a wonderful greatness of body instinct with sex; I do not see a line in them that could be a line in a man. And yet, when all is said, they are not women for us; they are of another race, immortal, separate; one has no wish to look at them with love, only with a sort of lowly adoration, physical, but wanting what is the soul of all love, whether admitted to oneself or not, hope; in a word, "the desire of the moth for the star." O great white stars of eternal marble, O shapely, colossal women, and yet not women. It is not love that we seek from them, we do not desire to see their great eyes troubled with our passions, or the great impassive members contorted by any hope or pain or pleasure; only now and again, to be conscious that they exist, to have knowledge of them far off in cloudland or feel their steady eyes shining, like quiet, watchful stars, above the turmoil of the earth.

All those who share with Stevenson's friends the feeling that he himself was greater than any of his works, and that, in any final accounting of his life and labour, his personality must shine even brighter than his artistry, will find in this definitive edition of his letters the best of all his monuments. For, more than any of his stories, more even than any of his essays, these letters reveal the myriad-minded, myriad-mooded Louis, because of whom innumerable men who never saw him now go more blithely about their business, eager to labour, eager to be happy.

Clayton Hamilton.

III

J. W. Beach's "The Comic Spirit in Meredith"*

There are fragmentary references to the Comic Spirit in Meredith among the studies by Mrs. Henderson, George Trevelyan, James Moffatt and others, but it has remained for Mr. Beach to devote an entire volume to this entrancing phase of the great novelist. So much attention has been placed upon Meredith's style, his women and attitude toward nature that the *leit motif* of his work has not been sedulously studied. As Mr. Beach points out, Meredith's comedy contains the function of thought and laughter; it is an appeal to judgment rather than to conscience, and is essentially directed against the follies of human nature. George Eliot is more concerned with saints and sinners, Fielding and Thackeray with surface pretensions, and Dickens with the eccentric, but Meredith shows people to be comic by the exhibition of their inner life. The more serious the characters, consequently, the more open they are to comic treatment which detects the discrepancy between the real and supposed motives of conduct, jeering the self-deception and mock-sublimity of the actor until every false element in the composition is exposed and routed by laughter. Mr. Beach has been confronted with the same difficulties which hindered Mr. Bailey in his study, by an arbitrary division of Meredith; but, on the whole he has caught the high points of the novelist's method. The present volume shows that our half-refined civilisation had for Meredith three pronounced traits opening to comic treatment: snobbery, sentimentalism and egoism. Mr. Beach's analysis brings out quite clearly how closely these traits are interrelated and how Meredith avoided making his people mere walking propositions. Behind the pleasant, optimistic illusions of a Victor Radnor and Richmond Roy, the fatuous contentment of an egoistic Sir Willoughby, the emotional adventures of a Wilfred Pole, the romantic and mental epicureanism of an Earl of Fleetwood and a Sir Austin Feverel rests the same lack of proportions, though varying in degree and kind, contrasted with the more normal Emilia, Carinthia and Vernon Whitford. All are made ridiculous through their misreading of themselves and their own importance.

Aside from this running comment on all the conspicuous people in the novels Mr. Beach has made an interesting comparison of the different revisions Meredith undertook from time to time in his work. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*

*The Comic Spirit in Meredith. By J. W. Beach. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

was altered most materially. It is probably true that the tragic element in this masterpiece took the upper hand over the original scheme. Two distinct revisions, in '78 and '97, bear this out: in these several chapters have been omitted in full dealing mainly with Sir Austin's "system"—the "Apple-Disease" and "the Great Shaddock Dogma"—written in Meredith's most captivating manner, but hindering the real rush of the story. Yet in its original form the comic treatment, though not handled with the same firmness as in the later novels, was plainly marked. *Evan Harrington* and *Sandra Belloni* were to bring it to further experimentation until in *The Egoist* it reached its fullest expression. The liberal use of the waggish and fantastic in *The Shaving of Shagpat* became disciplined as Meredith turned more to a searching study of the motives of conduct: the evolution was slow, but it is interesting to note that the fundamental philosophy remained unchanged from the first novel, though the treatment necessarily underwent considerable variations. It is not always easy to accept Mr. Beach's valuations—especially when he says *Diana of the Crossways* is not a typical Meredith novel, and in the high place given to *The Amazing Marriage*—but, as always, these are matters of opinion: the fact remains that the author has written an exceedingly interesting essay which is a distinct contribution to the growing Meredithiana.

George Middleton.

IV

Maurice Hewlett's "The Agonists"*

Mr. Hewlett calls the three plays presented in this volume a "trilogy of God and Man," and declares that they tell the "tragic story of the failure of God to implant Himself in man, and of man to receive into his nature the divine substance." Each of them, according to Mr. Hewlett, exhibits the failure of some heroic or godlike personage, because he possesses only one and not all of the essential qualities of God. Power, love and knowledge are the three divine qualities. In the first play, *Minos, King of Crete,* Minos fails because he had knowledge without power. Dionysus, the protagonist of the second play, *Ariadne in Naxos,* fails because although he has power over men he cannot win their love, and *The Death of Hippolytus,* the last of the three tragedies, exhibits the fatal course of love without knowledge. As often happens in an author's account of his inner meanings, we are quite unable to see its application to the words he has actually written. The plays apparently have not the slightest relation to their respective formulas, which we may say incidentally, are utterly puerile and mechanical. We stoutly maintain that Minos does not fail for the reason assigned by the author. We could prove that Dionysus does not fail at all. We could assert anything in the large, loose terminology that the author has chosen to employ, and no one could get a grasp on its refutation. Minds cannot meet in this windy region, because they are not thinking. As well debate a Key of Dreams or the message of Ibsen.

This nonsense about power, love and knowledge is what Mr. Hewlett calls the "undercurrent" of his work, and he hints that it should be taken as "philosophy;" but luckily he does not trust to it to see him through—

> For I realise exactly, he says, that a play cannot succeed upon philosophical excellence. If the story is dramatic and the numbers give it due lyrical expression, the philosophy may be interesting in itself and may enhance the interest in the plot; but otherwise it can avail the poet nothing..

Of philosophy there is not a grain in Mr. Hewlett's composition and the undercurrent of these plays is as unimportant as the undercurrent of *The Queen's Quair* or *The Stooping Lady.* All that there is will be found on the surface. Five pages of the *Prometheus,* stumbled through with the aid of a lexicon, tormented even by the vile notes of the usual commentator, will bring one nearer to the Greek "conceptions of Godkind and Mankind" than he will ever get in this trilogy by Mr. Hewlett or in any multiple thereof.

If a high intent and an "elevated diction" and a use of terms rich in literary

*The Agonists. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911.

association and a constant recourse to nymphs and fauns and ruddy gods and mænads with streaming hair, if the things that past poetry has used could, by mere repetition, make present poetry, then these metrical tragedies of Mr. Hewlett's would place him fairly on Parnassus. As matters stand, however, they place him only on those comfortable and populous foothills whereon almost any one may settle down when he has earned a competent vocabulary.

Clamour is round me of sin not to be named,
Hissed from shooting and hidden lips;
Hints, intervals of doubt,
Wailing, unrest!
But silence is worst of all—
When the dread powers of the dark
Gather, crowd and pass over
Like birds in a winter night.

It reads like a superior sort of libretto in translation.

Mr. Hewlett is ingenious in his metrical variations and he employs the chorus with some skill—

Man is a cage of pain,
His thought is a pure, thin fire
That beateth against the locks
And bonds of his grosser part,
Astrain for the sky. And behold!
The flame roareth and rendeth,
And the war nor stayeth nor endeth.

Then at last when the bars
Of the body, shattered and torn,
Rend asunder, the flame
Winneth the bitter stars,
And man lieth prone in shame:
Better not to be born.

Who moves? Who presses forward?
Watch that man.
What needest thou
In the King's Gate?
What seekest thou
With thy sunken eyes?
Hast thou a vow?
Is it love or hate
Draweth thee on,
Purposeful,
To the strong tower
Of the Sons of the Bull?

But always there is that indefinable sense of deliberate poetic effort, the straining of minor verse to become major, the appropriation of unfelt phrases. In short it is full of that dishonest literary elegance which makes "creditable poetry" so much worse than Mother Goose and which Pope must have had in mind when he cursed

The Gothic sons of frozen verse.

There are not six consecutive lines in the whole trilogy which convey the slightest emotion, and it is impossible to believe that any thought or feeling went to their making. They originated in the cold remembrance of the plumes and trimmings of poetic diction. The heart has long since gone out of the long Vergilian metaphor beginning with "Not otherwise the Nubian lion with his tawny mane." Yet poetic elegance requires it of Mr. Hewlett along with many another classic decoration now grown meaningless from repetition—

As when two lions on the waste
That sudden meet, dare not forego
The grudge they owe,
And greet not, neither eye each other,
But stand awaiting fate
That works askance in the mind—
So here of royal race the sire and whelp
Stand grimly cognizant; nor passes between
Their lockt lips one All hail! or Blest art thou!
O storm beset! O driven apart!

In his novels Mr. Hewlett is, as is well known, a worshipper of the senses, and an expert in fastidious love and in all the delicacies of the daintily nourished passions. It is hard to think of him as at all interested in anything that cannot be seen, touched, tasted or heard. His attitude seems to be that which Charles Kingsley rather absurdly attributed to Keats—"oh universe, would that thou were a sugar plum that I might suck thee." In these plays the only passages in which he seems at all at home are the sensuous and unreflective—

Let there be mystic dance and procession; unbind
My hair that it float on the wind.
Loose ye my girdle, sister, let me go free
For my lord's pleasure of me.
So—I throw my head back, so feel I the God
In my veins. The blossoming sod
Into my hands give ye!

So, Bacchus, lover of Chorus,
Tragic, dark, inscrutable one!
Rapt lead I the dance, my blood
Leaping to thine. O master of me
Catch the sob in my throat with a kiss and seal me to thee.

C. M. Francis.

V

Hiram Bingham's "Across South America"*

In September, 1908, Dr. Bingham, professor of Latin-American History at Yale, set out as a delegate both of the government and of his university to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress, held at Santiago, the Chilean capital, the following December and January. His route thither, however, was almost as indirect as possible, for from Buenos Ayres he journeyed leisurely by train and mule-back over the vast Argentine plain, threaded the Bolivian Andes as far as Potosi, then, seeking the coast, took steamer to Valparaiso. After the congress he was no less adventuresome, for his route led him by old Inca roads across Bolivia and Peru, turning aside in a thrilling journey of a week to explore an almost unknown Inca fortress, which he seems to have been the first writer to describe accurately, and not only accurately but so movingly that he surrounds us in his quiet, unerring way, with the very atmosphere and conditions of that highly wrought civilisation. He stamps himself thus as a pioneer in such a modest and engaging way that we hardly realise the service which he lends as his tribute to Inca genius. Into the matter of Inca history he does not allow himself to go very far, but inclines toward the belief that this inaccessible and impregnable fortress of Choqquequirau was the ultimate refuge of the last Inca.

Some of the most interesting chapters, indeed, deal with the investigation of the battles and leaders in the wars for independence. It is refreshing, after the hero-worship lavishly accorded Bolivar, to note here a due appreciation of the abler San Martin, whose modesty and self-sacrifice unfortunately is unequalled in Latin-American annals. The description of the liberation of Chile in particular is most adequate, and the author might have added that San Martin's feat in crossing the Andes from Argentina to Chile and then his swift descent upon the Spanish force surpassed in conception and execution Napoleon's passage of the Alps; certain it is that the mountains were higher, the obstacles greater.

The history, resources, and salient characteristics of each of the republics which he traversed are epitomised sympathetically if quite frankly. The criticism is constructive, free alike from scorn and condescension. But perhaps the most important contribution in the present volume is its help toward a better understanding. The universal opinion seems to be that the only South American contribution to history since their wars of independence, is revolutionising. If that is so, the amount of civilisation attained between fights is something remarkable! Professor Bingham duly reckons with this culture and refinement, a growing feature of which have been the various international congresses, to which, incidentally, until 1908 the United States had never been invited. The Pan-American Union, too, is another factor which might work for mutual understanding even more than it does, for as yet our southern neighbours take onlv an artificial interest in the conferences held under its auspices; those "on the inside" know that the Union, of which so much is made, is for us a most useful institution, but that the South Americans take part only through a desire to please the country which attempts to control their destiny. The root of the matter is, that "Pan-Americanism" is a hypocrisy, a good-natured sham which is used by us as a means of increasing commerce and by them as a means of staving off undue European influence.

Julian Parks.

*Across South America. By Hiram Bingham, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

LITTLE IRONIES OF THE STAGE

BY EMMETT C. KING



CTORS on the stage are like children in school. Incidents that would appear most commonplace anywhere else become excruciatingly funny when occurring during the progress of the play, and the temptation to laugh at such times is almost, if not quite, irresistible. Some actors have a better faculty of "holding their faces" (retaining an unperturbed expression) than others, and this special gift enables them to play pranks upon their colleagues, which they often do, unknown to the audience. Not only is guying decried by all true lovers of dramatic art; but managers issue the most formidable edicts against it, threatening and sometimes executing severe punishment on the guilty ones, but, like hazing at West Point and Annapolis, it will not down, and the mischief lovers continue to take a chance on being not discovered, and sometimes drive their managers to despair.

The manager is not the only one who suffers; the poor actor who has a keen sense of humour and no faculty of holding his face suffers tortures sometimes while playing a serious scene, and something funny is said to him by the guyer. The latter, with his back to the audience, can make faces, hum a humorous song, or do some ridiculous trick entirely unseen by the spectators.

Although Joseph Jefferson denounces guying in his memoirs, he acknowledges having practised it in his younger days. Even in his latter years he could not always resist the temptation. In the cast of *The Rivals* at one time there was a very bad actor playing Falkland. One of the characters in the play had to say at one point, "Poor Falkland!" To which Jefferson replied under his breath: "Yes; the worst I ever saw."

Despite his outward reserve and seriousness of manner, Edwin Booth possessed a keen sense of humour. The following incident, which has been credited to him, shows that the great tragedian was human, after all. The play was *Othello* and Booth was playing the Moor. In the last act, while smothering Desdemona in bed, Booth rubbed the tip of his finger over his face so that a small quantity of the brown paint with which he was made up adhered to it. Then, while delivering the lines of the scene with all his accustomed skill, and apparently smothering poor Desdemona with pillows, he painted a delicate moustache and goatee on the helpless lady's face. The ludicrous picture could not be seen by the audience; but when Gratiano, Emelia and the others came on, and one by one went to the bed to gaze on the features of the murdered bride, the sight of her whiskers almost threw them into convulsions. Each in turn approached the body with loud lamentations, and each suddenly turned their backs to the audience, while their bodies shook with convulsive laughter, which fortunately the audience mistook for manifestations of grief.

Another of Booth's tricks was to rub his face against Katherine's when he was playing Petruchio, smearing the paint from his painted moustache on the latter's face. This occurred at the end of the play as the curtain was descending, however, and not during the progress of a scene.

William Winter, in his *Shadows of the Stage,* says that some actors have felt compelled to resort to levity of this kind in order to relieve themselves from the terrific strain entailed by long playing of heavy or tragic rôles. He relates that Booth gave him an unmistakable wink as he sat near the front in the orchestra, the action taking place while Booth was playing the wooing scene in *Richard the Third.*

The late Louis James was one of the most inveterate fun makers that ever trod the stage. Life was a joy to him, and he made it so for many others. Seen on the stage in some of the heroic tragic rôles mischief was the last quality any

spectator would have ascribed to him. Take, for instance, his Virginius. With snow-white hair, magnificent physique, and wonderful voice he would rouse an audience to enthusiasm, and then strike terror to the hearts of the timid in the mad scene of the last act. But while going through his rôle without skip or break, the chances were that poor Appius Claudius, who lay dead on the floor, was praying to the gods for the curtain to come down so that he might laugh outright instead of choking to death while trying to smother the mirth provoked by something funny James had said while kneeling over him.

James was at one time leading man in a summer stock company. The management decided to put on *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and James was told that as there was no part worthy of him in the play he might take a week's rest. To every one's surprise he refused to lay off and said that he would play Uncle Tom. Of course he played the part magnificently; but the lines he spoke that were not in the play, and the things that he did, live in history.

When Eliza ran across the ice, pursued by the bloodhounds and slave catchers, James, in the character of Uncle Tom, brought up the rear, skating across the stage ice on a pair of steel club skates. But the climax of his performance was reserved for the manager, Jacob Litt, who occupied a box on one occasion.

In the great whipping scene, where Legree gives Tom a fearful beating, the lines of the play run something like this:

LEGREE: "You black scoundrel, don't you belong to me, body and soul?"

TOM: "No, Master, my body may belong to you; but my soul belongs to the Lord."

When Legree propounded the question to Tom on the occasion mentioned, James, as Uncle Tom, replied in stentorian tones:

"No, Master; my body may belong to you—but my soul belongs to Jacob Litt!"

The actor playing Roderigo in *Othello* in one of James's companies appeared at one time in a new costume, of which he was quite proud. James expressed his admiration for the new dress before the curtain went up, and remarked upon the great number of buttons used to fasten the hauberk down the front.

As Othello was closing his address to the Senate, James made a sweeping gesture toward Roderigo, who was standing near, and deftly catching the lower edge of the new hauberk, with a quick upward jerk opened the garment from bottom to top. Roderigo hastily threw his long cloak over the gaping aperture, and Othello, without changing his expression or missing a line or intonation of his speech, continued:

> This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
> Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Lawrence Barrett was one of the most conscientious of actors as well as a most rigid disciplinarian. He was not popular with his fellow-actors, but his cold grey eyes forbade any familiarity or breach of discipline. However, the martinet was braved for once, at least. Barrett was playing a starring engagement at the old California Theatre, San Francisco. The play was *Julius Cæsar* and Barrett was acting Cassius, supported by the stock company of the theatre. There are no comedy parts in *Julius Cæsar,* and the comedians of the company were forced to go on as citizens and soldiers.

In the first act, Cæsar enters with his train, followed by Brutus, Cassius, and the mob. Cæsar calls Mark Antony to his side and says:

"Let me have men about me that are fat."

Before Cæsar could finish the speech, three fat comedians stepped from their places in the mob and walked solemnly past Barrett, and stood in front of Cæsar. The play came to a standstill, while Cæsar, completely taken aback, gazed with ill concealed mirth on the three corpulent citizens. The assembled Roman populace laughed, and the audience fairly howled. The comedians bowed low and returned to their places in the line. Barrett was furious, but could do nothing at the time but grind his teeth with rage and mutter imprecations under his breath. What he said or did to the culprits when the curtain went down is not a part of the story.

Few people dared brave the wrath of Edwin Forrest. His temper and his

physical prowess were too well known. He was too great an artist to guy himself, and he would not tolerate anything that belittled the art that he loved. One of his company once took a chance, simply because he did not like Forrest. The play was *Virginius,* one of Forrest's favourites. After the tragic death of his daughter Virginius goes mad, and calls piteously for Virginia. Icilius, thinking to make him realise that Virginia is dead, and at the same time to restore his mental balance, brings Virginius the urn containing the ashes of his child. When the urn is proffered him, the grief-stricken father asks:

"What's this?"

To which Icilius replies:

"Virginia."

This is the curtain of the last act. On that occasion Forrest, with tear-streaming eyes, was calling for Virginia. When the urn was offered to him, he asked:

"What's this?"

"The essence of Old Virginia," replied Icilius, playing on the title of a popular song of the period.

Forrest's remarks after the curtain fell were not recorded.

Even the great Charlotte Cushman is said to have sought relaxation from the strain of Meg Merrilles and Lady Macbeth by occasionally interpolating humorous lines, instead of the serious ones of the author. In the old play of *The Stranger* Miss Cushman played Mrs. Haller. At a certain point in the play Mrs. Haller is told that a man whom she does not wish to see is coming up the stairs.

"Tell him I have gone out," Mrs. Haller should say to the servant.

Instead of which Mrs. Haller—Miss Cushman—replied at one performance:

"Tell him I have gone fishing."

Charles R. Thorne, considered one of the greatest American actors, was a great guyer. In the play of *The Geneva Cross,* one of the characters had to ask Thorne, "Who are you?" Thorne's proper answer was: "I am Riel Duborg." Once when Thorne was in a mischievous mood, the opposite character asked him:

"Who are you?"

"I am the pie-biter of Surinam," was the reply.

Edwin Thorne, brother of Charles, while not so great an actor, was, if anything, a greater guyer. Edwin's propensity in this direction was so well known that it was sometimes expressed in his contract that should he depart from the text of the play, he should forfeit a portion of his salary. Despite this precaution Thorne would occasionally break the bounds and introduce lines of his own.

Thorne was once playing the title rôle in a play called *The Spy.* The piece was not a success, although Thorne played his part with more than usual earnestness. On the last night of the engagement—the run was a short one—one of the characters came on and speaking the lines of his part, exclaimed:

"A thousand dollars for the spy!"

"It's yours," cried Thorne in a loud voice; "manuscript, props, and scenery!"

For many years there were certain set pieces of business that had been handed down for generations, in the standard plays. Among these was the business of the First Gravedigger in *Hamlet.* Before beginning to dig, the First Gravedigger always divested himself of a number of waistcoats, which he threw upon the ground one by one. This was considered quite funny in olden times, and the audience always laughed.

A company playing *Hamlet* was forced to find an actor to play the Second Gravedigger, on account of the illness of the second comedian of the company. The only actor available was a variety performer, who had no reverence for Shakespeare and no respect for the traditions of the classic drama. The Second Gravedigger was a comedy part, and he knew that he could "get away with it."

When the First Gravedigger threw off the first waistcoat, revealing another underneath, the audience tittered. The removal of the second waistcoat brought a loud laugh, and the third produced a roar. The First Gravedigger was delighted. He had never played to such an appreciative audience, and visions of good notices in the papers, and a possible increase in salary began to loom up be-

fore his eyes. As he threw off the fourth waistcoat he turned partially around, and the cause of the unusual hit was disclosed to him.

The Second Gravedigger, being accustomed to build laughs on lines and business of other actors, saw his opportunity and seized it. As fast as the First Gravedigger would throw the waistcoats on the ground, the variety comedian would pick them up and put them on. The new business was much funnier to the audience than the old, with which it was thoroughly familiar.

Not content with having stolen the laughs from the regular comedian in this scene, the new man went further. When the First Gravedigger said to him: "Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor" (to which there is no reply in the text), the assistant sexton replied:

"Yaughan told me tell you that you couldn't have any more liquor from him, till you paid for the last you got."

One of the greatest emotional actresses this country has ever produced was a great guyer. While apparently feeling her part to the utmost, and wringing sobs and tears from her audience, she would whisper the most ludicrous things to those on the stage, sometimes ridiculing the audience for their sympathy. One of her leading men sometimes paid her off in her own coin, and one of his tricks was this.

The two had a pathetic parting scene in one act, ending with the usual kiss and long embrace. The hero took the lady's hand, pressed it to his lips, and made a quick exit. The lady felt her lover place something in her hand as he put the hand to his lips. The object was cold, hard, and heavy. With her back to the audience, she looked at the lover's parting gift. It was a steel screw-eye, such as stage carpenters use in fastening braces to the floor. She was compelled to play a long emotional scene with the screw-eye in her hand, for she had no opportunity to get rid of it until the curtain fell.

"What on earth did you mean by putting that screw-eye in my hand?" she indignantly asked the leading man.

"I thought you might screw up a few tears with it," was the reply.

A grewsome melodrama of several seasons ago contained a scene where the hero, after having been buried alive, is dug up by grave robbers.

"Doesn't he look natural?" whispered the villain, as the coffin lid was removed.

"I am a natural actor," replied the supposed corpse, as they dumped him out on the ground.

Although very few actors ever improve their parts by adding to the text, there are instances where it has been done with great success. E. A. Sothern made the part of Lord Dundreary by guying. As conceived by the author, the part of Dundreary was very short and insignificant. Sothern was so disgusted at having to play it that he guyed through it at rehearsals, to the intense amusement of the other members of the company. Finding that the company thought his foolishness funny, he concluded to try it on the audience. It went with screams. He interpolated new lines and business at nearly every performance, until, from a short part, Dundreary became the longest and most important character in the play, and finally became a "star part."

One of the most popular American comedians of to-day has made a success of several plays that would have been absolutely worthless without the actor's guying. New lines and business are introduced by this actor at rehearsals, and for a long time after the play has been produced—nearly always on the spur of the moment. Often he does not remember what he has said, and the stage manager will have to remind him, and it is then generally incorporated in the manuscript. This faculty is extremely rare, however, and the majority of actors who try to improve their parts by interpolations generally end by weakening them.

Perhaps the most notorious guyer that ever lived was an actor named Salisbury, who flourished in "the palmy days." Salisbury once wired a manager, asking for an engagement; the manager wired back: "Wouldn't have you at any price." Salisbury promptly replied: "Terms accepted. Be there on next train."

Salisbury's memory was remarkable, and conscious of this, he often neglected studying new parts. When he failed to

remember the lines of the play at hand, however, he was never disconcerted: he simply spoke the lines of some other play. He would speak *Macbeth* in *Hamlet,* and *Othello* in *King Lear;* but he never "dried up." Off the stage he conversed principally in quotations from Shakespeare. On being dunned for a bill by his washerwoman, he replied in the following paraphrase from Macbeth's speech to the Ghost of Banquo:

"Avaunt and quit my sight! Thy tubs are marrowless; there is no starch in my fine shoirts that thou did'st glaze withal. Approach thou like the Russian manager, Hyrcantical, or the 'Old Rye Whiskey-us'; or be alive and make it salary day. If trembling then I do inhibit thee, confess me but a babe of Salisbury."

The poor washerwoman, thinking that she had a lunatic to deal with, fled in terror.

A PRAYER

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

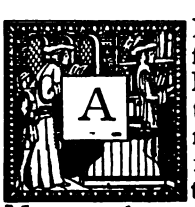
I pray Thee, give me some fairy glue,
Such as the roses' artisans use,
To mend this petal my careless touch,
From the fragrant centre has broken loose;
A rose is too perfect a thing to mar—
I would make it well of the hurt and bruise.

Restore me the city of Nineveh,
With its people—dust of the desert sand;
Send blood to the cheek of the mummied Thais,
The quiver of life to her shrivelled hand.
Put the old gods back in their shrines again,
Lay the ancient sweetness upon the land.

These, my yesterdays, make them fair;
Take all the wretchedness out of them.
Of those most lovely I'd bind me a sheaf,
Like a rose's petals about the stem.
So give back all of the spoils of death—
Behold! I clutch at Thy garment's hem!

DENMARK AND THE AMERICAN IDEA

BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH



MERICAN books are first introduced to the Danish public through the recommendations of native authors and professors who have read them in the originals. Many works come in this way to be read as foreign books, with the aid of a dictionary, in schools, clubs, and homes, without ever being translated into Danish for popular reading. Before a book can be translated, the Danish publishers must be assured of a good sale. Many books which are exceedingly popular in America are rejected for translation on

the ground that they are not adapted to the taste of the Danish reading public. To illustrate: The Danish author, Miss Aslaug Mikkelsen, has recently assumed direction of a syndicate for translations in Copenhagen, called the "Bureau Hamlet." She herself renders many English books into Danish, translating Hall Caine's new novels from his manuscript so that they are published in Copenhagen simultaneously with their appearance in London, and she watches all the foreign markets for books of the hour—Russian, German, French, Italian. Aided by friends on both sides of the Atlantic, Miss Mikkelsen keeps in touch with the American book world, reading many works, but selecting few for translation. *The Virginian* and one of Winston Churchill's most popular books were among the big American sellers which she recently read, enjoyed, and reluctantly rejected.

To understand the Danish taste for foreign letters, one must know something of the influence of the native literature. For Denmark has had a national school of no mean merit, including the dramatist Holberg in the eighteenth century, and, in the early nineteenth, Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales are read by children the world over. The poet Drachman, who possessed something of Walt Whitman's fearlessness behind the shelter of his own lyrical grace, died in 1908; but Georg Brandes, the critic, is still alive, while promising young writers are rising, like Johannes V. Jensen, the novelist, and Sophus Michaelis, the dramatist, whose recent play, *A Revolution Wedding,* is said to be in the repetoire of two hundred German theatres and has been staged in New York under the title *A Son of the People.*

Although the Danes have achieved real distinction in other literary modes—the essay, the drama, the lyric—in the novel they have hardly developed beyond the point reached by English writers of the eighteenth century. Danish romances are characteristically quiet, gentle, and subdued. like the Danish landscape, the language, and the temperament of the people; their novels are more often collections of delicately pencilled sketches and essays of impression held together by a slender thread of story, lacking the tightly drawn plots and tense climaxes of American fiction. For this reason, the American novel supplies a greater want in Denmark than our verse, our histories, or our essays. In fact, a highly seasoned American romance stimulates the Danish imagination more than strong drink. The writer remembers, in Denmark, some years ago, seeing a mother of three children, after the little ones were tucked into bed, pick up a translation of Jack London's *Call of the Wild,* and begin to read casually in the middle. For hours her eyes did not leave the book; she answered her husband's questions absent-mindedly. Her mind, fed on Virgil and Molière and the gentle Danish school, was fascinated and bewildered by this tale from a new world.

To appreciate the Danish attitude toward American letters one must acknowledge the influence, for better and for worse, of American journalism. Some thirty years ago, Danish newspapers were provincial and conservative. Then a group of brilliant writers in Copenhagen, the critic Georg Brandes among them, founded, on "up-to-date" principles, that great organ of radical thought, the newspaper *Politiken.* This journal consciously imitates American methods, and its editors frequently visit New York. Like many of the large American dailies, *Politiken* has subserviated court chronicles, wars and treaties, and affairs of state, to the interest in personalities—the humorous speech, the lost child, the drowning accident, the suicide of the rejected lover, or the golden wedding of an aged couple in the suburbs. This paper has introduced the American "feature story" and the "interview" into Danish journalism. A certain popular illustrated weekly, for example, begins each issue by an "interview" with some distinguished citizen of Denmark. Indeed, the verb "to interview" in modern newspaper usage has been adopted bodily into the language. Not without protest, however; both the feature story and the interview meet their rebuke from Danish conservatives. A Copenhagen comic paper, after the "Cook exposure," parodied *Politiken* and

its "democratic" American methods somewhat as follows: "Did we see Doctor Cook, when he landed? No indeed! Our correspondent *interviewed* Anna Jensen, who made the first cup of coffee the great American tasted after his feet touched Danish soil." In the same vein of satire, a recent Danish romance called *The Day of Doom*, forecasting a coming war between England and Germany, relates how, on the evening after war was declared, an enterprising Copenhagen daily placed the announcement of hostilities, with other international news, in the corner of a remote page, and devoted the entire first page of the issue to a "feature story" on the sudden death of a rural Danish rhymster, followed by column after column of interviews with the poet's servants and drinking companions, and farmers who had seen him during his last hours. That night, according to the novel, the Germans landed and annexed Copenhagen—and incidentally the newspaper.

While *Politiken* is not itself sensational, it has been followed by a mushroom growth of newspapers which often put our own "yellow press" to shame. *Politiken* has, however, this great merit over its American contemporaries, that it gives to art and literature a place on the first page as prominent as that occupied by the "stories" of caprice and crime. Its reporters and editors are no mere hack writers, but often creators of belles-lettres—dramatists and novelists—who impart style and cleverness to their narratives. The news columns of *Politiken* are actual contributions to literature.

From journalism it is an easy transition to that form of American fiction most widely circulated in Denmark. For example "Nick Carter" and his translators. On the streets of Copenhagen, recently, there was a scramble resembling a foot-ball scrimmage. A hundred people had formed a circle, struggling to get at some object hidden in the centre; and from the crowd rose a forest of hands, in each hand a huge copper penny. Now and then a man with a crumpled collar emerged from the scrimmage, flourishing a newspaper with a coloured supplement. The newspaper he thrust into his pocket, and went away with his eyes in the supplement. The prize was an illustration of what appeared to be a murder in the Grand Canyon, and above, in huge black type, *"Nick Carter, Number, —, America's Greatest Dctective,"* and in red lettering, "Sample copy, compliments of the *Evening Post.*"

"Everything American goes in Denmark," a bystander remarked.

Later in the day the writer purchased a rival newspaper and received gratis the latest number of *Buffalo Bill! America's National Hero.* There was no crowd awaiting about "Buffalo Bill," but the sheet seemed to be having a brisk sale. On the Copenhagen news-stands and in the street cars one also sees highly illuminated copies of *Nat Pinkerton, Pat Connor, Texas Jack,* and *Pirate Morgan's Adventures,* and a number of local Danish imitations which appear weekly or monthly in lurid serial form.

Nick Carter has actually been dramatised in Denmark, and the play enjoyed a long run. But despite the fact that the "Nick Carter" literature is "American," it is now generally condemned by the Danish pulpit and schools, and a society has been formed for its suppression, on the ground that too many Danish youths are emulating Nick in private life.

It is not true, however, that Nick Carter represents the entire American horizon of a Danish boy. A country lad of fourteen was asked if he had ever read any American books.

"Yes," he replied quickly, "I read Nick Carter every week."

"Anything else?"

He thought a moment. "Oh yes," he recalled, "I have read *The Last of the Mohicans.*"

Of the older American school James Fenimore Cooper is best known in Denmark. All of the "Leather Stocking" tales have been translated, *The Last of the Mohicans* appearing as *The Last American.* Indeed it is not unlikely that Danish boys of the present generation know Fenimore Cooper's Indians better than do their cousins in America.

Among other standard American prose works which has long been translated are Irving's *Sketch Book,* Poe's *Gold Bug,* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and *House of Seven Gables,* Emerson's *Representa-*

tive Men, Longfellow's prose, and Holmes's *Elsie Venner. The Story of a Bad Boy,* by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is a good seller; and Harriet Beecher Stowe is so popular that seven of her works have been translated, and a new edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is being displayed in Copenhagen book-store windows today.

In recent years there have appeared Danish editions of Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* at least seven of Gunter's works, and half a dozen novels of Marion Crawford, while *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is in its third Danish edition. *The Fair God,* by Lew Wallace, has been translated once and *Ben Hur* twice; one translation has reached its third, the other its seventh edition.

Although the Danes are facile poets and ardent lovers of verse, they are not as familiar with our poetry as with our prose. Few of them have even heard of Bryant, Whittier, or Lowell. The names of only two American poets are well known, and one single poem by another poet. The poets are Longfellow and Walt Whitman; the poem is Poe's *Raven.* Longfellow is represented in their translations by *Evangeline, Hiawatha,* and *The Golden Legend.* Longfellow was much interested in Scandinavian literature. The unusual metre of *Hiawatha* he took from the Finnish epic *Kalevala,* which he read in the Swedish translation. Danish also he translated; and in Denmark the school children today are told about Longfellow's "Olaf's Saga" and his excellent rendering of their national song, "King Christian." But probably two out of every three Danes think that Longfellow was an Englishman. The great American poet, in the estimation of the Danes, is Walt Whitman. During the writer's first week in Copenhagen, he was invited to lecture before an "English Club" about "American Literature."

"What feature of our literature do you prefer to hear discussed?" the representative of the club was asked.

"We leave that to you," was the reply, "but I think that our members would like to hear about Walt Whitman."

Quite naturally this people believe that Walt Whitman's appeal to freedom is the supreme poetic expression of that American Democracy about which Europeans are so eager to learn. As early as 1874 Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* were put upon the list of books recommended by the Danish Government for school libraries. More recently Denmark has witnessed a Walt Whitman revival under the influence of the young Danish author, Johannes V. Jensen, who has himself translated some of Whitman's verse. Students at the University of Copenhagen are now reading *Leaves of Grass* in the original, and several young poets are imitating its free rhythms in their own language. The importance of this poet in the Danish eye is attested by a high school English reader edited by Professor Otto Jespersen of the University of Copenhagen, who recently lectured on the history of the English language at Columbia University. The book is called *The England and America Reader:* the English section opened with a quotation from Shakespeare; the American selections are prefaced by a passage from Walt Whitman.

To return again to prose, to the work of yesterday and to-day, there is no doubt that of all American writers of the last generation Mark Twain is the most popular. Practically every line he has written has been done into Danish—in paraphrase rather than literal translation. It is commonly said that Mark Twain's humour is better understood by the Copenhagener than by our English cousin, who has received his humorous training in the columns of *Punch.* It is even asserted that Mark Twain is responsible for the new school of wit in Copenhagen.

Lovers of Mark Twain were surprised in 1908 when a canny Danish schoolmaster discovered that Mr. Clemens had "borrowed" from a well-known Danish classic for the plot of *Tom Sawyer, Detective.* Thus the Danes have their own originally tragic story translated back again from Mark Twain's humorous American version.

Mr. Clemens is, however, by no means alone among modern American writers in Denmark. During the past five years the Danes have become profoundly in-

terested in the types of fiction which deal with our social and economic problems. The leader of this movement, Johannes V. Jensen, has visited America several times, returning home enthusiastic over our life and literature, and has followed his voyages by publishing several novels and short stories dealing with life in New York City and on the plains. In 1907 he introduced the younger school of American writers to Denmark by translating *The Octopus,* by Frank Norris. When a friend asked him why he spent valuable time translating the work of another, instead of writing creative fiction, Jensen is said to have replied that to him *The Octopus* seemed "inevitable," and added, "If Norris had not written *The Octopus* I should have written it myself."

The Octopus has sold better in Denmark than Jensen's own books. It must be remembered that Denmark is a diminutive land and a frugal, where books pass from home to home; usually only twelve hundred and fifty copies of a Danish novel are published; of *The Octopus* more than three thousand have been sold. Another young novelist, Sten Drewsen, has recently translated *The Pit,* which, from last accounts, is selling as well as *The Octopus.* Many Danes, too, read this book in the original. In fact, one "English Reading Circle" in Copenhagen is at present alternating Bernard Shaw nights with readings from Frank Norris.

The year in which *The Octopus* appeared in Danish covers, Jack London's *Call of the Wild* came out in a translation by Miss Mikkelsen, with an introduction by Mr. Jensen, commending London to his new public. His preface closes with the significant words, "He (London) writes for one reason. He has teeth and he wishes to use them, like the undaunted dogs and wolves he depicts."

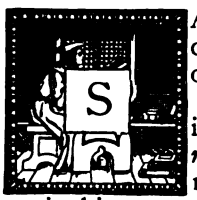
Miss Aslaug Mikkelsen, in addition to her duties as director of the translating bureau mentioned at the beginning of this paper, has also translated, in rapid succession, within two or three years, Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty; John Longworthy's Disappearance,* by Maurice Francis Egan; *The Industrial Republic* and *Captains of Industry,* by Upton Sinclair; and Thomas W. Lawson's *Friday the Thirteenth.*

The Jungle has also been translated, a volume of Jack London's Klondike stories, and one or two of Robert Herrick's books, including *The Common Lot.* Herrick is now attracting almost as much attention in Denmark as Frank Norris.

One of our writers enjoys a somewhat unfair advantage in Denmark over his contemporaries. He is Maurice Francis Egan, our present American Minister to the little kingdom. His novels, poems and essays are to be found in their American covers in the Copenhagen bookshops, while the local magazines contain contributions from Mr. Egan in Danish. In 1909 *John Longworthy's Disappearance* appeared in serial form in *The Illustrated Times,* and Mr. Egan's recent collection of short stories, *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis,* is promised for publication. The Copenhagen newspaper, *Politiken,* offers prizes to its readers for translations of sonnets by Mr. Egan which appear in American magazines. After his sonnet "A Castle in Denmark" was published in the *Century, Politiken* offered a volume of Longfellow's poems and a copy of *Maginnis* for the best translation into Danish. The Danes write verse with a facility rivalling the gracefulness of the Japanese; although the contest was limited to amateurs, more than three hundred metrically perfect translations were submitted. It is said that among the competitors was the American Minister's own Copenhagen barber, who one morning after his operations addressed his patron differentially with the words, "Your Excellency, would you condescend to do me the great kindness to read my modest translation of your Excellency's beautiful sonnet?"

MINOR MASTERSTROKES

BY EDNA KENTON



AID one of a little group of bookish people the other day:

"Some time I am going to reread *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* not to travel with him again his sappy road to his damnation, but for the joy of renewing a valuable acquaintance with those good, genuine, religious adventurers, the Soulsbys."

"That reminds me," said another, "speaking of religion, that I read Phillpotts's *Mother of Men* years ago, and have forgotten the book except for that one most remarkable chapter where the mother writes out in Bible extracts her life story. Sometime I am going to pick up the book again for that."

Then another: *"The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* was a most unpleasantly neurotic tale, and I admit I've not forgotten it. But the character that I really remember the book by is Harriott's aunt, that vulgar, self-assertive, snobbish, ill-bred suburbanite. Perhaps because I know a woman just like her."

"Is old Sylvanus Stone a minor character in *Fraternity?*" queried another. "Because when Hillary and Bianca and even the Little Model have faded into dimness along with any plot there is, I shall still remember that old reincarnation of a Greek chorus, done to the seventh heaven of chiaroscuro, feeding birds from a paper bag, writing, rewriting and reciting his "Book of Universal Brotherhood," cooking and eating his slender meals, struggling to express himself to his children, and a stranger before their hearts, rising and falling on his toes to the count of his strengthening exercises—every touch means something. Perhaps that's why I remember it."

Perhaps! For it is not the printed mass of detail—which almost no one of us ever collects about people and things—that we remember, but the flashing bit that we have seen and perhaps have been too indolent to phrase, lying, phrased, on the page before us.

A finely wrought characterisation for his principal protagonist is the novelist's pride. But a minor character as finely modelled, yet held firmly to the length of its tent cords, and this in spite of its possibilities, is generosity as well as pride. For in such a character there is often another book, and, left subordinate, this spells renunciation. For it demands surrender, from the great novelist no less than from the great player, to surround the principal actor in the book or on the stage with subsidiary characters worthy of it. Of course it is true that many times the minor character develops itself, by a process more or less akin to so-called spontaneous creation, and is left, perforce, the bit of turquoise in the matrix, inextricably a part of the mother stone.

Naturally the surplus of these minor masterstrokes in portraiture fall to those writers, like Maupassant, Balzac, the De Goncourts or Meredith, who are born to the art of visualisation, who seek always the outline, who possess the facile art of "pointing up," and who have the subtle trick of the small, familiar touch. Others generalise. Pages of painstaking description will not achieve their purposed goal, and realism, idealism, and psychology alike suffer at the hand of such pseudo-artistry. It is the illuminating detail, not the tiresome series of them, that counts, and that makes us not only see, but remember.

This triumph of minor portraiture Harold Frederic did achieve in *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* whose best-remembered people are not Theron nor Celia nor even Father Forbes, amazing and interesting gentleman that he is, but the Soulsbys, professional revivalists and debt raisers, both of them with hearts and pasts. Beside their highly interesting attitude toward life and their profession, Theron's "sappy progress toward his damnation" becomes almost insignificant. Take this for illuminating detail from Sister Soulsby's own firm lips:

I began life as a girl by running away from

a *stupid* home with a man that I knew was married already. After that I supported myself for a good many years—generally, at first on the stage. I've been a front ranker in Amazon ballets and I've been leading lady in comic opera companies out West. I've been a professional clairvoyant, and I've been a professional medium, and I've been within one vote of being indicted by a grand jury, and the money that bought that vote was put up by the smartest and most famous train gambler between Omaha and Frisco—a gentleman who died in his boots and took three sheriff's deputies along with him to Kingdom Come. Now that's *my* record.

Concerning Soulsby we have his record, too, from his lady—Theron asked questions about Celia and Father Forbes, but he never put into words his curiosity about the legal relationship of the Soulsbys.

And now, take Soulsby. Of course, I take it for granted that there's a good deal he's never felt called on to mention. He hasn't what you may call a talkative temperament. But he's been a medium, and then he was a travelling phrenologist, and for a long time he was advance agent for a British Blondes show, and when I first saw him he was lecturing on female diseases—and he had his little turn with a grand jury, too. In fact, he was what you may call a regular bad old rooster.

And that never-to-be-forgotten stroke of Candace Soulsby's invention of revival times that the excited mass could not break in upon:

I simply took Chopin—he's full of sixths, you know, and I got all sorts of melodies out of his waltzes and mazurkas and nocturnes and so on, and I trained Soulsby just to sing those sixths so as to make the harmony, and there you are! He couldn't sing by himself any more than a crow, but he's got those sixths of his down to a hair.

What background! What—one might picket a page with laudatory exclamations!

Some years ago Lucas Malet published a book, *Colonel Enderby's Wife,* whose plot, after a lapse of years, the present writer has forgotten, and of whose characters but one stands out distinctly. Not Colonel Enderby's wife, nor yet the Colonel, but Cecilia Farrell, engaged in her youth to the impecunious but faithful Enderby; later, being an under-vitalised blonde who did not wear very well, manœvred by her mother into an unhappy marriage. Years later, widowed, thin, faded, badgered by a veritable tyrant of a mother, and the victim of malicious circumstance, she meets Colonel Enderby on that, for her, tragic day when he has admitted to himself that the old love is dead and a new one has come to him. She is "poor Cecilia" to every one, colourless, externally, but with colourful yearnings, one of the sort of women that make all the sacrifices for the rest of the world. Such a woman is neither dynamic nor charming, and is seldom treated respectfully even in fiction. But more than one who has read this all but forgotten book will recall the vivid picture of this woman walking in the rain toward the Enderby home, gaunt and lean, in her rain-coated ugliness, bound on a fruitless mission of enlightenment to Enderby's wife, a mission that others shrank from and put upon her. It is all here in this picture, the pathos of her limitations and the strength of her real goodness.

In the Dickens gallery of caricatured foibles and exaggerated vice and virtue there is one bit of minor character drawing, hidden in *Little Dorret,* that in its psychology is worthy of a greater psycologist than Dickens. Perhaps it is because the jealous temperament and its moods cannot be exaggerated that Dickens, the arch-exaggerator, has succeeded so accurately in his portrayal of this mind and temperament in Miss Wade, a travelling companion of the Meagles, and the discarded mistress of Gowan. The significant and remarkable interpretation of her is given in his own words, and its revelations of the workings of a jealous mind go deep.

From the moment she is introduced, cold, proud, and solitary, sullen and passionate, she moves through the pages like an unspent thunder cloud. She gazes at Harriet, the sullen maid of the Meagles, "as one afflicted with a diseased past might curiously watch the dissection and disposition of an analogous case."

The chapter in *Little Dorrit* called "The History of a Self-Tormentor" be-

gins thus, an epitome of the self-nursed anguish of the jealous ones:

I have the misfortune of not being a fool. From a very early age I have detected what those about me thought they hid from me. If I could have been habitually imposed upon, instead of habitually discerning the truth, I might have lived as smoothly as most fools do.

She was but twelve years old and at school when she realised how she was patronised:

I was told I was an orphan, and I perceived that they conciliated me in an insolent pity and in a sense of superiority. I could hardly make them quarrel with me. When I succeeded with any of them, they were sure to come after an hour or two and begin a reconciliation. I tried them over and over, and I never knew them to wait for me to begin. They were always forgiving me in their vanity and condescension.

While at school she was in love with a girl who had what they called an amiable temper. She distributed pretty looks and smiles to every one.

I believe there was not a soul in the place, except myself, who knew she did it purposely to wound and gall me. Her plan was to make them all fond of her and so drive me wild with jealousy.

After leaving school she became governess to two children.

The mother was young and pretty. From the first she made a pretence of behaving to me with great delicacy. I kept my resentment to myself, but I knew very well that it was her way of petting the knowledge that she was my mistress, and might have behaved differently to her servant if it had been her fancy.

I say I did not resent it, but I showed her, by not gratifying her, that I understood her. When she pressed me to take wine I took water. If there happened to be anything choice at the table, she always sent it to me, but I always declined it, and ate of the rejected dishes. These disappointments of her patronage were a sharp retort, and made me feel independent.

And so, on and on, through all the morbidities of a distorted mind. As a bit of psychological portraiture it is quite flawless and there should be enlightenment in its perusal as a human document for many face to face with such a temperament and completely helpless before it.

On the whole, it pays the novelist to be prodigal with his material. The major characters are not always the ones by which books are remembered, and the art of sketching broadly and etching deeply is as interesting as it is elusive.

SOMETHING TO SAY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT seems at first sight almost foolish to suggest that one of the elemental needs of a good novel is that it shall have something to say. There is a general tendency to take it for granted that a novelist would not write at all unless he were pretty sure not only that he had something to say, but that it was well worth the trouble of saying it. The easiest way to disillusionise ourselves is to recall the various novels that we have happened to read within the last few months and ask in each case: As a matter of fact, what was it trying to say, and what, if anything, did it succeed in saying? And the answer, in a substantial percentage of cases, is nothing more nor less than a neat, round zero.

At this point, some reader will probably find himself asking in a spirit of protest just what is meant here by this phrase "something to say," and whether

it does not amount to an unexpected championship of the novel-with-a-purpose. And in this case the answer is quite emphatically No. To be sure the author of a purpose novel, however poor it may be as a work of art, and however offensively blatant its purpose, does have at least one thing to his credit: he has something to say and he succeeds in saying it with unmistakable insistence. But just here lies the error over which so many hundreds of novelists stumble; the mistaken idea that the only sort of thing that a writer can be expected to say at all seriously through the medium of fiction must be in the nature of a sermon, a moral lesson handled in a spirit of almost aggressive revivalism. As a matter of fact, it is only by a violent distortion of their meaning that any such definition can be read into those three simple words, Something to Say. Let us apply them for the moment not to the writers of fiction, but to conversationalists, to the people whom the amenities of social life have thrown in our path for a chance hour or so and who have entertained or bored us as the case may be. Now in thinking the matter over afterward and deciding whether such-and-such a person was or was not worth while, the question is not, Did he teach us anything, have we some small store of wisdom which we lacked before we met him?—but rather, Did he have anything to say, anything that would suggest that he himself had taken the trouble to give a little serious thought to what he was saying? If he told an after-dinner story, was there a ring of freshness in it, or was it at least an old story with a new twist to it? Some people have the trick of talking and of writing in a series of amiable platitudes that pass the time not unagreeably, but when analysed resolve themselves into words, words, words. These are the writers who unfortunately for themselves and their audience do not have something to say.

Now the novels which avowedly handle serious problems need no special discussion. In *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* in *Robert Elsmere,* in *The Kreutzer Sonata,* in *Fécondité,* their authors had such a vast amount to say respectively of emancipation, of agnosticism, of the ethics of marriage, of race suicide, that their pages fairly bristle with the thoughts that are clamouring for utterance. Indeed, the great fault of novels written by authors under the influence of some compelling conviction is not that they have too little but rather too much to say—they suffer mainly from not understanding the value of a wise reticence. The difficulty of making people see the importance of possessing ideas arises in the common average case of the writer who has no special thesis to develop, no deep-rooted convictions in ethics or sociology or religion that are itching to find expression—the average case of the man who will tell you quite sincerely that all he is trying to do is to write a plain, unvarnished tale about real people in the real world, sufficiently alive and interesting to hold the reader for an idle hour or so. It is precisely in this class of cases that the difference between the writer who has something to say and the writer who has not makes all the difference between success and failure. It would be difficult to keep track of the number of apparently well-written volumes that one flings aside at the end or sometimes at the midway point with the impatient ejaculation, "Oh pshaw! there isn't anything in it!" Just wherein the emptiness, the lack of substance in each particular case may lie is usually not quite so easy to track down. One author may have a rather entertaining group of incidents put together with a fair average cleverness of construction, but the people whom these incidents concern may be of no importance whatever. Or again, his men and his women may all be distinctly worth while; we may at the start take a rather keen interest in them—only to find that we are asked to follow them through a series of adventures that lead nowhere and count for nothing. Or again, an author may blunder pretty badly about his environment, simply through failure to recognise the underlying motive of better craftsmen than himself, who apparently to his myopic eyes have done precisely the same thing that he is trying to do. It is quite true that monotony, grey uniform dulness is counted as one

of the cardinal sins in the making of fiction. Yet not long ago, when the present writer wrote somewhat enthusiastically about the wonderful and sustained note of hopeless greyness in Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale,* he was not a little surprised to learn afterward that certain readers misinterpreted this intended praise as a reproach. Arnold Bennett, with a fine and rare art, made use of the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere, hanging like a pall of gloom over his Five Towns to show as he could not possibly have shown in any other way certain exceptional effects of environment upon character. It was permissible for him to make us feel the weight of that same gloom and monotony for the very sufficient reason that he really had something to say about it. A golden rule in writing dialogue is that it shall be clear and to the point, not verbose nor tedious. But the garrulity and confusion of everything that Miss Bates has to say, in Jane Austen's *Emma,* is in its way the finest of fine art, because Miss Austen really had something to say regarding the garrulity of indigent spinsters with limited understanding.

Unfortunately, the lack of something to say is not one of the faults to be easily remedied. The writer with a shallow mind cannot take a really wise and valuable view of any human problem, just because some critic bids him to do so. Stevenson began the writing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* merely because he had dreamed "a fine bogey story;" but his mind was not of the class that could see in his material merely a good horror tale and nothing more. The underlying principle of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is as old as humanity; it has cropped out again and again in tragedy and comedy, in Æsop's Fables and even in such hackneyed anecdotes as that of the pious and the profane parrot who were brought together in order that the latter might learn to pray, and after the lapse of a few days proved by their equal fluency in profanity what a big advantage evil has over goodness when they start on equal terms. But many a modern dabbler in occultism has used similar themes both in short stories and in long—and used them well, except for the rather important fact that they have failed to express any important truth; they have simply not had anything to say—and what frequently has made it all the worse, they have been blandly unaware of any deficiency.

"Which Is My Husband?"

A convenient case in point is afforded by a recent novel based upon a dual personality and written by no less a personage than the veteran French novelist and playwright, Jules Claretie. The title of the story is *Which Is My Husband?* and the English version, by Mary J. Safford, is conscientious and adequate, and yet the story leaves the impression of being not only unreal but futile. A young man on the eve of marriage consults an eminent brain specialist, to whom he confides his strange and alarming affliction; at irregular intervals, and almost without warning, he passes from his normal state of consciousness into what is to all intents and purposes a separate existence; he ceases to be himself and becomes somebody not merely different but in many respects diametrically opposed to his normal self. And in this second state he has no memory of his natural and usual existence, of the things that he has been doing, or the people who are his closest friends. He has no way of foretelling these attacks, and nothing that he does seems to have any influence on their frequency or their duration. All of these facts lead up to the anxious question whether or not he is insane and whether in any case he has the right to marry. The doctor reassures him, tries to impress upon him a conviction that his trouble is purely a matter of imagination, that all he needs to effect a complete cure is simply to be sure in his own mind that the trouble will not come back again. The young man marries, but on the very night when he takes the bride to her new home one of his usual attacks comes on; and the poor woman, knowing nothing of her husband's malady, has the alarming experience of finding him gazing at her with the eyes of an utter stranger and asking her with scant courtesy who she is and what business she has in his house. Now, of course, conditions such as these

can easily be made to lead up to all sorts of fantastic and novel situations. A man who through one-half of his waking hours is not himself but some one else, performing all sorts of acts, of which in his lucid intervals he has no memory, but for which the world holds him accountable, may be of keen interest to a brain specialist, but does not in himself constitute a theme for serious fiction. If his abnormal state were the direct consequence of some specific action upon his part, something within his own control—as would be the case if his attacks were brought on by intemperance or the use of drugs—then there might be abundant room for psychological studies of some real interest and weight. But conditions which are beyond human control, and which recur irregularly and in sheer freakishness, leading an otherwise respectable and conventional sort of person into committing breaches of the peace, quarrelling with strangers and challenging them to duels, and damaging his own reputation as an artist of wide recognition by sending to the Salon a grotesque monstrosity, flamboyant in colour and lurid in symbolism, wantonly insulting the spirit of the age he lives in—all this is really material for farce comedy rather than dignified and serious fiction. *Sylvester Sound the Somnambulist* is a good old-fashioned example of the legitimate use to which this class of situations may be put; yet even there the case was not quite so extreme. As Sylvester at last discovered, the remedy was really all the time within his own control; he had merely to master his appetite, to eat abstemiously and at rational hours in order to cease while sleeping to be a nuisance to his friends and a menace to himself. The hero of M. Claretie's book is simply a plaything in the hands of fate. At first it looks as though the author were trying to say that what a man is depends on what he thinks and that the specialist's advice in the opening chapter contains the clue to the hero's cure. But on the contrary, M. Claretie takes pains to prove that the specialist is wrong, and that when the hero is most surely convinced that he is cured is the very time that fate chooses for a renewed attack. And finally, when he really is permanently cured, it is through the aid of a charlatan, a half-crazed scientist, who resorts to a trick that would scarcely deceive a child of average intelligence. The trick in question, helped out with a little hypnotism and some chloroform, consisted in assuring the patient that his second personality really had a separate existence; that in that second existence he was known as So-and-So residing in such-and-such a town, that he had just died and that the patient could convince himself of the truth of all this by visiting the grave and reading the inscription on the tombstone. Of course, if his other personality was dead it could not return to trouble him; consequently he could never again have a relapse. All of which, as already suggested, is good farce comedy. But if we are to take it seriously, is not the mental state of a man who could believe such arrant nonsense more alarming than even his previous condition? And of course it all comes down to this: that M. Claretie had nothing of real importance to say.

"Shadow Shapes"

Shadow Shapes, by Maude Annesley, although not half so well written, is a much better book, because it really embodies one or two ideas. It is based upon hypnotism, with the recognised possibilities of which it takes obvious liberties—but that does not seriously matter, because what interests the reader is not merely what hypnotism can or cannot accomplish, but what effect the persistent and exhausting effort to perpetrate a crime will have upon a certain group of characters most immediately concerned. The situation briefly is this: a certain man still in the prime of life and married to a woman who he knows has not only outgrown her love for him, but has learned to love another, falls seriously ill and is gently told after a consultation of specialists, that there is dangerous organic affection of the heart, that death is probably very near and that it is imperative to avoid all effort or fatigue, either physical or mental. The one chance in a hundred is that by the most rigid self-denial and inaction he may give nature time to repair damages. Now the man who has won his wife's love from him happens to be not only his oldest friend, but a leading

specialist on heart disease. Accordingly, he makes to this friend the somewhat astounding proposition that he shall give up his London practice, make his home with the invalid and receive in compensation a steadily increasing annual salary far in excess of his present income. The doctor starts to refuse emphatically, absolutely. It is not merely the sacrifice of his career that seems impossible, but he cannot bear the thought of living day by day, hour by hour, under the same roof with the woman who means so much to him and is so hopelessly beyond reach. But when the husband proceeds to reveal with cynical frankness his knowledge of the doctor's love for his wife and to suggest somewhat cryptically that it is this very love on which he relies to prolong his own life, because when he dies his wife will die within the same hour, the doctor's alarm is aroused, and in order to be where he can protect her, he accepts the offer. The sick man's plan, as is very soon revealed to the reader, is nothing more nor less than to hypnotise his wife day after day and to suggest to her with all the mental power he possesses that when the hour of death comes to him, she shall die too. This mental influence is the great danger against which the doctor finds himself impotently fighting. He dares not reveal his discovery of it to his patient for fear he will be at once banished from the house; he dares not warn the wife, because the husband will inevitably force the knowledge from her under hypnosis; he can do nothing excepting, on the one hand, frighten the husband as to the risk he runs by any sort of mental strain and thus decrease the frequency of his hypnotic experiments upon his wife; and on the other hand, give her a counter treatment and day by day instil into her subconscious mind that she is not to die, but to live. This prolonged hypnotic duel, fought out, as it were, in the dark, and stretching on month after month, with the advantage now leaning to one side and now to the other, is narrated with a certain degree of grim actuality that results in a sustained tensity of interest. But the author had something more to say than merely to develop the dramatic possibilities of an unusual situation. She wanted to say that a man cannot through long months nurse in his heart a criminally selfish design against a human life, plan for it, strive for it with the last particle of his vital strength without having it react upon him and gradually poison his own nature; and on the other hand, a man cannot, through weary weeks of unspoken anguish, fight bravely and with no thought of self for the safety of the woman he loves and for the preservation of his own honour and loyalty, without in the end being a better man for the struggle he has undergone. All of this the author has not only succeeded in saying, but on the whole, in spite of certain extravagances of incident, she has said it with a logical and commendable clearness.

"The Legacy"

The Legacy, by Mary S. Watts, is a somewhat exasperating book because, although the author is unquestionably a person possessed of ideas, she has not succeeded in conveying them to others. *The Legacy* shows that careful, deliberate sort of workmanship which in recent years has become rather rare; the physical traits of each character as well as each separate mental and moral characteristic are sketched in with a sort of lingering affection that reveals how very real and personal these people all seemed to their creator. There is besides a certain humorous and at the same time rather wistful recognition of human foibles and frailties which here and there lightens up a page, just as a sudden smile illumines a face habitually grave. Nevertheless, the fact remains that *The Legacy,* taken as a whole, is a grey, sombre, rather depressing book—and unfortunately there seems to be no useful purpose served by having made it so. Stripped of its inessentials, the story is a study in heredity. It takes a little girl at the early age when she is just awakening to a consciousness that her life is not like that of other children, that she is not merely living in respectable poverty, almost on the borderline of the city slums; but that she is destitute of playmates, that no one comes to the house to see her mother or her grandfather, that she has practically nobody with whom she may talk excepting

the old family servant, who, with a curious pride of her own, insists upon remembering that she is a servant and prides herself on "keeping her place." From this starting-point the author carries us through the subsequent history of this little girl with a minute fidelity worthy of a Boswell. Unquestionably her heroine is an odd child, and her oddity follows her more or less throughout her life. But it is obviously the author's chief purpose to explain that oddity, to rob it of its last lingering vestige of the unusual, to make us think of it as simply the only logical, the only possible type of character that this particular child could have developed—and in order to accomplish this she makes us intimately acquainted with her heroine's genealogy to the third and fourth generation, showing us the various mingled strains, the clashing heredities from which she has sprung, until we can lay our finger on every separate molecule, physical, mental or moral, in her whole being, and say with confidence, "She got that from grandfather So-and-So," or "That's her great-aunt This-or-That all over again." Now there is in particular a certain female ancestor whose name is never mentioned within the family circle and whose picture on a certain sad day in the long-buried past was taken down from its hook and hidden from public gaze. It is this particular one of her forebears who by a whim of fate has bequeathed to her the legacy of her unforgotten beauty—and it is for this reason that the various members of the family eye the child suspiciously as she ripens into girlhood, magnify her small misdoings into capital crimes and darkly hint that she has inherited her great-grandmother's sinful nature as well as her good looks. Now all of this is wonderfully well done, the whole book tingles with actuality, the people are all quite as real as those with whom we daily touch shoulders in the jostling crowd of modern life. Yet at the same time it is all intensely depressing. It is a sort of apotheosis of forcordination. These people are all what they are, the author seems to say endlessly, not because of what they do nor of where they lived, but solely because of their heredity. Her heroine contracts a marriage which turns out badly, not because her husband is conspicuously unworthy of her, but because she has inherited, along with her legacy of beauty, an inability to care very deeply for anybody. And when this husband dies she marries again, this time a friend of her childhood, whose boyish kiss years ago filled her with a strange revolt and who now, the reader shrewdly suspects, is going to prove scarcely less distasteful to her—not through any fault of his own, but just because of her unfortunate heredity. There is no intention in this review to minimise the value of that rare quality, conscientious and intelligent artistry, only it does seem a pity that such very excellent and finished work should be expended upon a story that in the end does not seem to arrive anywhere, does not actually say anything of serious import.

"John Verney"

John Verney, by Horace Annesley Vachell, written without half the apparent effort and with a far more cheerful outlook upon life, nevertheless succeeds in giving the reader considerably more material for serious thought. In a broad, general way, the theme of the book is the relative value of honesty and of unscrupulousness in the big struggle for success. More specifically, it is the history of two men who were enemies in their school days, and who later find themselves rivals in love and in politics. One of these men, John Verney, has the advantages of birth and scholarship; but he is poor, his family estates are heavily mortgaged, and he himself is earning a humble salary as private secretary to a prominent statesman, with whose daughter he has rashly allowed himself to fall in love. The other man is without family or breeding, coarse-grained, without a sense of honour—but he has great wealth, and with it a certain magnetic force that dominates others, and wins for him, one after another, the things on which he has set his heart. There is only one way in which to beat the man who does not play a fair game, and that is to meet him with his own methods; but to this Verney will not stoop. And so he sees his rival and pretended friend out-manœuvre him in the game of love and the game of poli-

tics, beat him at elections by a mere handful of votes, and become the affianced husband of the woman he thought was his—and all through a tissue of ingenious lies, which he might have publicly branded as such, had he only been willing to stoop to do so. Integrity, says Mr. Vachell, is no match for knavery in a hand-to-hand encounter; the one hope lies in the tendency that knavery has, sooner or later, to overreach itself. And that is precisely what happens in favour of John Verney. His adversary's own greed for fame and honours works his undoing, robs him of his seat in the House of Commons, and leaves him so conspicuously stripped of the last shreds of decency, that even the girl whom he has successfully blinded turns from him in disgust. *John Verney* cannot be accurately called an object-lesson in the old doctrine that honesty is the best policy; but it does teach that there is more lasting satisfaction in playing a losing game honestly than in winning by fraud, and that if sooner or later luck does give honesty the winning cards, the chances are that it will break the bank.

"Panther's Cub"

Panther's Cub, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, can hardly be credited with any higher purpose than to tell a clever story to the best of its clever authors' ability. Imagine what is known as the artistic temperament multiplied to its highest power in a famous opera singer; imagine her at the zenith of her power, flattered, courted, systematically spoiled by the public at large and by the favoured few in private; imagine further that she knows that her reign is nearing its end, that her violent bursts of temper, her furious, hysterical outbursts have often strained her vocal cords dangerously, that any day she may shriek out one imprecation too many and her wonderful voice will be a thing of the past. Now this human panther has a daughter, just budding into womanhood. She has been kept until now in convent schools; but at last the day has come when the mother is forced to have her with her. At first it suits the singer's mood to play the rôle of mother, to use her daughter's young, fresh beauty as a foil for her own. But soon she begins to realise that in the daughter she has a rival; and as the girl, quite unconsciously, steals her mother's prestige from her, the latter's fury gathers strength until the hour of the grim climax comes, and she knows that she will never sing another note. Such is at least one aspect of a book that has several sides, and a good many likable characters. Among others, there is the old German singing teacher, whom it is something of a joy to have known.

"The Green Curve"

There is a new writer of short stories of a rather sinister sort, who uses the odd pen name of Ole Lukoie, and has attracted considerable attention in England. The stories in question have been appearing in magazine form during the past five years, and are now gathered together in a single volume under the title of *The Green Curve,* the name being that of the opening story. Supposing that you were the commanding officer of a beleaguered town; that rations were running low, and you knew that no re-enforcements or additional supplies could by any possibility arrive for a definite and rather alarming number of days. Supposing that you had asked certain members of your staff to make an exhaustive estimate of the provisions on hand, and to prepare a chart showing by a series of curves just how long the supplies will hold out, first, if soldiers and civilians are alike put on rations just sufficient to preserve an effective working strength; secondly, if these rations are maintained for the soldiers, while the civilians are cut down to the smallest amount that will sustain life; thirdly, if soldiers and civilians are all similarly cut down to starvation rations; fourthly, if the civilians, the "useless mouths," are all turned out to starve, and the soldiers are kept on short rations. This chart, with its respective curves of red, blue, purple and green, show with mathematical grimness that it is only by the last method, only by following the green curve, there is any hope of the garrison holding out until relief arrives. There is no question that, as a soldier, the commander has no choice. It is his duty to hold the town at no matter what cost—the lives of a

few citizens must not count. But even soldiers have their human weaknesses; and it is the human weakness of this particular commander that makes the story of "The Green Curve" the sort of story that somehow haunts the memory afterwards.

Other Laws, by John Parkinson, has nothing in its theme to recommend it. The story of a man and a woman who might have married and lived happily ever afterward excepting for the accidental report of the man's death, the woman's too great haste to believe the report, and her feverish attempt to forget her loss by marrying some one else, is all too hackneyed to raise even a passing thrill. John Parkinson, however, has succeeded in making a readable story, not because of his plot, but in spite of it. His hero delays marriage with the woman he loves, because he wishes first to complete certain explorations in Central Africa, to which he has pledged himself. Fully one-half of the book is concerned with his adventures in the African jungle; and the picture it gives of isolation and loneliness, of the heroic devotion of the scientific mind to the accomplishment of a fixed purpose; and of the way in which an unexpectedly awakened sympathy for a human delelict, a wretched white woman marooned, as it were, in one of the darkest corners of the dark continent, upsets all their carefully made calculations and has a wide reaching effect on other lives than their own. Regarding conventional English society, Mr. Parkinson, if we may judge by this book, has nothing of importance to say, but beyond the confines of civilisation he has a great deal to say and succeeds in saying it uncommonly well.

"Other Laws"

WHAT HAPPENS TO A MANUSCRIPT AFTER THE POSTMAN

BY HOMER CRAY



JACK LONDON during his early literary struggles in California, when he worked all day and wrote half the night, came to the conclusion that magazine editors must be a highly specialised and wonderful machine. He would take his beloved manuscript out to the mailbox on the corner, tenderly put it in, and in two or three weeks the mailman would open the hall door and throw it in with a cruel thud. After he had dropped it in the box the magazine cogs would work, deftly take his stamps, paste them on the corner of an envelope, insert a piece of paper that began, "We have examined your contribution with great pleasure, but—" and back the brain-child would be, an editorial prodigal with no fatted calf awaiting.

So it is with most new writers. The magazine sanctum is a mysterious bourne from which all manuscripts return. Even writers who have quit caressing their cheques have little or no knowledge of what goes on in a magazine office after a manuscript has made port. And contributors who array themselves in their holiday best and laud their wares to the editor in person have only the vaguest idea of the mill that grinds out the ultimatum. They know that if they wait a respectful number of hours and keep their hands off the telephone that one morning an envelope will be beside their eggs containing the edict. There knowledge withdraws in favour of speculation.

Budding geniuses like to tell themselves and each other that *David Harum* was refused seven times, and that full many a literary flower blooms unread in the editorial lair. That, with so many of our folk beliefs, must fall before the axe of truth, and by the way, ***David Harum*** was

rewritten before it saw the light of type. *David Harums* happen only once in a decade or so, while authors who have had their novels refused seven times and then bring them out at their own cost never get the edition further than autographed copies. Although such a belief smooths over many a rough place veritas must reign. Still did the struggling unknowns appreciate the seeking, seeking, seeking that goes on in a magazine office for a "big" story they might gather courage and stamps.

The literary editor is the buffer between the ambitious attic and the cold, calculating "chief"—as the editor-in-chief is known behind the frosted doors. He is the cog that pastes the stamps on so neatly. He is the editorial Sherlock Holmes always on the trail of a "big" manuscript. And when the big manuscript is run to earth his is the bounding heart. Even at the fag end of the day his eyes light up, and he goes scurrying over the office proclaiming the news.

Recently the literary editor of a magazine that is to be found on nearly every reading table in the land came in after noon, sat down and began running through a weary pile of manuscripts. Leaning back, he began nibbling here and there in one; suddenly he began to devour. Finishing, he laid the story tenderly aside, arose and put on his hat. "I have found a big story, a really big, gripping story from a name I never saw before," he announced. "I am going home. I couldn't stand two such finds in a day." And home he did go with free and light heart.

Always does the still hunt go on. No chance is taken for a big manuscript to drop through the editorial sieve. This statement makes the beginner lift his nose scornfully, no doubt, but true it is.

When a manuscript arrives in most of the big offices the date of receiving is stamped on the envelope, and a small card with the author's name and address, and the title of the story or article is made out and filed away. Then a sheet of paper called the criticism slip is filled out with the author's name, his address, or the address of his agent and fastened on the manuscript by a clip. On the slip is also typewritten by the entering clerk the nature of the manuscript—whether it is fiction, a special, verse, juvenile, or just what. Now the manuscript with the criticism slip on it is put on the desk of the literary editor along with a high pile of brother and sister manuscripts. When the literary editor draws up his chair before his desk in the morning he sighs once and dives into the stock of near-literature. He is the first hopper.

How he reads these manuscripts depends altogether on himself. Each literary editor is a law unto himself. Generally a glance at a manuscript determines half its fate. Fully ninety out of a hundred manuscripts bear incriminating evidence on their face. Their appearance convicts them. Not that only one out of ten manuscripts is a good one, but that only one out of ten has a chance of acceptance at that particular magazine. The camel can make the eye of the needle much easier than an essay on Etruscan art can the finals in an all-fiction magazine. Half of the manuscripts are condemned before the author drops them in the mailbox. He is merely helping along the postal revenue fund. Uncle Sam gets most of his profits from young authors who never study a magazine deeper than the cover.

Now the literary editor has put aside ten out of the hundred manuscripts; the rest have got the editorial hook. These ten manuscripts he reads over very thoroughly, going back and matching the introduction with the end, inspecting the literary ligaments and structural bones. Then he writes his opinion on the slip, and signs his name, or initials. These are actual examples:

Long, weak introduction. Of no interest to women.

Many fine lines in this, but the characters aren't real. Author should be encouraged.

A touching story of the heart. Characters ring true; plot sane and consistent. I am for it.

Then the manuscript begins to travel around the office, passing from one reader or sub-editor to another, each one in turn putting his opinion on the slip in as few words as possible. All magazines desire at least one woman's

verdict on a manuscript, and as many more as possible. Two-thirds of a popular magazine is just a guess at what the women like to read. Often a humble stenographer can give an opinion on a manuscript that comes as near striking twelve as that of a spectacled editor. She might not know a fig's worth about the theory of a short story, or the working principle of a special article, but she speaks up for the women, and the women are the ones who come down on the counter with the fifteen cents.

Now that the literary editor has set his standard of value on the manuscript the candidate makes the rounds of the office, each reader recording his opinion. Sometimes a criticism of the story is offered, sometimes a method of improvement suggested, but often in fiction where the effect is from the whole the bare word "Yes," or "No" suffices.

The fewest number of opinions any of the larger magazines offer before it goes to the "chief" for its fate is three. From that the number runs up to six or seven.

With its credentials on its opinion sheet the manuscript is handed to the editor-in-chief. His yea or nay is final; the manuscript hangs or goes to print by his word.

Even when the manuscript is returned the opinion slip is carefully filed away. These slips are kept for months and years. If the editor wishes the article rewritten, and the author complies, the original slip is pinned to the manuscript again when it comes back, to see how the new manuscript compares with the old one.

Jack London—back to him again—once said that the manuscript of a new author did not meet fair treatment, citing his own case where a thirty-five cent magazine asked for another reading of a story of his two years after he had first submitted it. He sent it back without a change, and it was accepted. His point was that his name was selling the story on its second audience. Not at all. As a matter of fact the magazine in question had more of the struggle and strife stories than it could handle at the time the manuscript first arrived, and when an opening came it merely asked for a reconsideration, for it wished to round out a fall number and it could not get its hands on a moving story of the open. It is hard to sell sweet apples in the fall.

A magazine office is like Abdul Hamid's palace of Yildiz: there are spies everywhere, all trained, whose bread and butter depend on the keenness of their eyes; and however innocent a manuscript may look it is searched and shadowed to see if it has anywhere about it that high power explosive—life. If the manuscript is even suspected a description of it is filed away, and a sharp watch kept on the author!

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

After the manner of the good old weekly newspaper of the home town, we shall begin *Bookman Brevities* for this month by chronicling, in a haphazard way, the movements of certain American men and women whose names are more or less well known to the reading public.

Kate Douglas Wiggin returned from Europe in June and is at her country place in Hollis, Maine, for the summer. Miss Mary Johnston sailed in June for a summer's holiday in Europe. With her three sisters as companions, she contemplated travelling through Holland, Brittany and the Pyrenees, returning to this country the last of December. Montague Glass, author of the *Potash and Perlmutter* stories, is spending his summer in Switzerland. Mrs. Corra Harris, author of *The Circuit Rider's Wife,* is in Spain. After having been for some time in Spain Frederick Townsend Martin, the author of *The Passing of the Idle Rich,*

has gone to Paris to spend the remainder of the summer.

Gertrude Atherton returned recently from a long residence in Europe, with the conviction that America after all is the best place for work. She is in San Francisco, California, engaged in writing her next novel. Mrs. Atherton, by the way, regards Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette, as "having the best brain I ever knew." Justus Miles Forman sailed for Europe in time to miss the Coronation, and will spend most of the summer in Belgium and Paris. Hulbert Footner, author of *Two on the Trail,* has deserted civilisation again and is now in the wildnerness of the Canadian Northwest.

Stewart Edward White, according to the latest reports, is still hunting big game in Africa, for which continent he sailed last autumn. By way of contrast, Miss Carolyn Wells is spending her summer in Rahway, New Jersey. Richard Harding Davis is, we believe, somewhere in Europe.

We regret to record the death, early last month, of Vaughan Kester, the author of *The Prodigal Judge.*

Barnabe Rudge, a French translation of Dickens's novel, is now to be had in Paris, in two volumes, at two francs.

Max Pemberton lives in an old country house in the quiet Suffolk country in England. Thackeray used to visit at this house, which contains a portrait of Charles II, who was once its guest, and a Wordsworth wood adjoins.

Mark A. De Wolfe Howe, author of *Phillips Brooks, Life and Letters of Bancroft,* is at work on a life of Bishop Hare, the apostle to the Sioux, which will be published in the autumn.

Alfred Ollivant, author of *Bob, Son of Battle,* has written a new novel entitled *The Taming of John Blunt,* which will be published in September.

Returning to the characters of *Robert Elsmere,* Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, *The Case of Richard Meynell,* which will be published in book form in the fall by Doubleday, Page and Company.

A novel by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled *The Secret Garden,* will be published on the 25th of next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. In September the same house will bring out a long novel by Robert Hichens, called *The Fruitful Vine.* It is a story of modern Rome. There will also be *Pandora's Box,* a new novel by John A. Mitchell, author of *Amos Judd.*

Sturgis and Walton will soon bring out a translation of Romain Rolland's *Tolstoy: His Life and Work.* Rolland has been a devoted student of Tolstoy ever since the first appearance in French of the latter's works. The forthcoming biography, recently published in the original, gives a general view of Tolstoy, his environment and achievement, from youth to old age.

Among their works of fiction for the coming season Henry Holt and Company will have a new novel by William De Morgan, entitled *Bianca,* to be published in October, and the second volume of Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe,* to appear in November. The first volume of the English translation of this novel was issued last winter and contained the first four books of the work, which will be complete in ten books. This first volume gave the adventures of Jean, the musician-hero, up to the time of his flight from his native country, Germany, to France. The three books given in the second volume are entitled: *The Market Place, Antoinette, The House.*

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Jack Ballinger, Forrester. Moore. (Winston.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Napoleon, King of Elba. Gruyer. (Lippincott.) $3.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Tales from the Old French. Butler. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. An Ardent American. Codman. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. Miss Billy. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. An Ardent American. Codman. (Century Co.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Tennesse Shad. Johnson. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
3. Donkey John of the Toy Valley. Morley. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Avatar and The Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Keeping up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Log of North Shore Club. Alexander. (Putnam.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. Brentano. $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Harper's Camping and Scouting Series. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Keeping up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Path of Glory. Haworth. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The New Avatar and The Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces in Society. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little. Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Essays on the Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. To Love and to Cherish. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. John [illegible]wood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Three Weeks in the British Isles. Higginbotham. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Dorothy Dainty Series. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. The Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. What Pictures to See in Europe. Bryant. (John Lane.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Trails of the Pathfinders. Grinnell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Dawn of the Morning. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Wise. (Bell.) $2.00.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám. Fitzgerald. (Crowell.) 50 cents.
4. The Cradle of the Republic. Tyler. (Hermitage Press.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers Kidnapped. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Deeds of Daring Done by Girls. Moore. (Stokes.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Flying Boys in the Sky. Ellis. (Winston.) $1.00.
3. Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Prejudices. Flandrau. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Five Gallons of Gasoline. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.

Juveniles

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
5. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

Non-Fiction

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Three Plays by Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.20.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Aeroplane Boys Series. Lawton. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
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2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
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FICTION

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2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
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3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

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FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

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1. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
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1. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
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1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
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4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Batcheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

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JUVENILES

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1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
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4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Claw. Stockley. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod.) $1.25.
5. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
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JUVENILES

No report.

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2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. My First Summer in the Sierra. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Out Door Chums on the Gulf. Allen. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

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1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
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3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
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2. My First Summer in the Sierra. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Mother Goose Village. Bigham. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

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2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill)	198
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VOL. XXXIII No. 6

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OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

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COVER DESIGN WILLIAM TEFFT SCHWARZ

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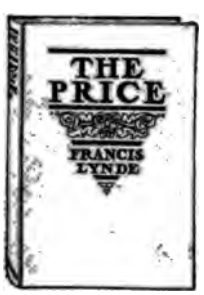
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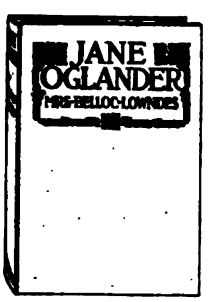
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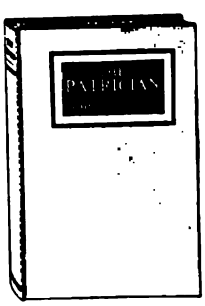
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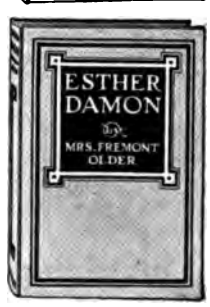
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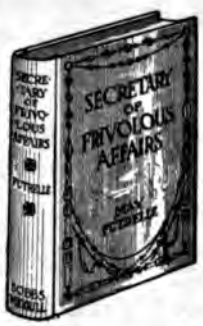
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Any criticisms which we publish in the pages of this magazine will be paid for at the regular space rates. Further information relative to the outcome of this contest will be published in the September BOOKMAN, which will be off the press August 25th.

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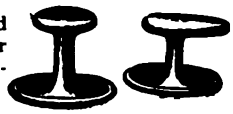
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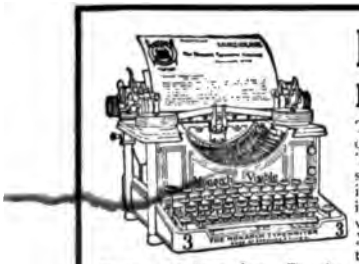
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